

MARVEL

SPIDER-MAN[®]

and the
BLACK CAT

"The
EVIL THAT
MEN DO"



TERRY
DODSON
RACHEL

SMITH • DODSON

SPIDER-MAN

and the
BLACK CAT

"The
EVIL THAT
MEN DO"

SPIDER-MAN

and the
BLACK CAT

"The
**EVIL THAT
MEN DO"**

WRITER: KEVIN SMITH

PENCILS: TERRY DODSON

INKS: RACHEL DODSON

COLORS: LEE LOUGHRIDGE & RACHEL DODSON

LETTERS: RICHARD STARKINGS & COMICRAFT

ASSISTANT EDITOR: JOHN MIESEGAES

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: WARREN SIMONS

EDITOR: AXEL ALONSO

COLLECTION EDITOR: JENNIFER GRUNWALD
ASSISTANT EDITORS: MICHAEL SHORT & CORY LEVINE
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: MARK D. BEAZLEY
SENIOR EDITOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS: JEFF YOUNGQUIST
SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT OF SALES: DAVID GABRIEL
BOOK DESIGNER: JOE VITA
VICE PRESIDENT OF CREATIVE: TOM MARVELLI

EDITOR IN CHIEF: JOE QUESADA

PUBLISHER: DAN BUCKLEY

DIGITAL MANAGER/PRODUCTION: TIM SMITH 3

DIGITAL PRODUCTION: MEGHAN O'LEARY



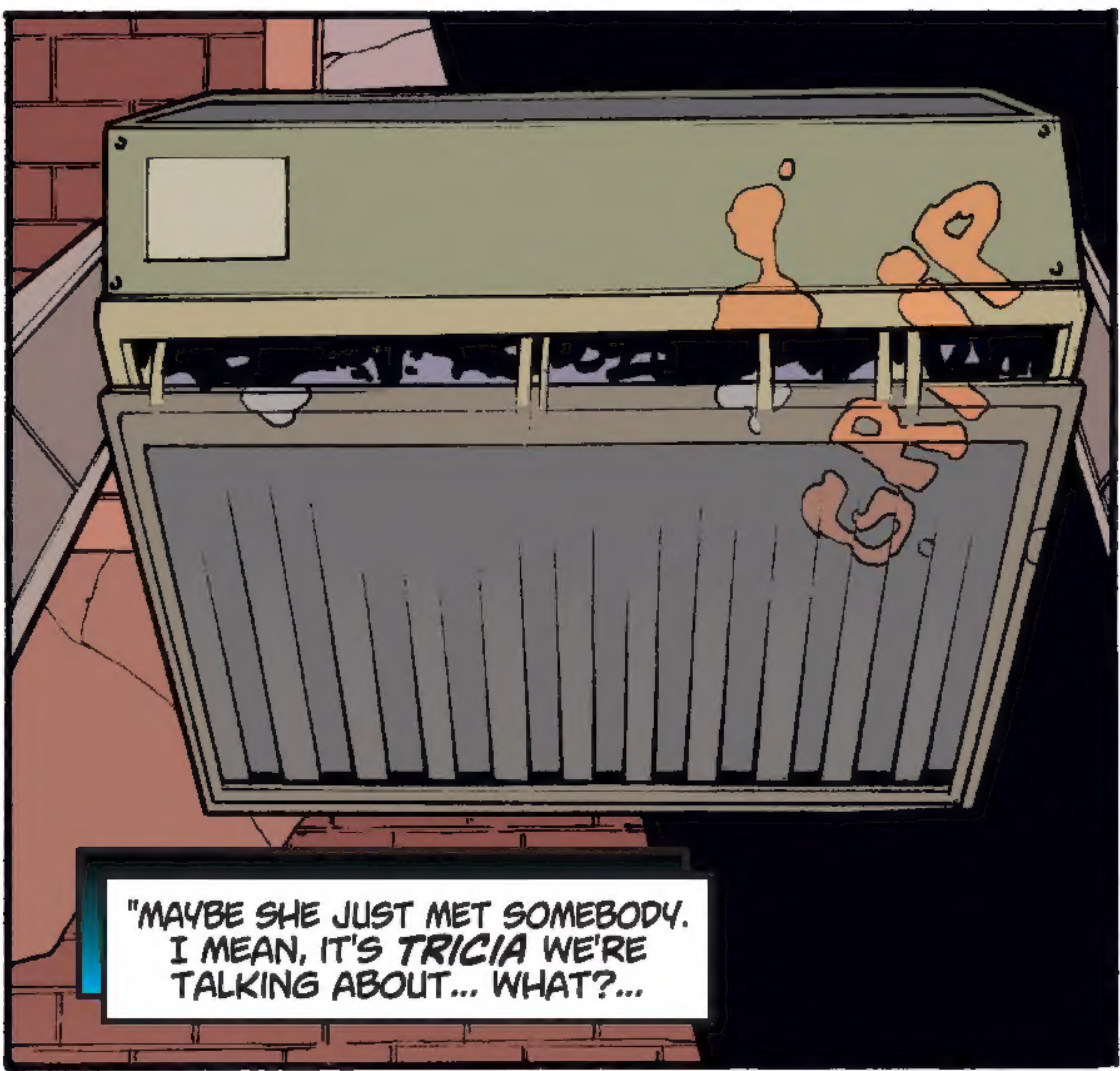


NEW YORK, JUST ABOVE
86TH STREET...

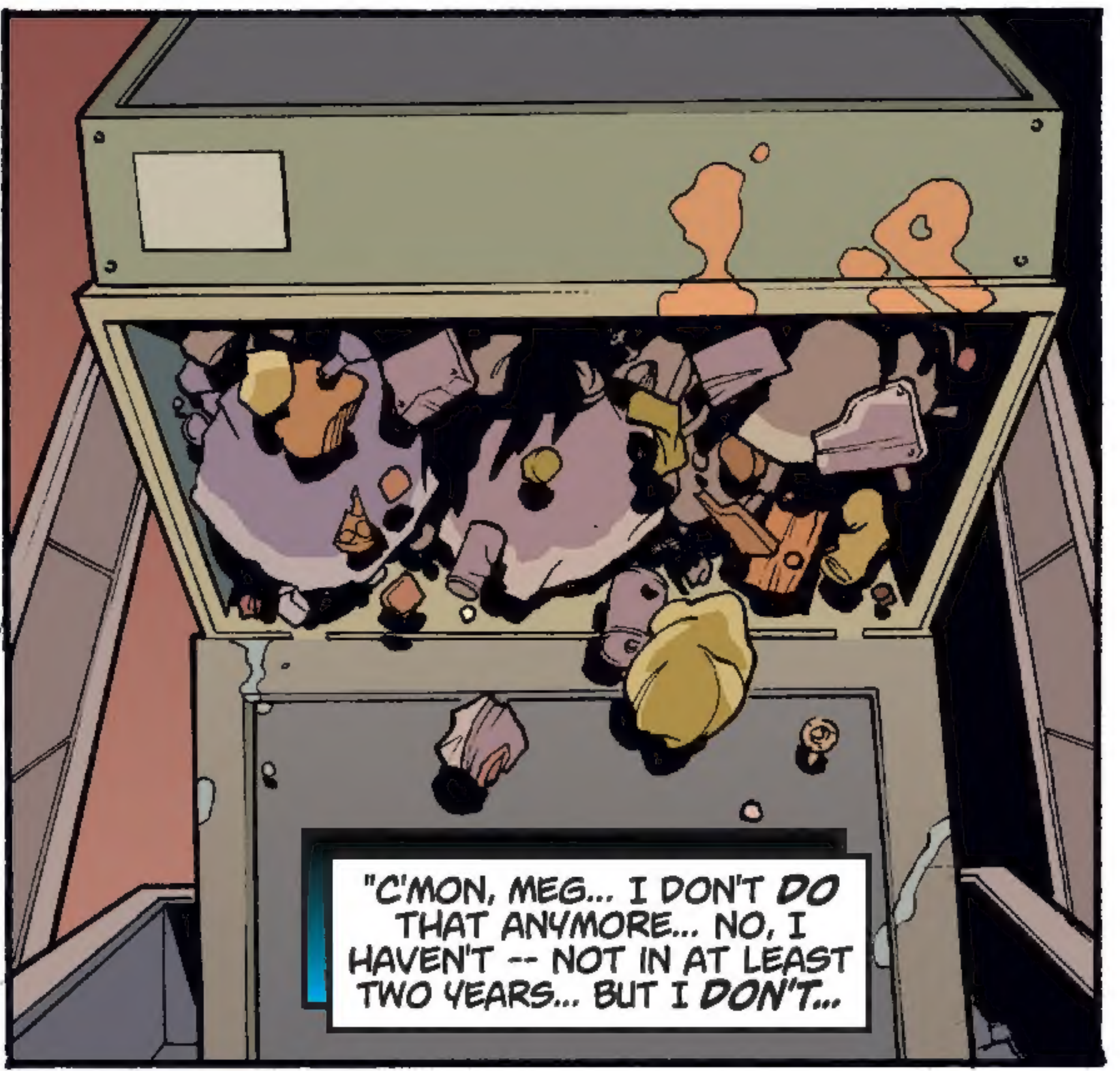
"CALM DOWN, MEG...
MEG, I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND YOU..."



"SINCE WHEN?... HAS
SHE CALLED AT ALL?...
CALM DOWN..."



"MAYBE SHE JUST MET SOMEBODY.
I MEAN, IT'S TRICIA WE'RE
TALKING ABOUT... WHAT?..."



"C'MON, MEG... I DON'T **DO**
THAT ANYMORE... NO, I
HAVEN'T -- NOT IN AT LEAST
TWO YEARS... BUT I **DON'T**..."



"THAT'S NOT FAIR...
THAT'S... BUT... ALRIGHT...
ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT, **ALRIGHT!**
I'LL LOOK INTO IT..."

"BUT
KNOWING
TRICIA..."



"...SHE'LL TURN
UP BEFORE I
GET THERE."

LOS ANGELES, THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS...

I'LL CALL
YOU WHEN I GET
IN... OKAY... I LOVE
YOU TOO.

AND, LISTEN --
DON'T WORRY, ALL
RIGHT? I'M SURE
SHE'S OKAY...
BUH-BYE.

DAMMIT.

WEAR A COSTUME AT ONE
TIME IN YOUR LIFE, AND
EVERYONE THINKS YOU'RE
THEIR PERSONAL SUPER
HERO FOREVER.

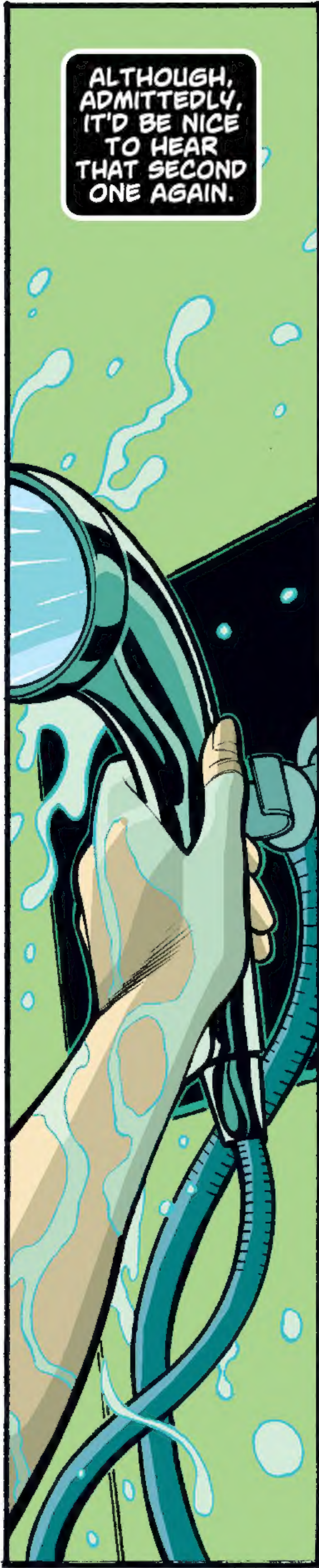
NEVER MIND THE
FACT THAT YOU
HAVEN'T WORN
THE GEAR IN A
LONG TIME.

NEVER MIND
THE FACT THAT
YOU'VE WASHED
YOUR HAIR
CLEAN OF THAT
LIFESTYLE,
COMPLETELY.

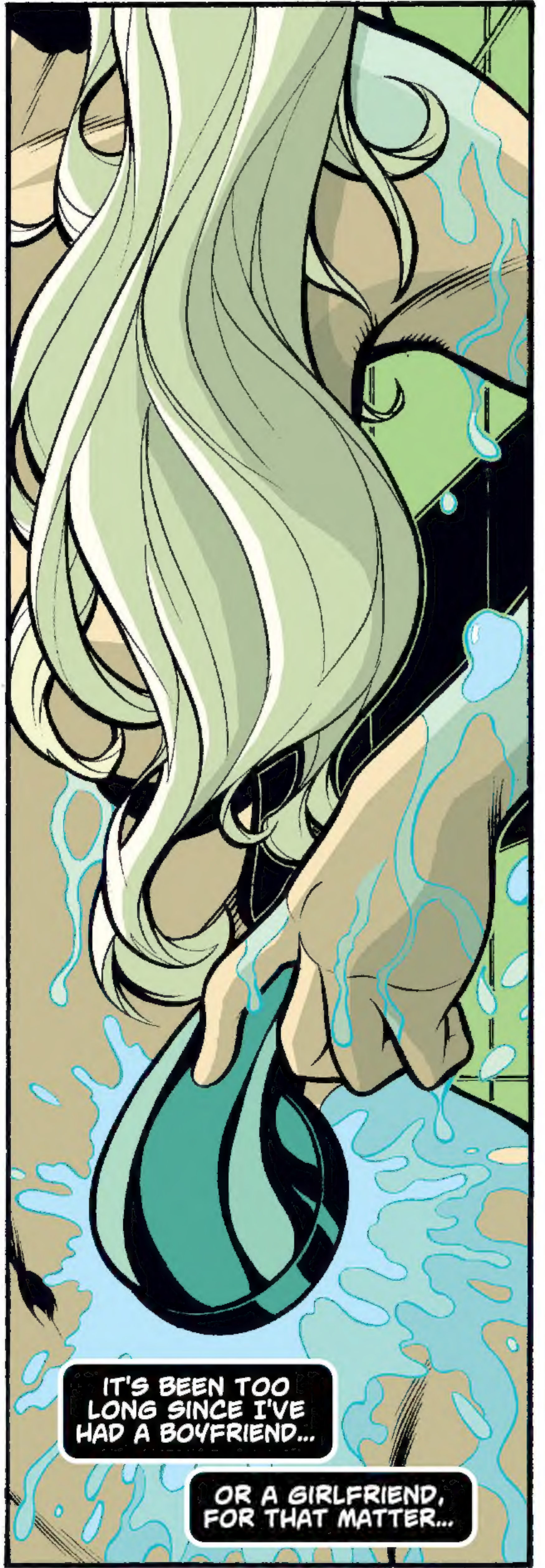


NEVER MIND THAT YOU'RE
IN A WHOLE DIFFERENT
HEAD-SPACE NOW. IT'S
ALWAYS "CAN YOU SPY
ON MY BOYFRIEND,
FELICIA? I THINK HE'S
CHEATING ON ME."

OR "FELICIA,
CAN YOU PUT
ON THE SUIT?
Y'KNOW -- JUST
FOR ME?"

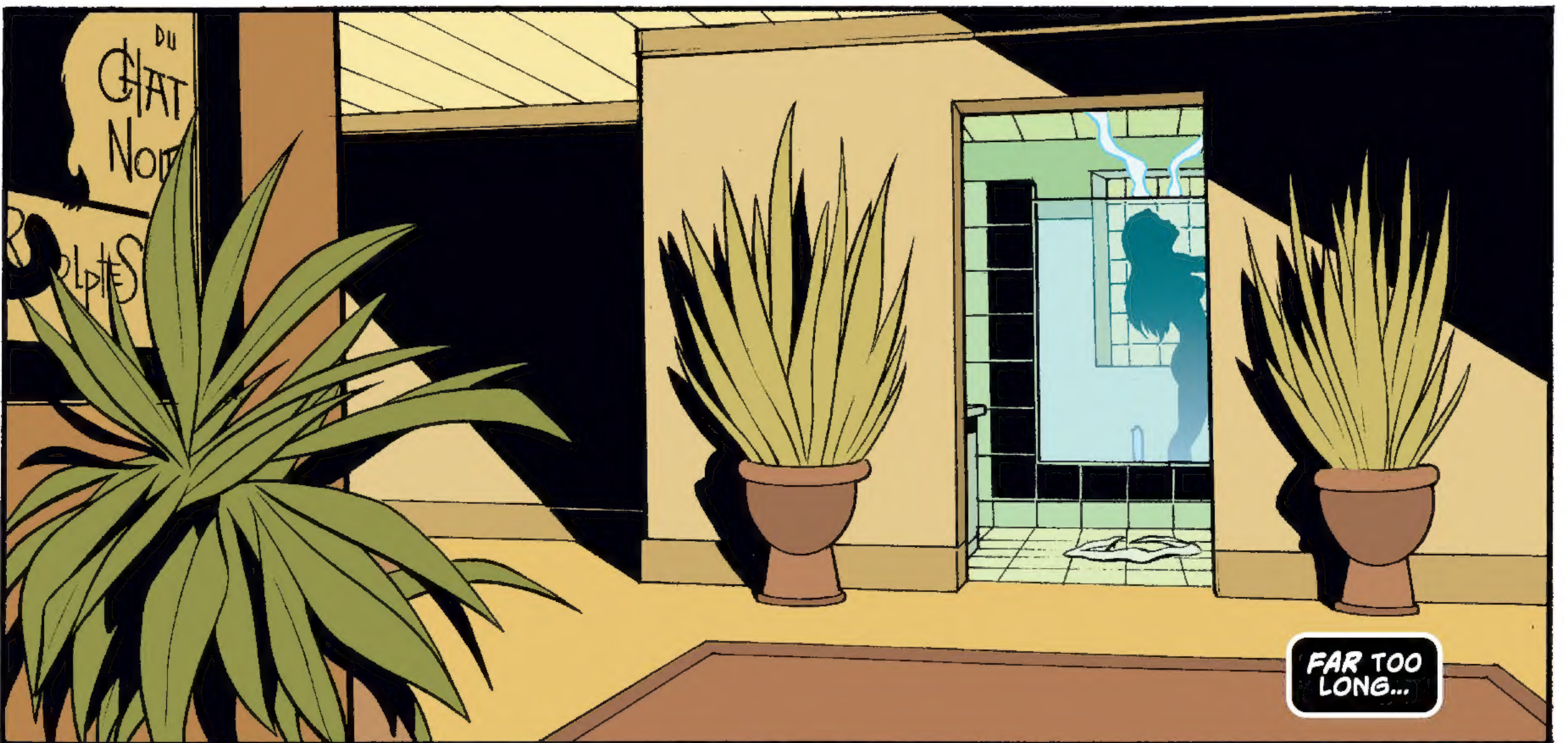


ALTHOUGH,
ADMITTEDLY,
IT'D BE NICE
TO HEAR
THAT SECOND
ONE AGAIN.

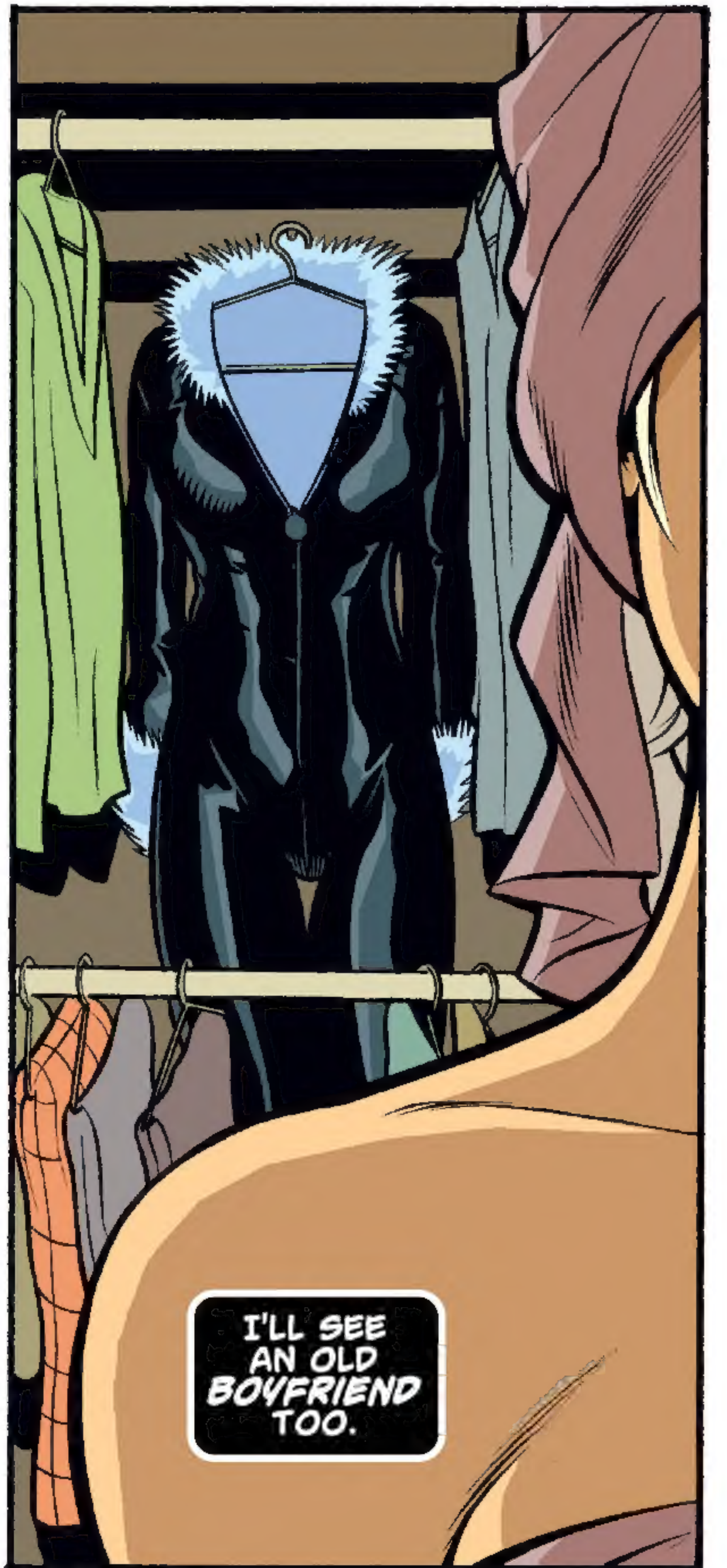
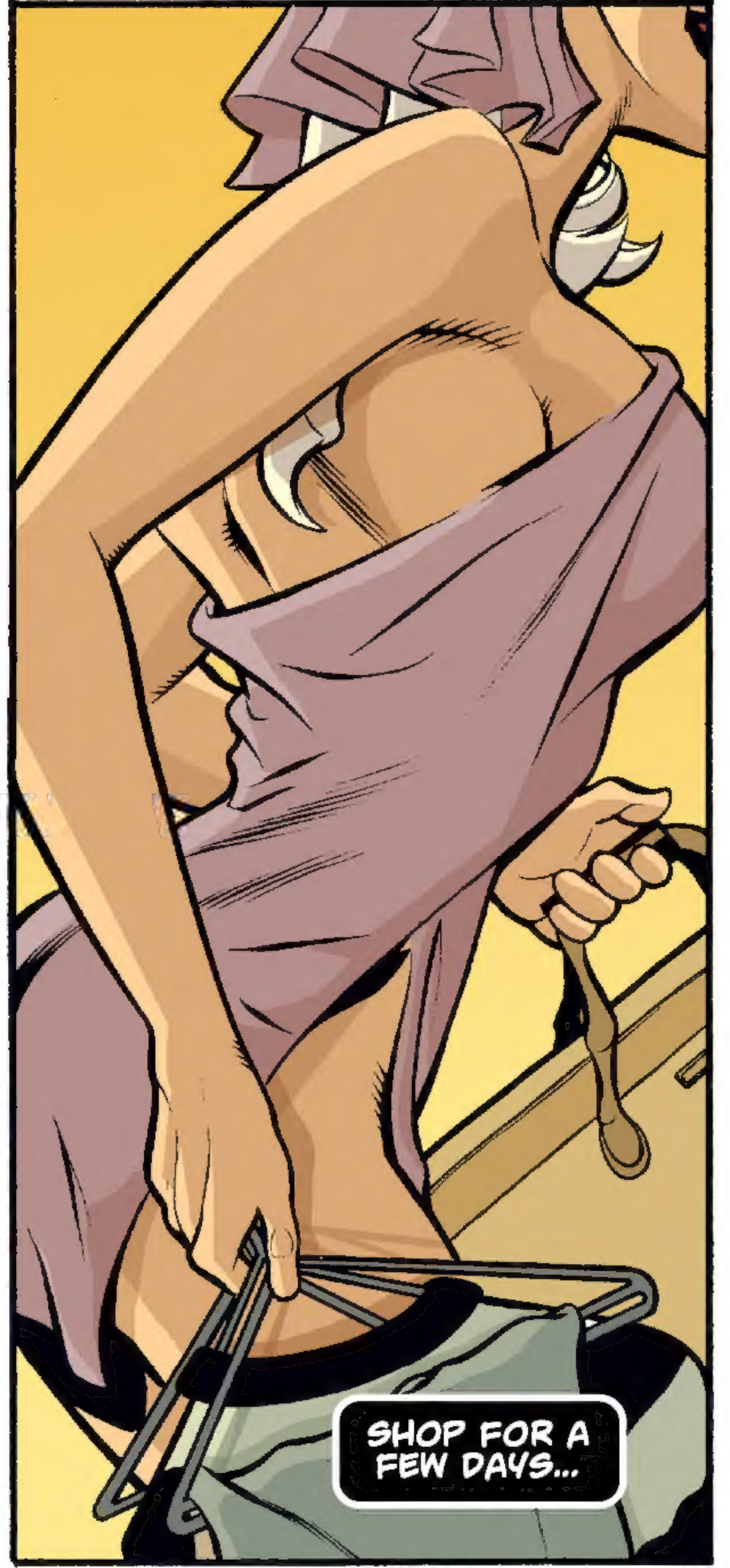
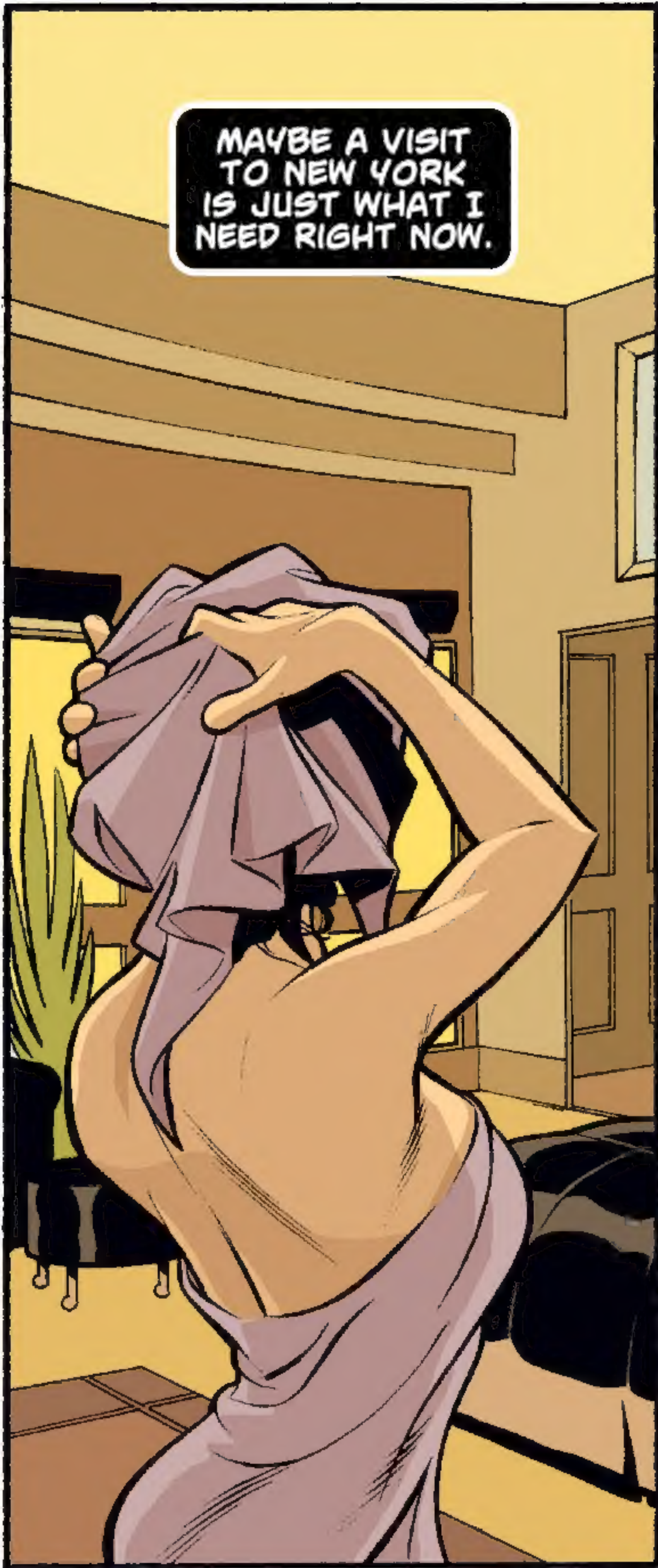


IT'S BEEN TOO
LONG SINCE I'VE
HAD A BOYFRIEND...

OR A GIRLFRIEND,
FOR THAT MATTER...



FAR TOO
LONG...



TWO DAYS AGO, AN HONOR ROLL STUDENT NAMED DONALD PHILLIPS, WHO GOES TO THE HIGH SCHOOL I TEACH AT, TURNED UP DEAD FROM AN APPARENT HEROIN OVERDOSE.

BY ALL ACCOUNTS, HE WAS A GOOD KID. NOBODY EVER KNEW HIM TO SHOW THE SLIGHTEST INTEREST IN DRUGS. YET STILL, HE'S IN A DRAWER DOWN AT THE MORGUE.

I COULD WRITE IT OFF AS SIMPLE FIRST-TIME USER BIG TIME LOSER SYNDROME -- THE KIND OF EXPERIMENTATION WITH NARCOTICS THAT ENDS WITH THE NO-TOLERANCE NEOPHYTE NURSING THAT MOST FATAL KIND OF BROKEN HEART -- EXCEPT FOR ONE TROUBLING DETAIL...

THE AUTOPSY REVEALED NO EVIDENCE THAT THE KID EVER SHOT UP, SMOKED UP, OR SNOTED ANY HEROIN. EVER.

THAT MEANS NO TRACK MARKS IN HIS ARM, NO BLISTERING OF THE LIPS, AND NO DEVIATION OF THE SEPTUM.

THE DIESEL MAY HAVE POISONED HIS BLOOD...BUT HOW THE HECK DID IT GET THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

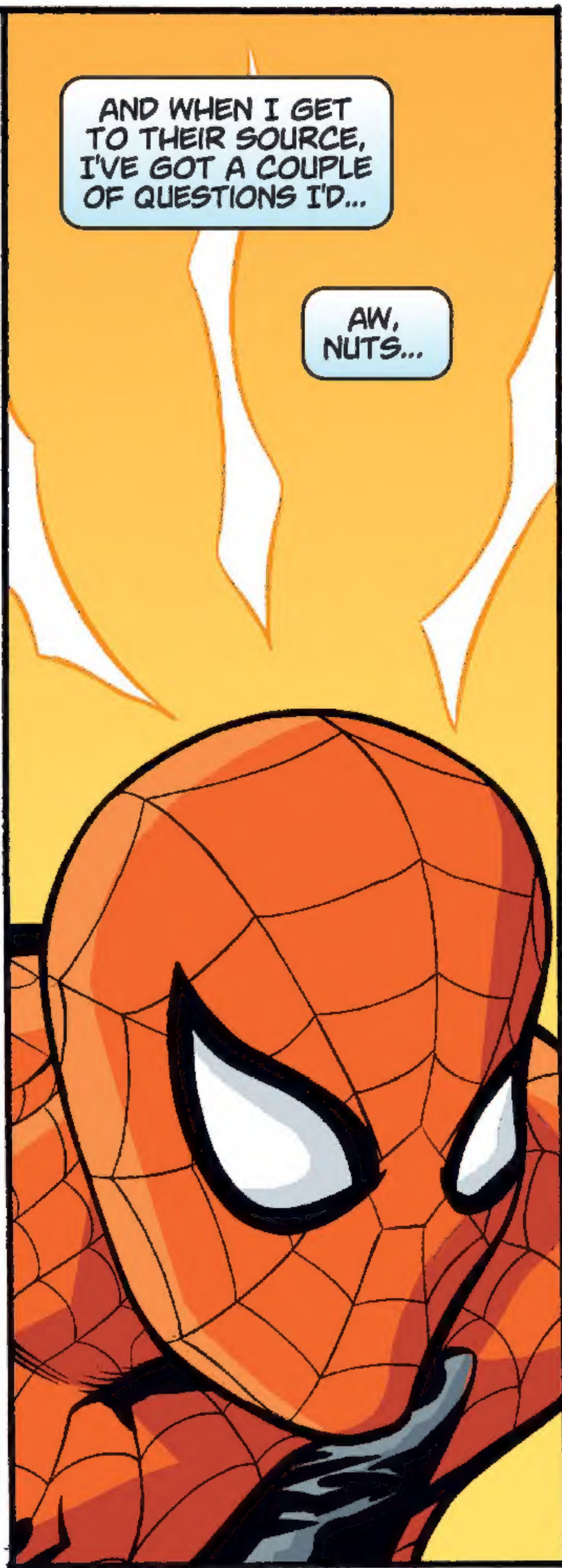
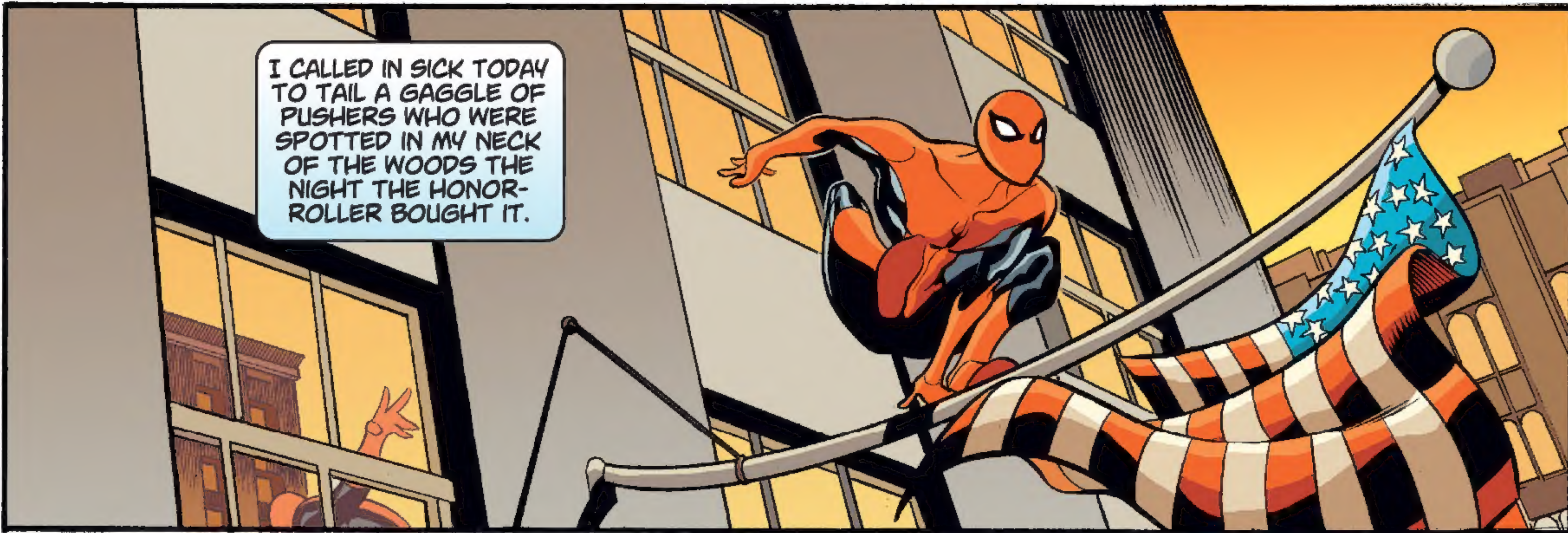
MARVEL
COMICS
presents

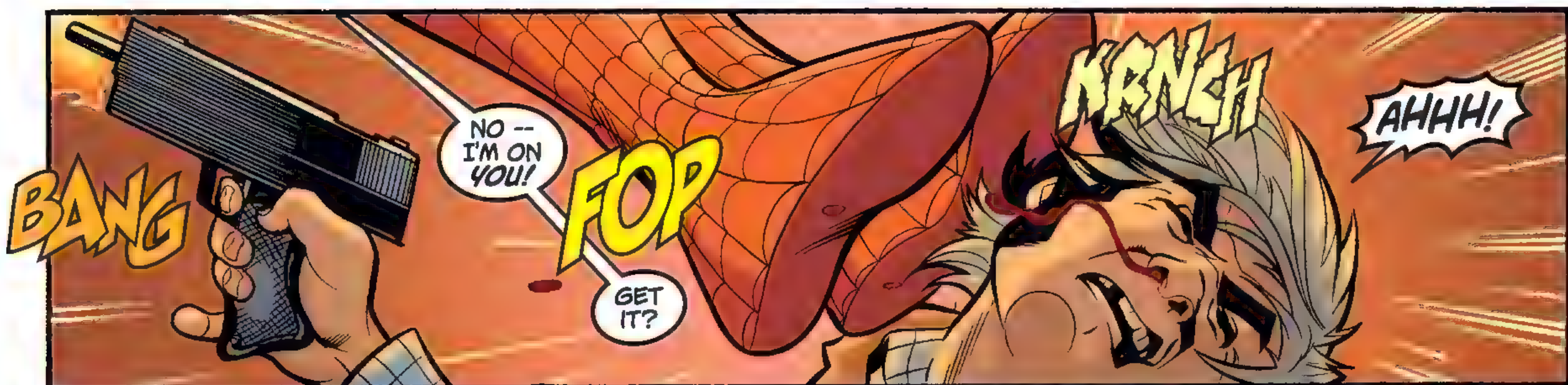
The Amazing
SPIDER-MAN
and the **BLACK CAT** *in*

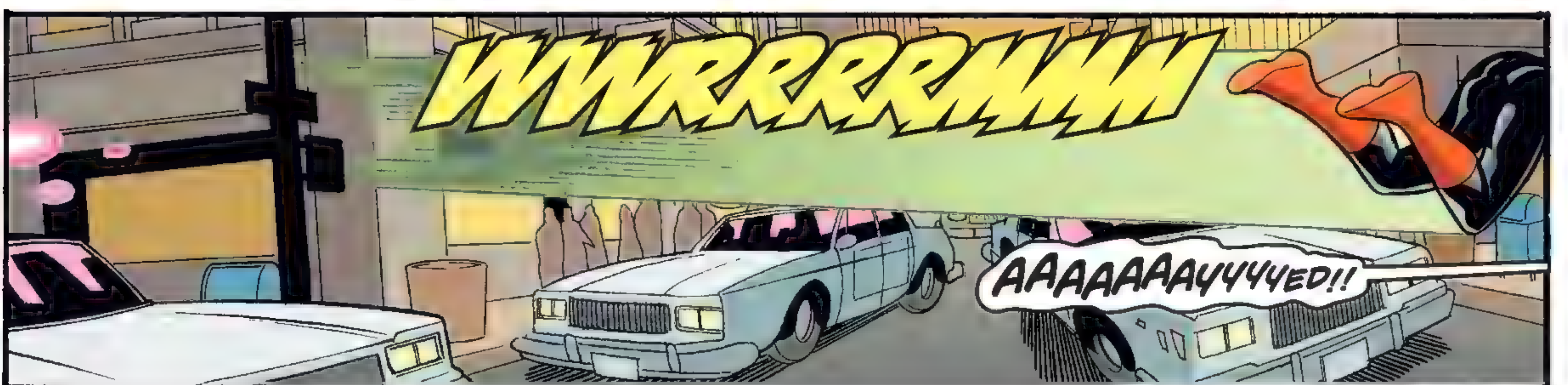
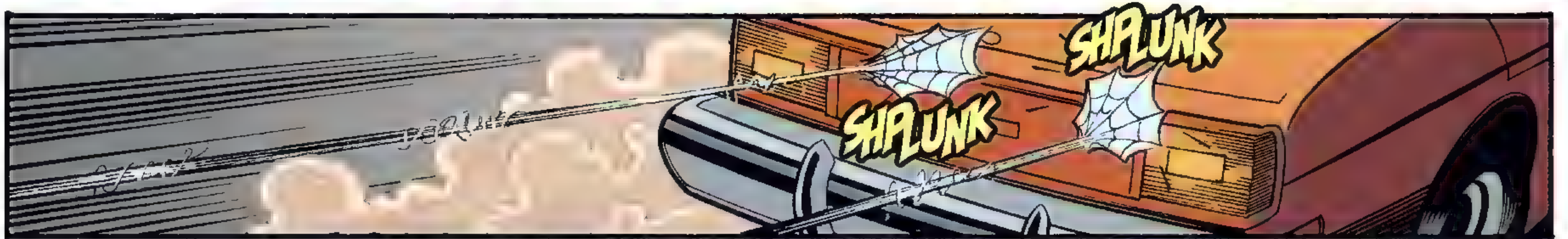
"The
EVIL THAT
MEN DO
"

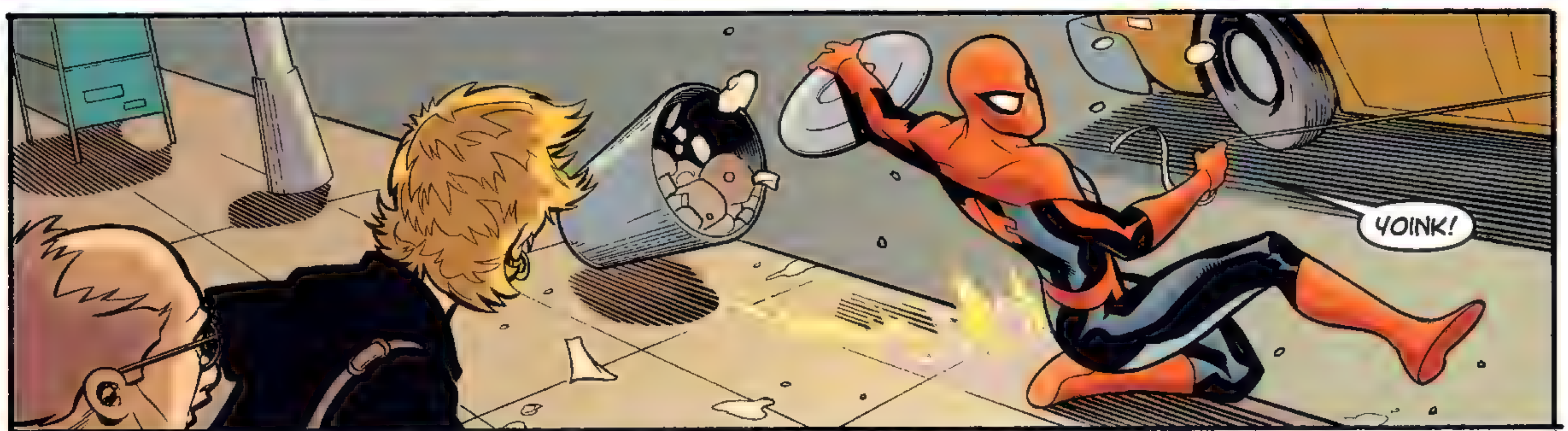
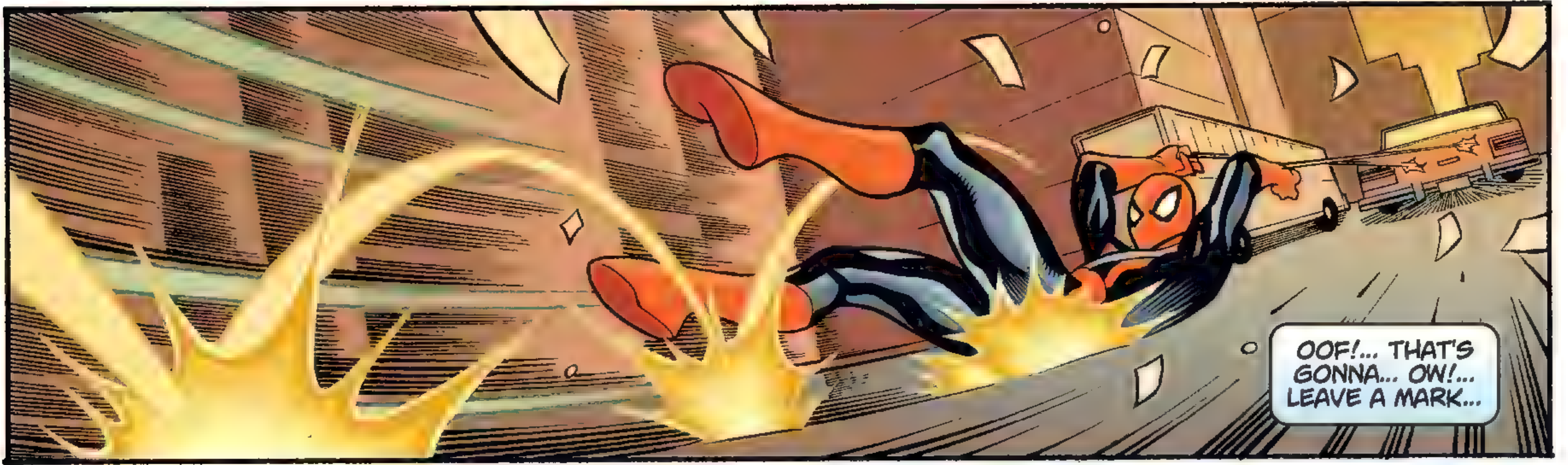
Part
One:

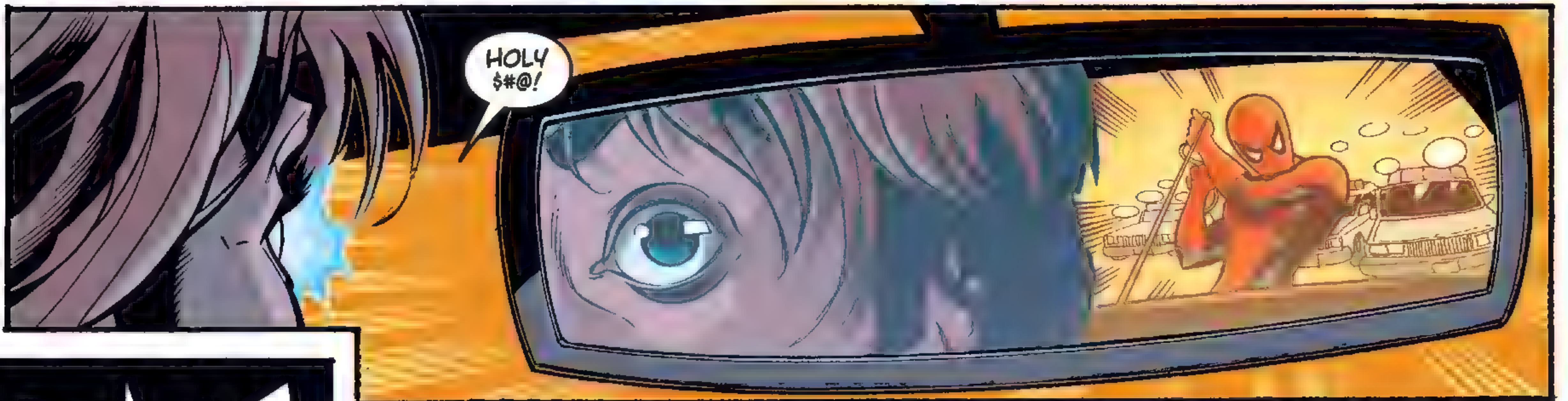
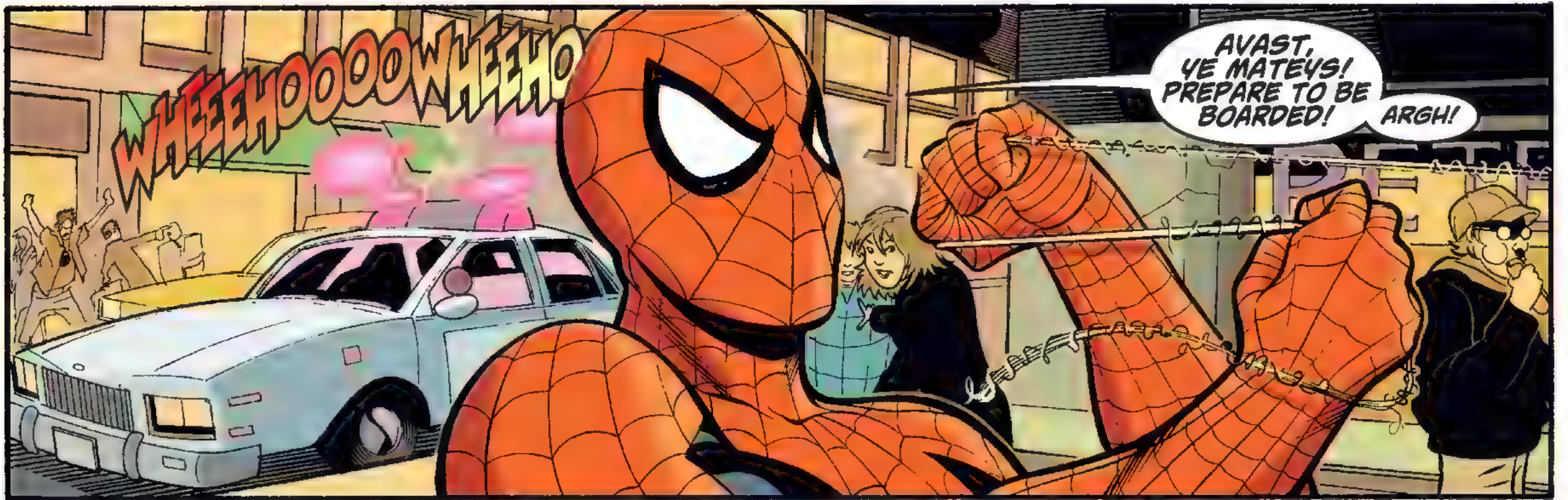
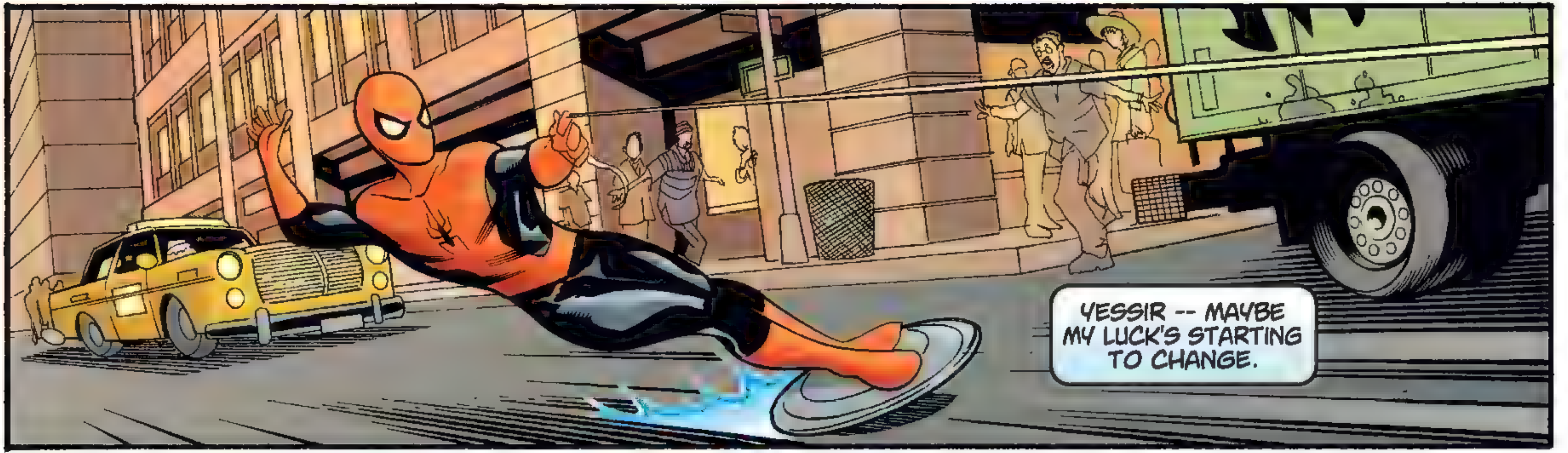
WHAT'S NEW,
PUSSYCAT?

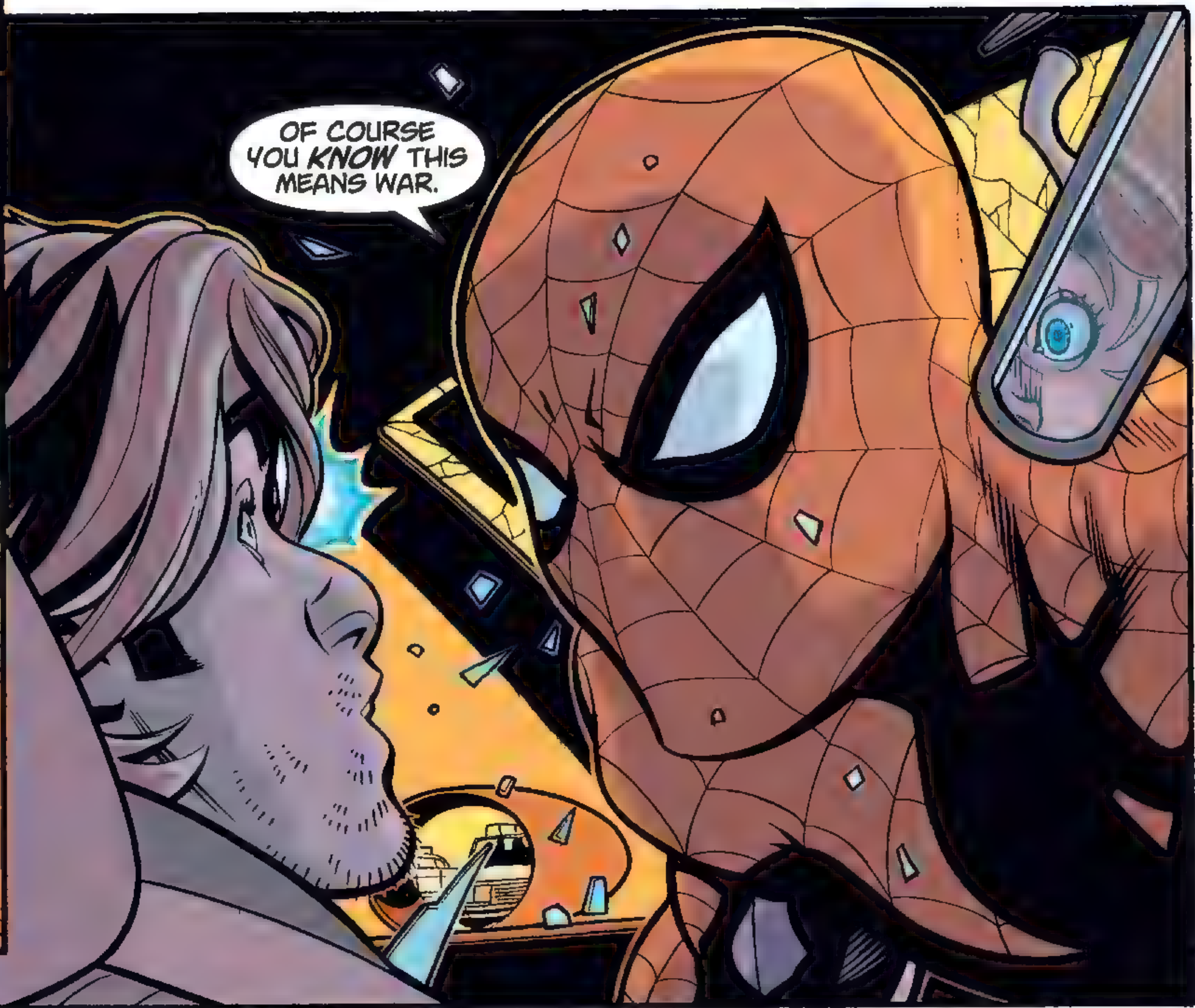














UHN!

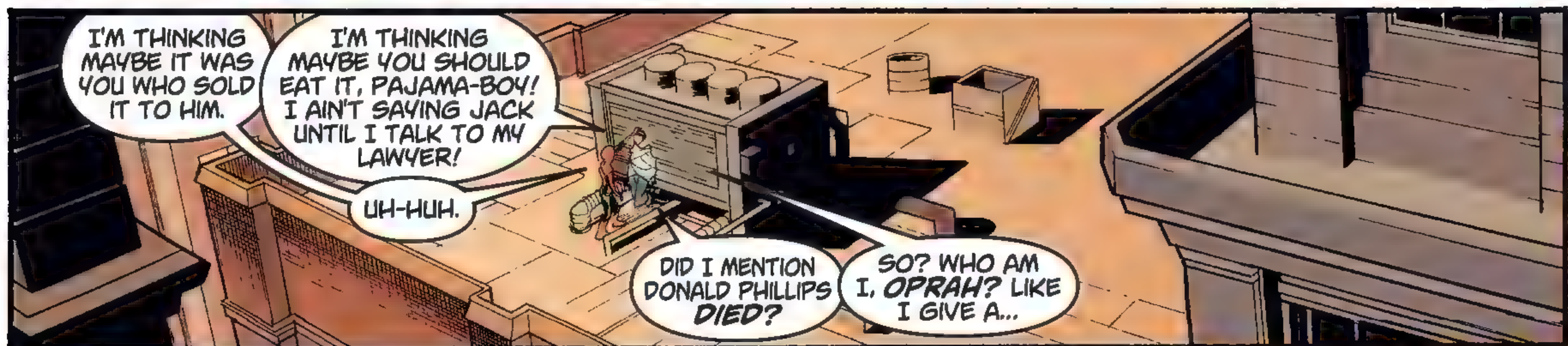
GET IT OFFA ME!
GET IT OFFA ME!

SSHHHHKK

HEY... PUSHER-MAN!

THERE WAS A KID, 'BOUT SIXTEEN, SEVENTEEN. NAME OF DONALD PHILLIPS. WENT TO MIDTOWN HIGH. OD'D ON 'RON.

S...SO...?



I'M THINKING MAYBE IT WAS YOU WHO SOLD IT TO HIM.

I'M THINKING MAYBE YOU SHOULD EAT IT, PAJAMA-BOY! I AIN'T SAYING JACK UNTIL I TALK TO MY LAWYER!

UH-HUH.

DID I MENTION DONALD PHILLIPS DIED?

SO? WHO AM I, OPRAH? LIKE I GIVE A...



WH... WHAT THE HELL'RE YOU DOING, MAN?!

WHAT'S MY NAME, SPANKY?

S... SPIDER-MAN.

OKAY. QUICK QUIZ ABOUT SPIDERS.

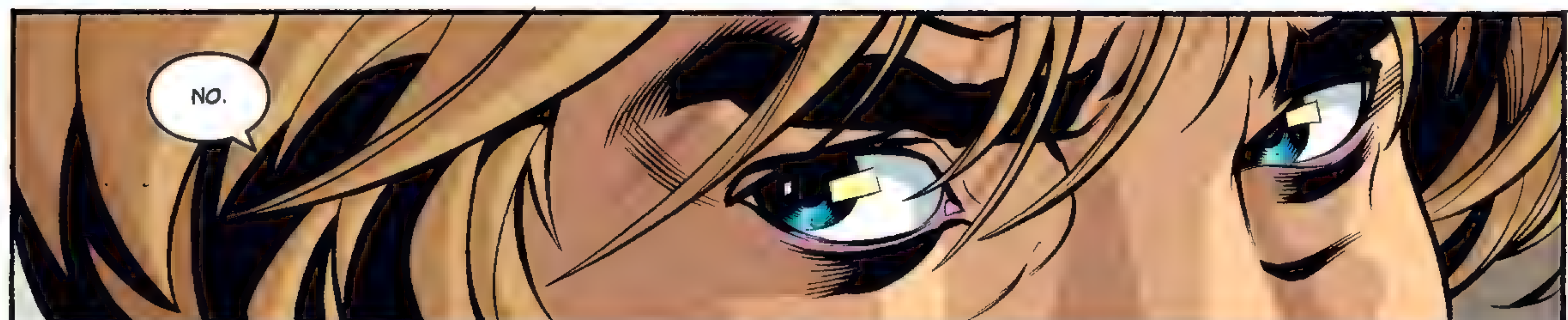
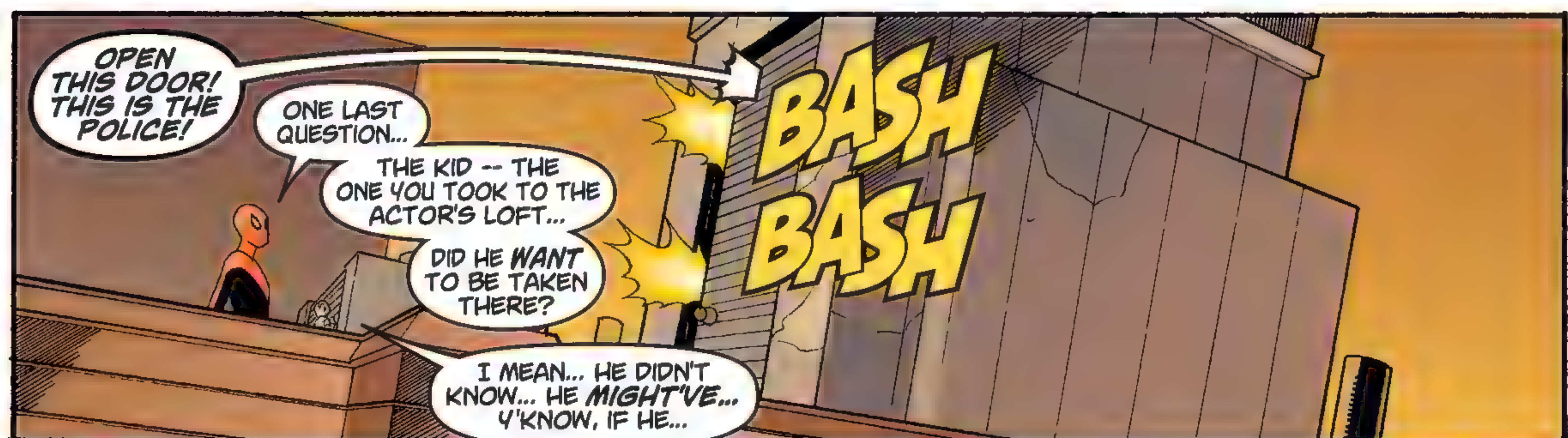
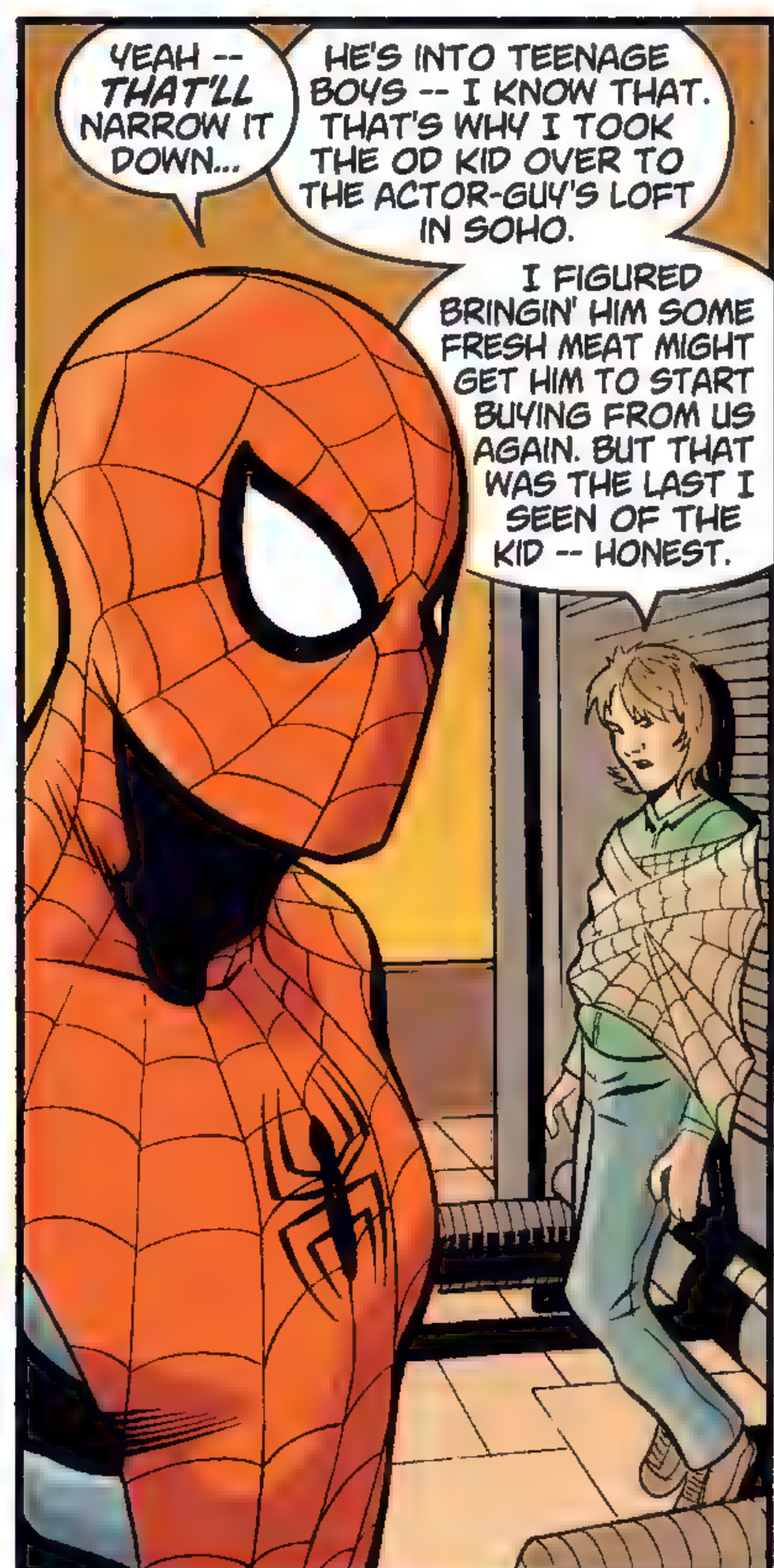
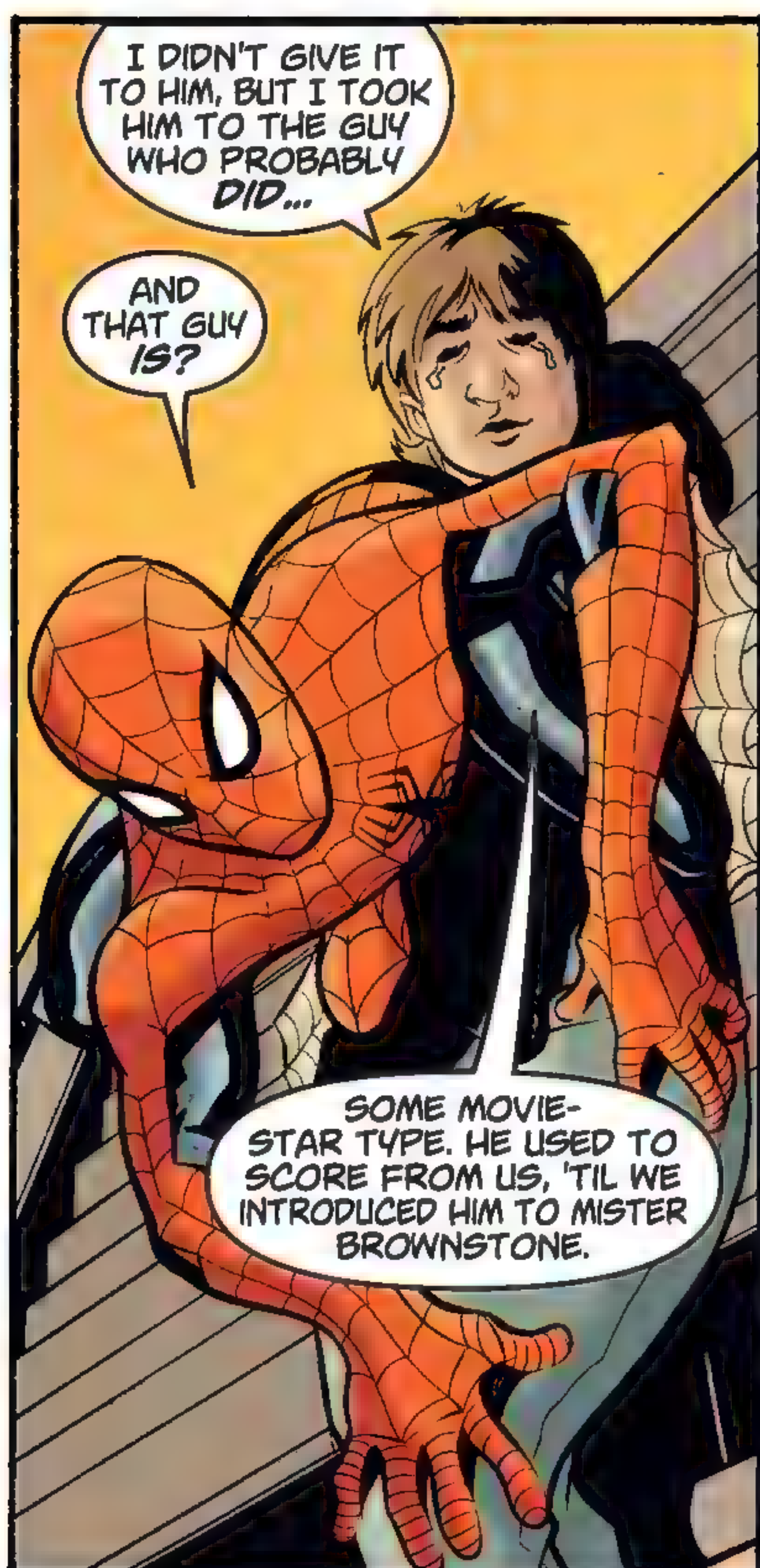
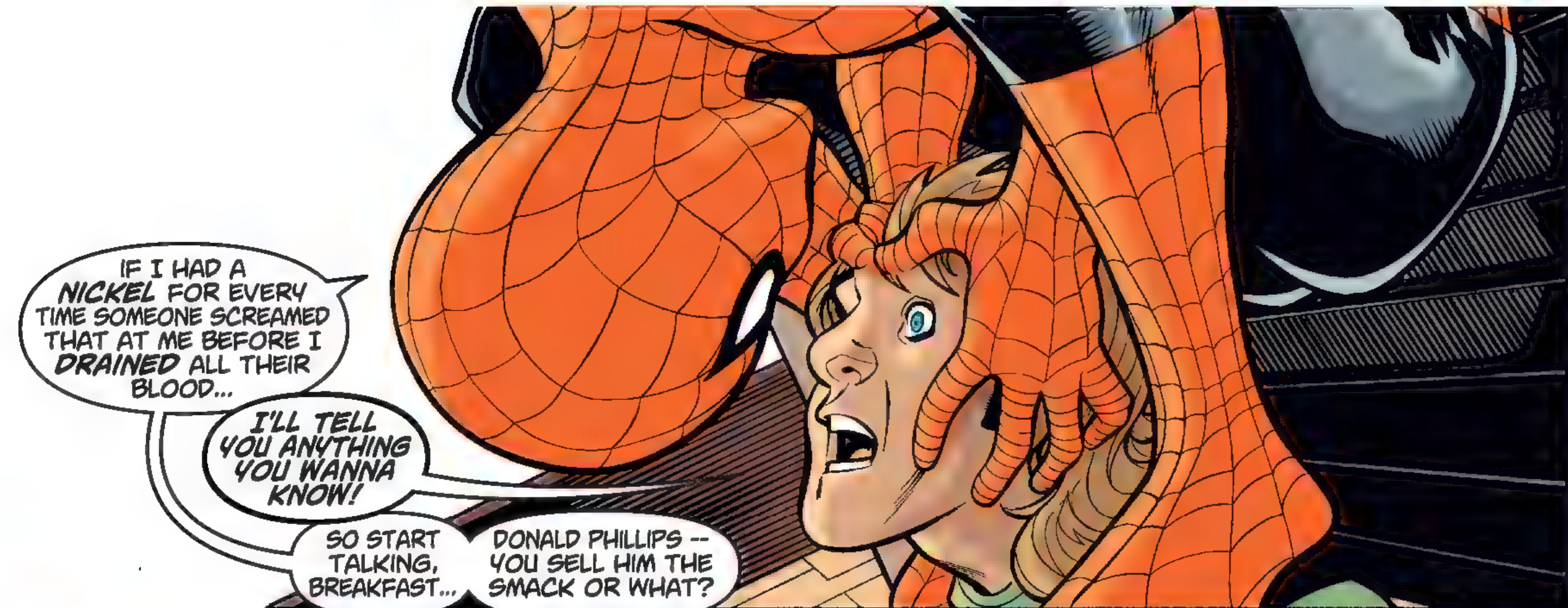
WHAT DO SPIDERS DO TO THEIR PREY ONCE THEY'VE TRAPPED THEM IN THEIR WEBS?

TH... THEY DRINK THEIR... THEIR BLOOD?



NOTHING LIKE A LATE BRUNCH...

DON'T EAT ME!
DON'T EAT ME!

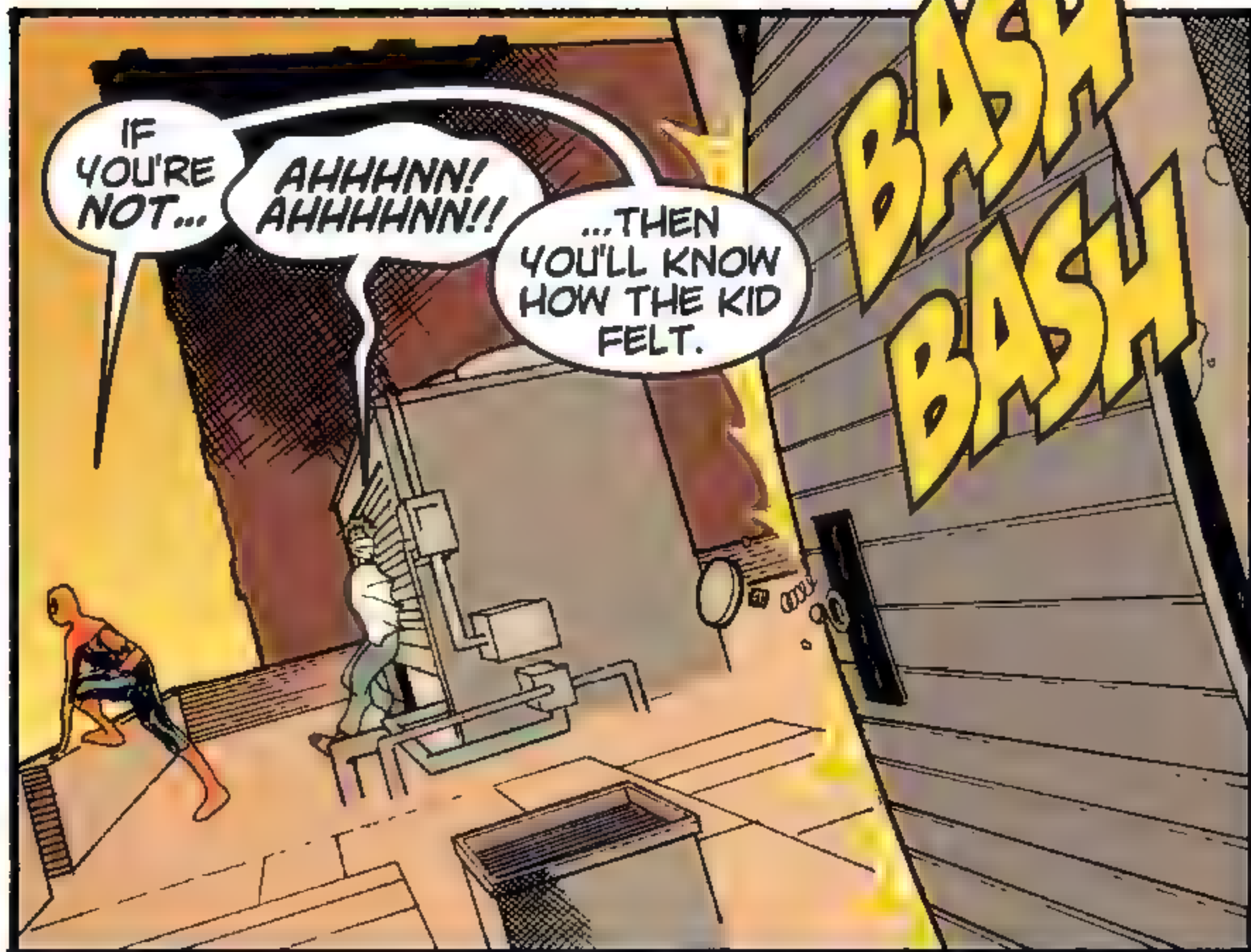
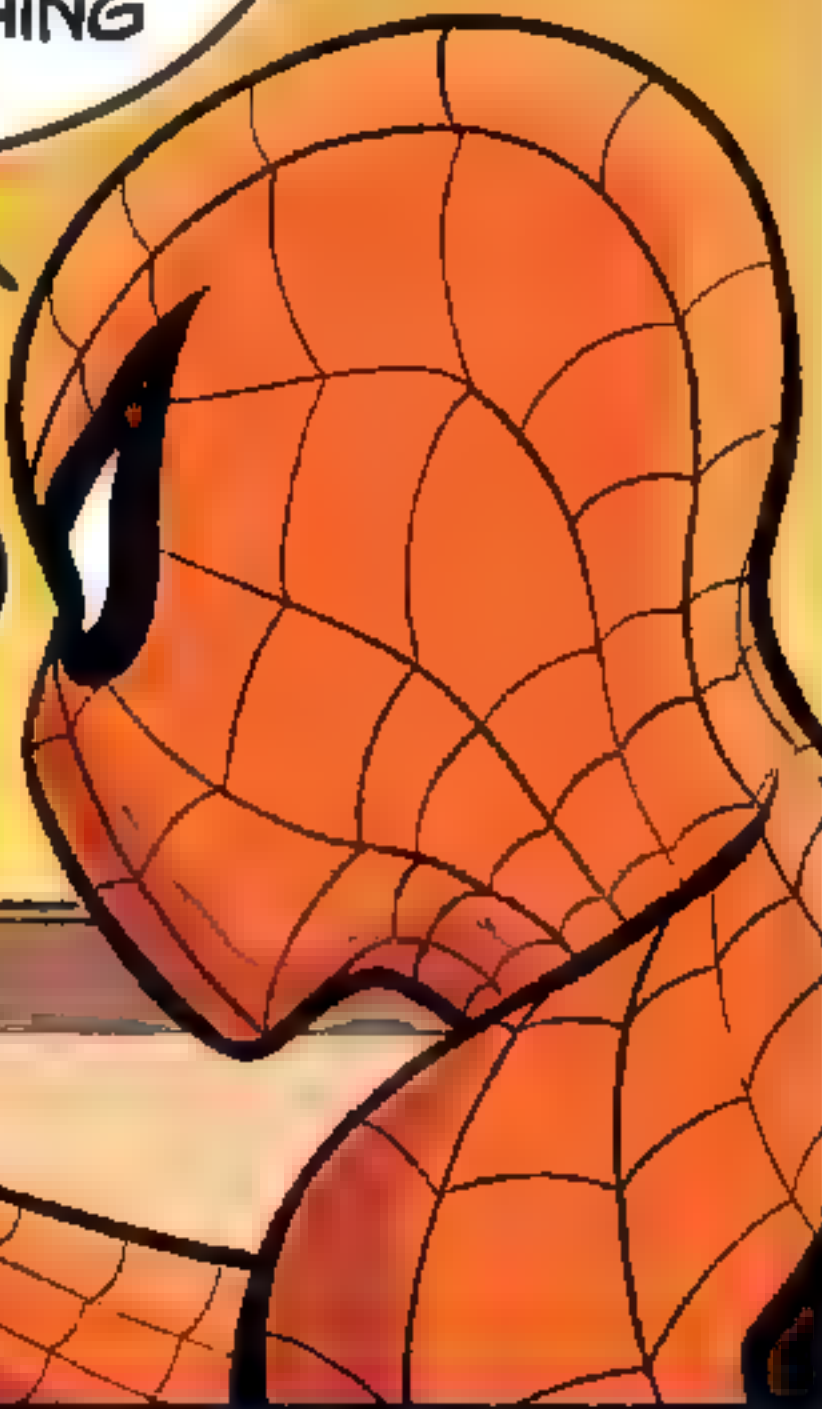
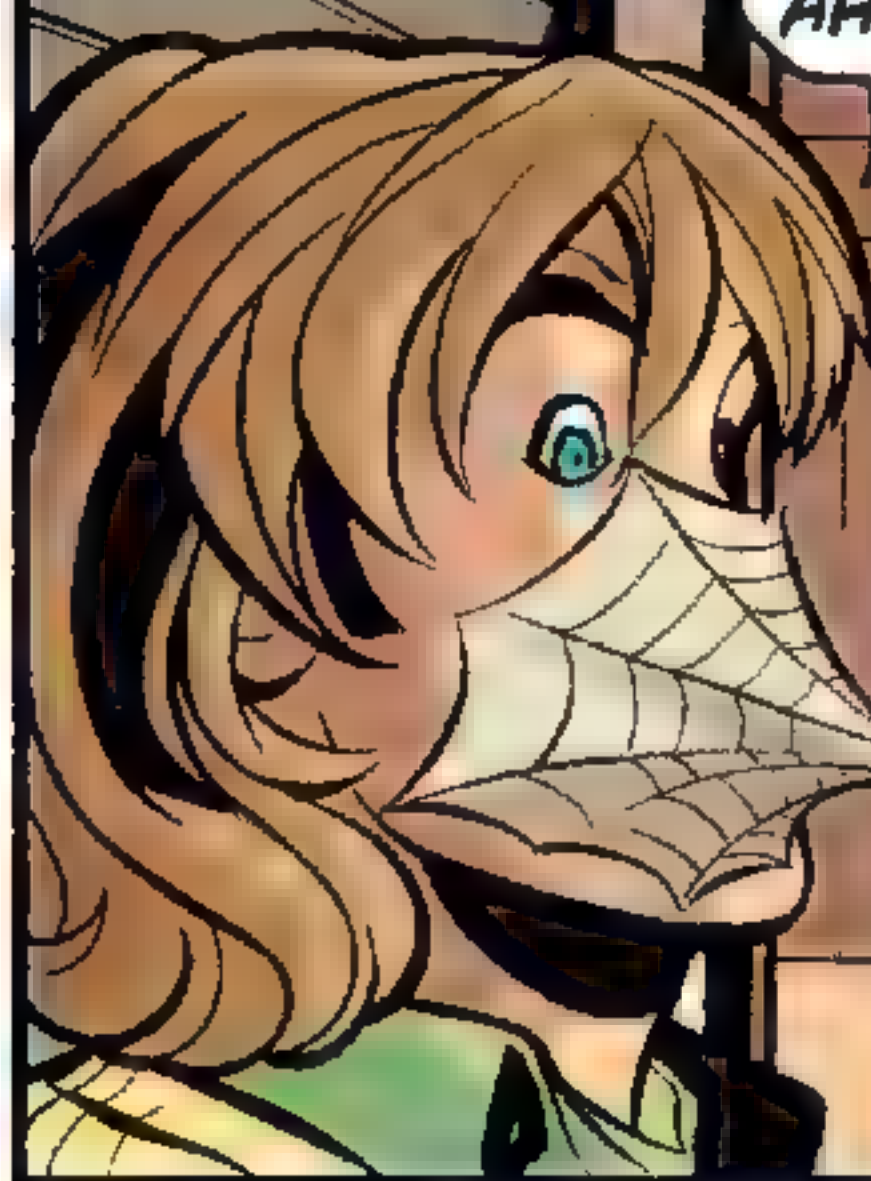


**BASH
BASH**

IF YOU'RE LUCKY, NEW YORK'S
FINEST WILL GET THAT DOOR
OPEN PRETTY SOON, AND
CLEAR THE WEBBING OUT
OF YOUR BREATHING
PASSAGES.

AHN!
AHHNN!!

THWIP



IF
YOU'RE
NOT...

AHHHNN!
AHHHHNN!!

...THEN
YOU'LL KNOW
HOW THE KID
FELT.

**BASH
BASH**



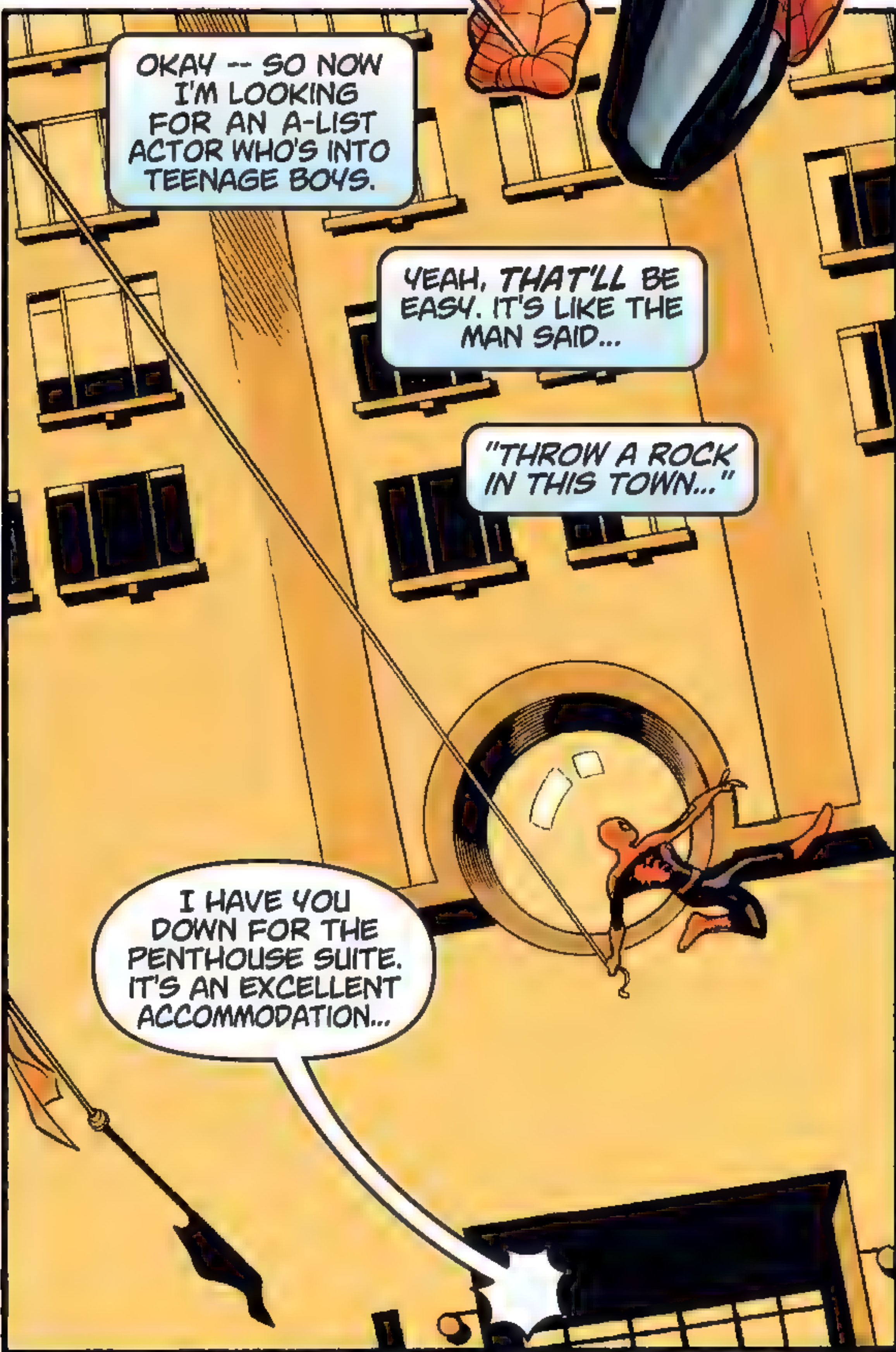
AHHHNN!
AHHHHNN!!

OF COURSE, I'M
OVERSTATING IT A
BIT. HE CAN BREATHE
THROUGH A SPRAY OF
WEBBING THAT LIGHT.

BUT HE'S TOO DUMB
TO REALIZE IT --
AS TESTIFIED TO
BY THE GROWING
STAIN IN HIS PANTS.

KRRSSHH

EVERYBODY
FREEZE!



OKAY -- SO NOW
I'M LOOKING
FOR AN A-LIST
ACTOR WHO'S INTO
TEENAGE BOYS.

YEAH, THAT'LL BE
EASY. IT'S LIKE THE
MAN SAID...

"THROW A ROCK
IN THIS TOWN..."

I HAVE YOU
DOWN FOR THE
PENTHOUSE SUITE.
IT'S AN EXCELLENT
ACCOMMODATION...



...COMPLETE WITH A
BALCONY THAT OVERLOOKS
CENTRAL PARK.

A BALCONY?
OH, I'LL NEVER
USE THAT.

I'M
AFRAID OF
HEIGHTS.

IF THERE'S
ANYTHING ELSE
I CAN HELP YOU
WITH, PLEASE
DON'T HESITATE
TO ASK...

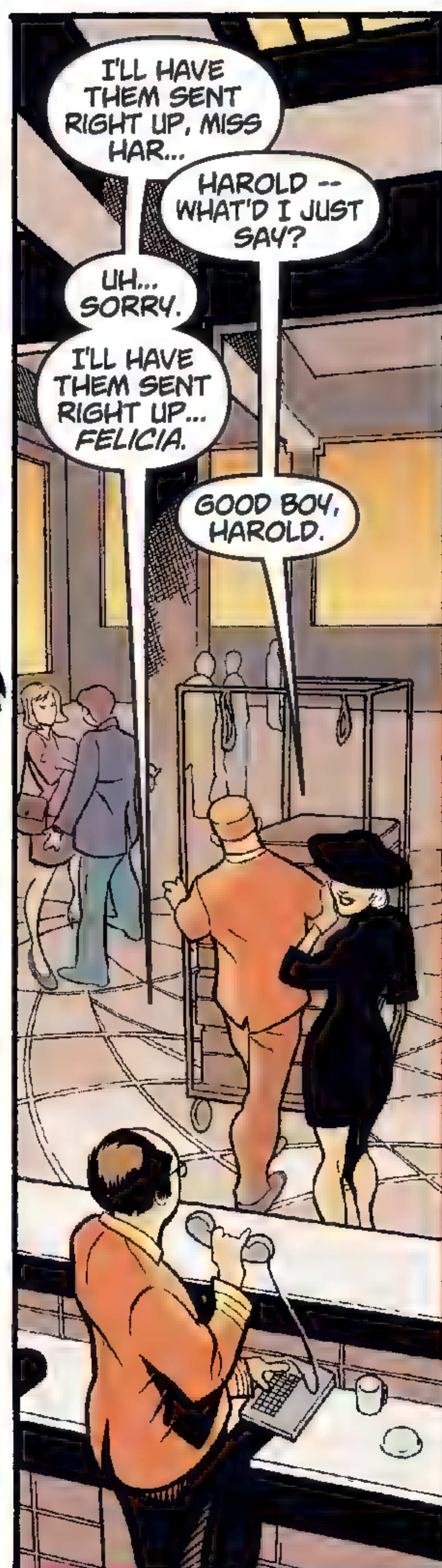


...MISS HARDY.

PLEASE -- CALL ME FELICIA.

AND, YES -- THERE'S ONE MORE THING YOU CAN HELP ME WITH, HAROLD.

YOU CAN SEND UP A PLATE OF THOSE **AWESOME** CHOCOLATE-COVERED STRAWBERRIES.



I'LL HAVE THEM SENT RIGHT UP, MISS HAR...

HAROLD -- WHAT'D I JUST SAY?

UH... SORRY.

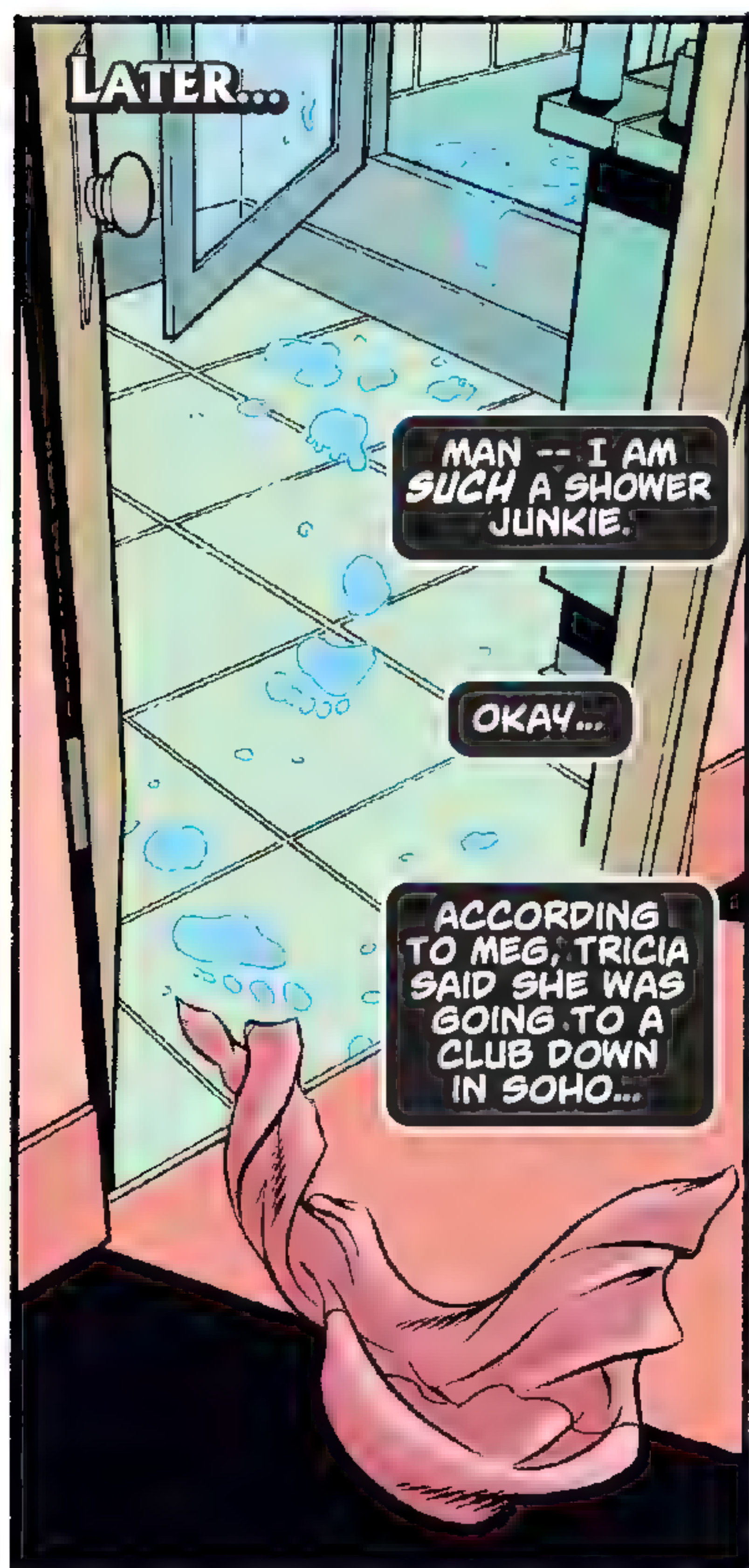
I'LL HAVE THEM SENT RIGHT UP... FELICIA.

GOOD BOY, HAROLD.



~~SIGH~~ MISTER... HAROLD... HARDY...

THE WOMAN TAKES **YOUR** NAME, GENIUS.



LATER...

MAN -- I AM SUCH A SHOWER JUNKIE.

OKAY...

ACCORDING TO MEG, TRICIA SAID SHE WAS GOING TO A CLUB DOWN IN SOHO...



AND ACCORDING TO VOGUE AND ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY, TRICIA'S BEEN ROMANTICALLY LINKED TO THE GUY THEY'RE CALLING THE "NEW TOM CRUISE" -- **SEEING THINGS** STAR HUNTER TODD.

ALSO A SOHO RESIDENT.

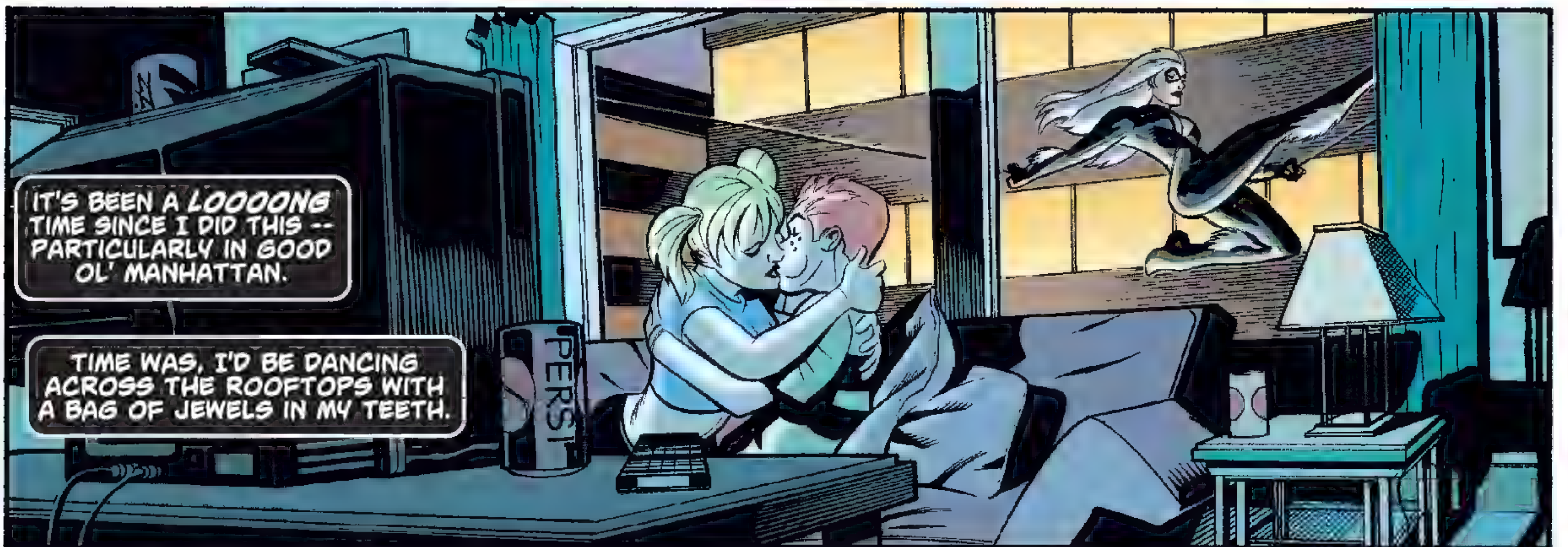
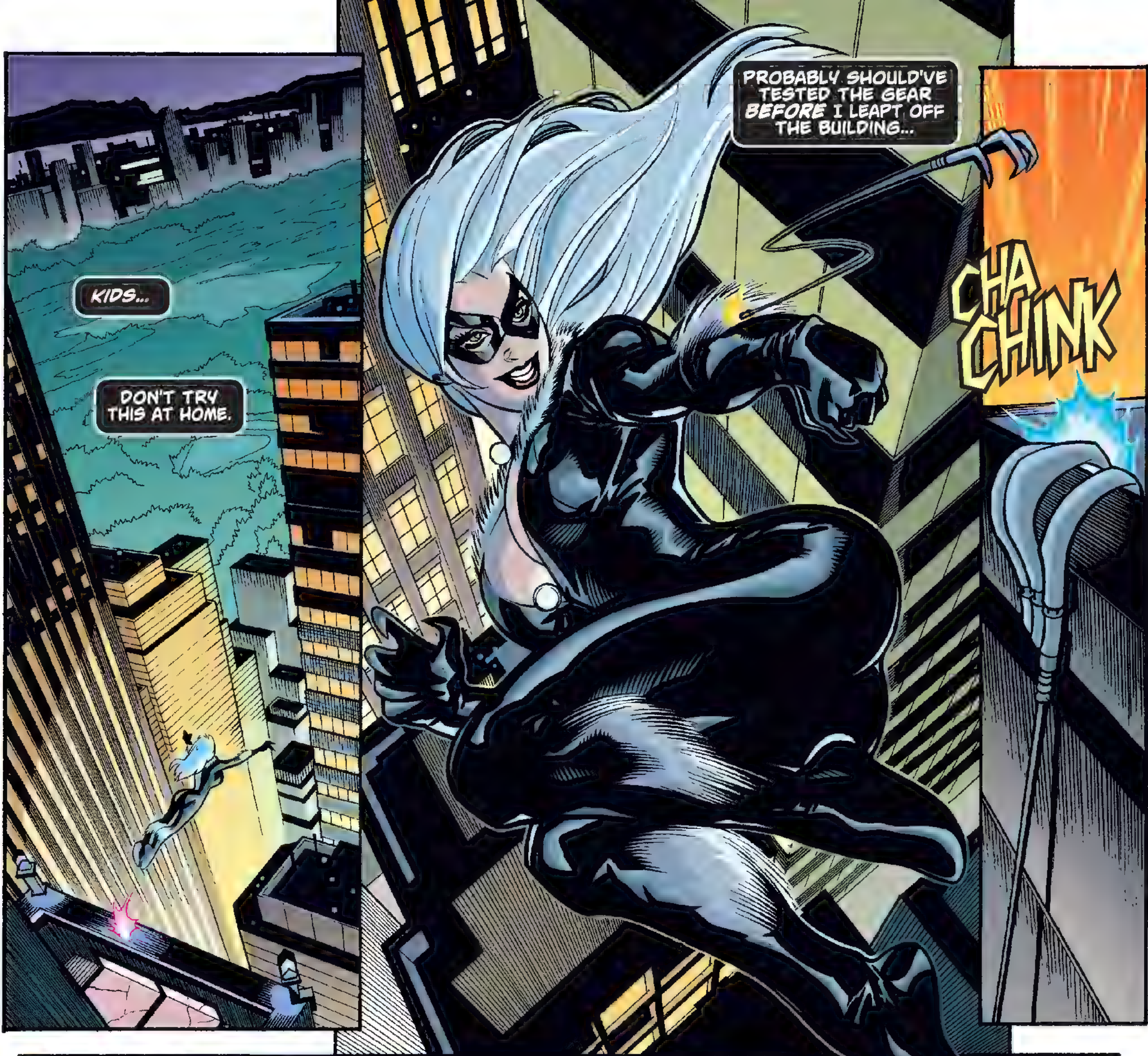


SO I GUESS THE BEST WAY TO GET A LEAD ON TRICIA WOULD BE TO PLAY A LITTLE CAT-AND-MOUSE WITH THE FLAVOR-OF-THE-MONTH.

AND IF HUNTER TODD'S THE **MOUSE**, THEN THAT MAKES ME...



...THE
CAT.



BUT IT'S LIKE THE
MAN SAID: "CRIME
DOESN'T PAY."

OF COURSE, THE MAN
WHO SAID THAT NEVER
SAW MY APARTMENT,
MY STOCK PORTFOLIO,
MY WARDROBE, AND ALL
THE REST OF THE STUFF
CRIME DID PAY FOR.

BUT EVEN THOUGH
I'VE LIVED OFF
ILL-GOTTEN GAINS
FOR THE PAST FEW
YEARS, I HAVEN'T
SO MUCH AS JAY-
WALKED IN AGES.

AND THAT'S
ALL BECAUSE
OF HIM...

MY LITTLE
BUG-ABOO.

The Pen is
mightier
than the Web.
The Daily Bugle

CAN IT ONLY BE
FIVE YEARS
SINCE PETER AND
I WERE AN ITEM?

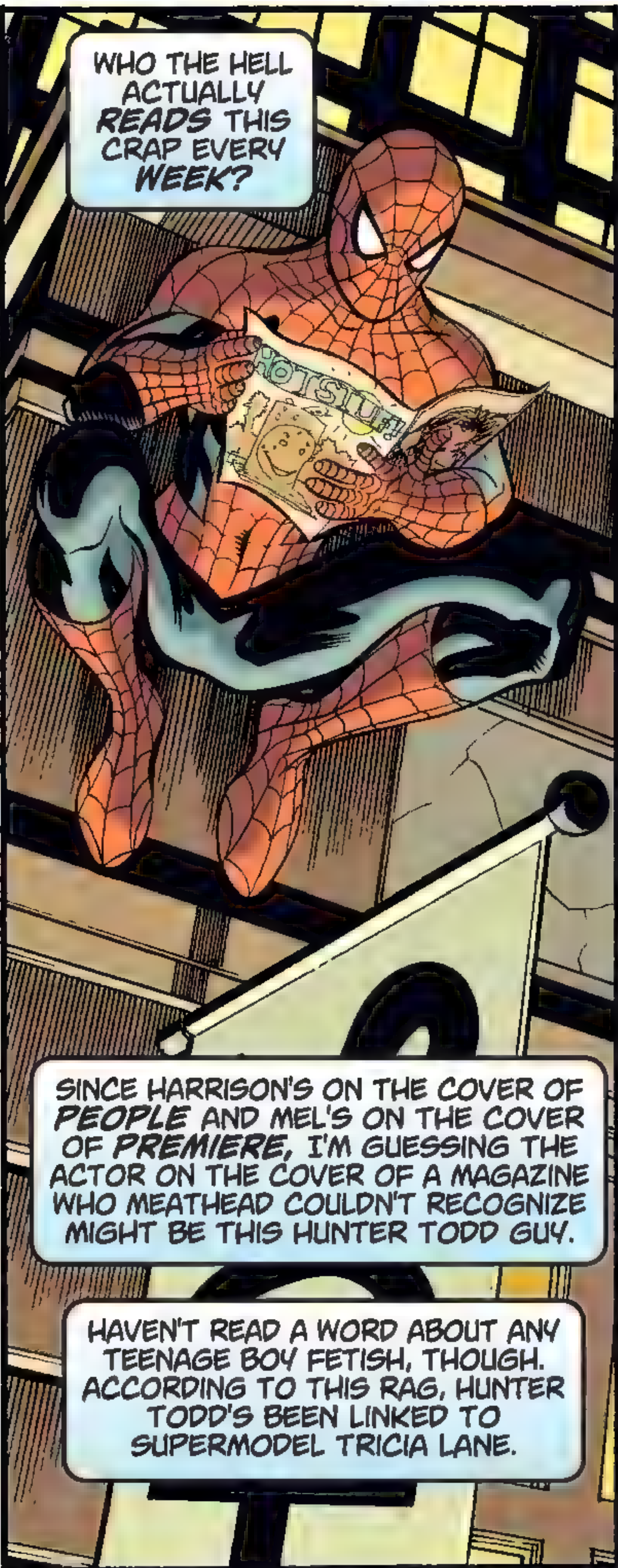
"AN ITEM"? WHO
AM I KIDDING?

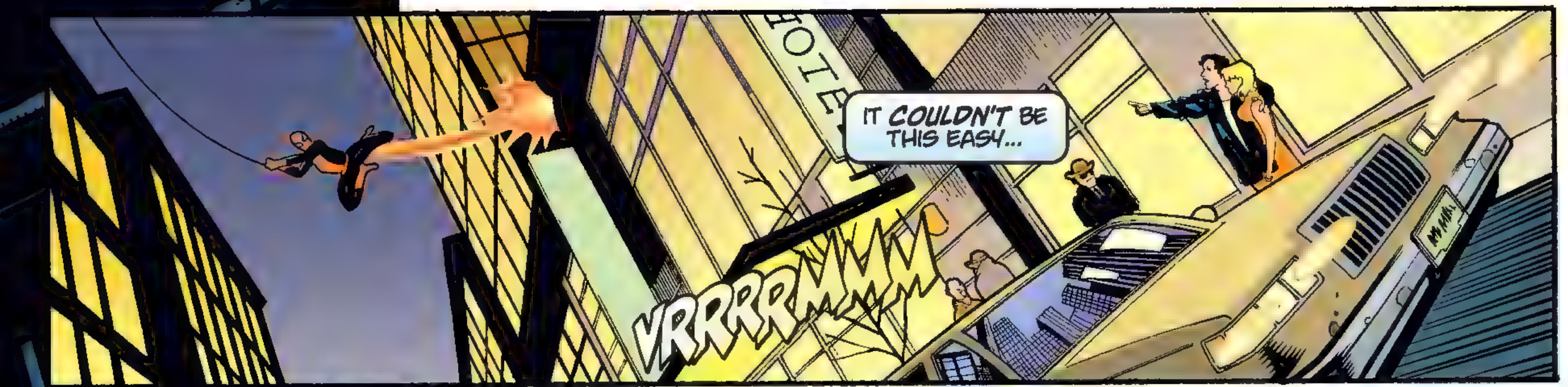
WE WERE DOIN'
THE NASTY --
NOTHING MORE,
NOTHING LESS.

OF COURSE, THE
DAY HE FIGURED
OUT THAT IT WAS
SPIDER-MAN I
WAS INTO AND NOT
PETER PARKER, HE
CALLED IT QUITS.

GOD, I WAS
SO STUPID BACK
THEN. SUCH A
SPOILED LITTLE
DADDY'S GIRL.

AND SINCE DADDY USED TO
BE A CAT BURGLAR TOO,
THAT MEANT I WAS ATTRACTED
TO ALL THE WRONG GUYS FOR
ALL THE WRONG REASONS.





IT COULDN'T BE THIS EASY...

VRRRRR

LATER...

MAN -- I GOTTA GET INTO THE MOVIE BIZ...

LOOK AT THIS SPREAD. IT'S BIGGER THAN MY PLACE BACK IN THE VILLAGE.

HECK, IT'S BIGGER THAN THE ENTIRE VILLAGE.

C'MON, HUNTER -- I PLAYED YOUR BEARD ALL NIGHT. PAY UP.

KEEP YOUR THONG ON. I'M CALLING HIM NOW.

I'LL LET HIM FINISH HIS PHONE CALL BEFORE I...

MISTER BROWNSTONE? IT'S HUNTER.

BROWNSTONE?

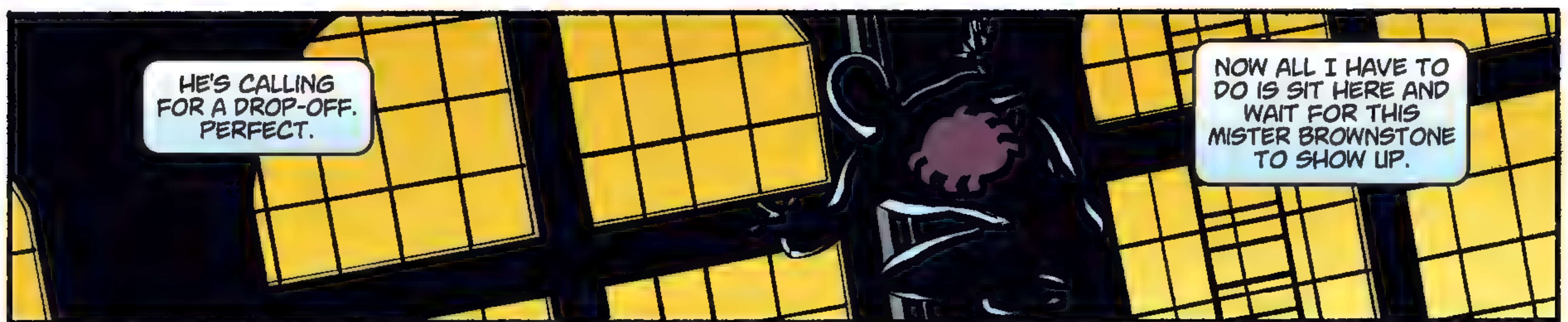
OH, I'M ON A ROLL TONIGHT...

WE'RE HERE IN THE LOFT, READY TO DOSE.

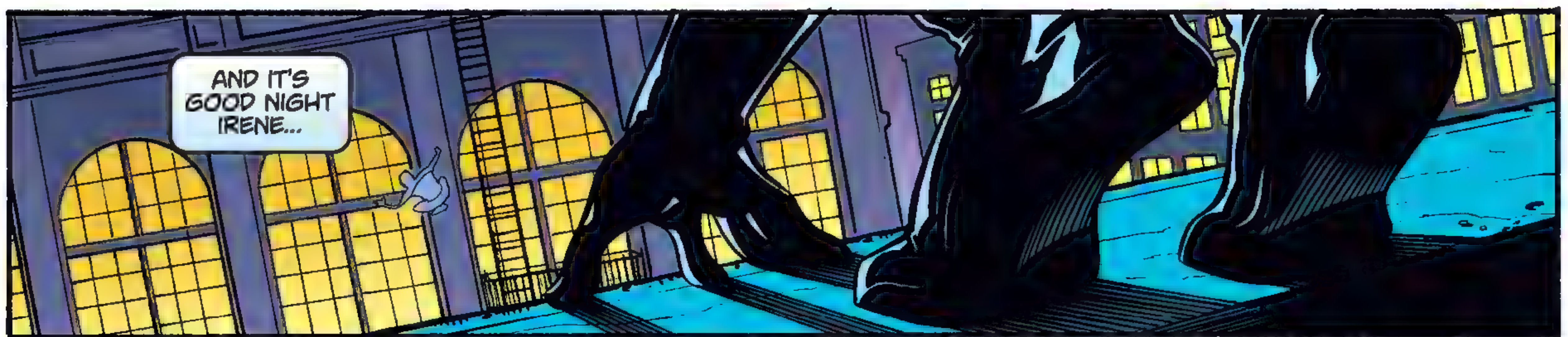


HE'S CALLING FOR A DROP-OFF. PERFECT.

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SIT HERE AND WAIT FOR THIS MISTER BROWNSTONE TO SHOW UP.



AND IT'S GOOD NIGHT IRENE...

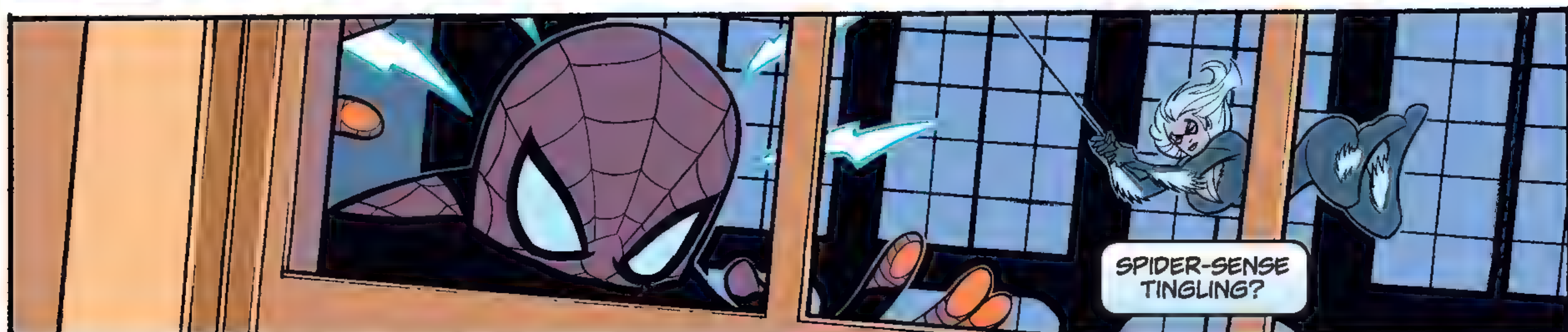




LOOKS LIKE I SHOWED UP JUST IN TIME. THE FLAVOR-OF-THE-MONTH'S GOT HIMSELF A VISITOR.



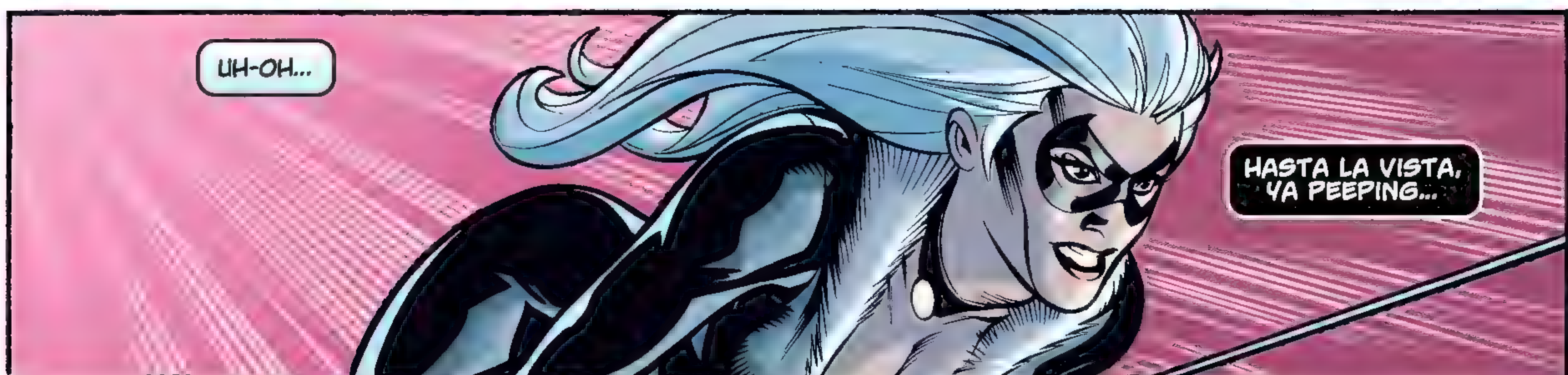
AND WHAT BETTER WAY IS THERE TO GET ON HIS SWEET, QUESTION-ANSWERING SIDE THAN BY DEEP-SIXING THE BAD GUY LURKING OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW...



SPIDER-SENSE TINGLING?



BUT WHY...



UH-OH...

HASTA LA VISTA, YA PEEPING...



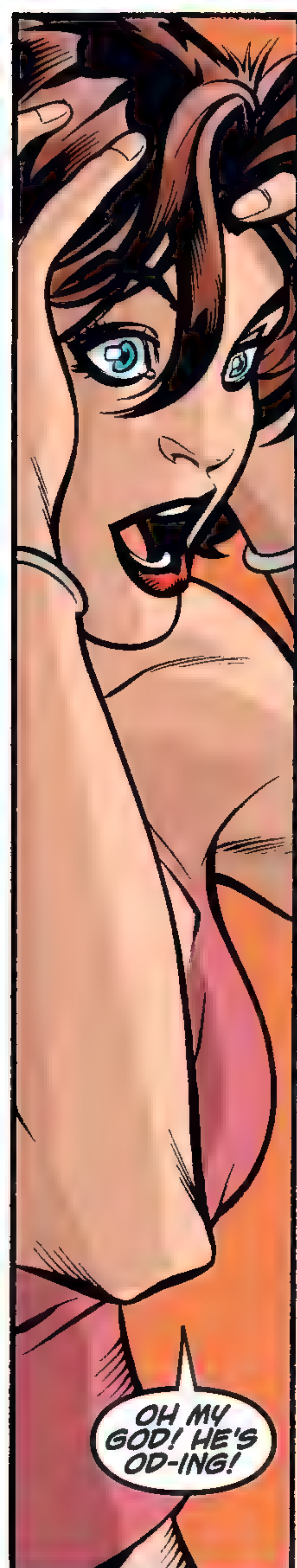
OH MY GOD!

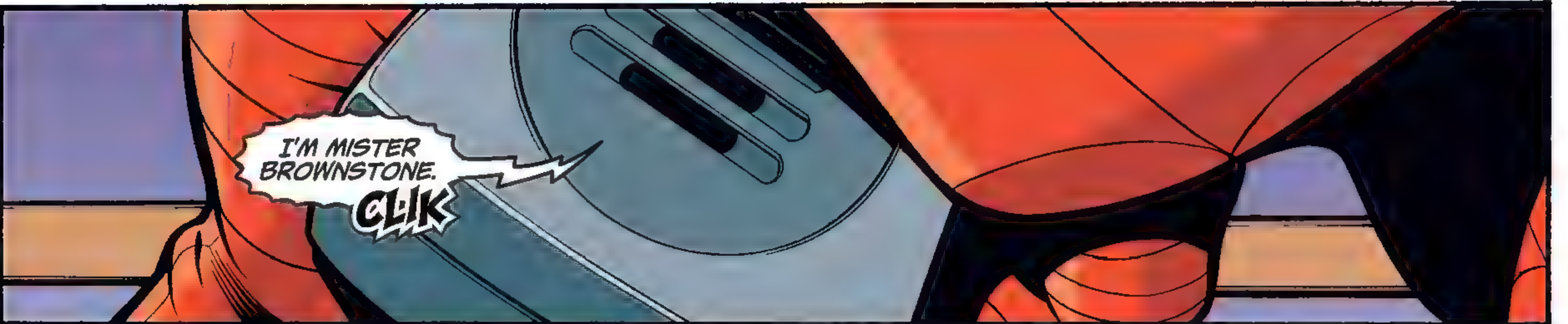
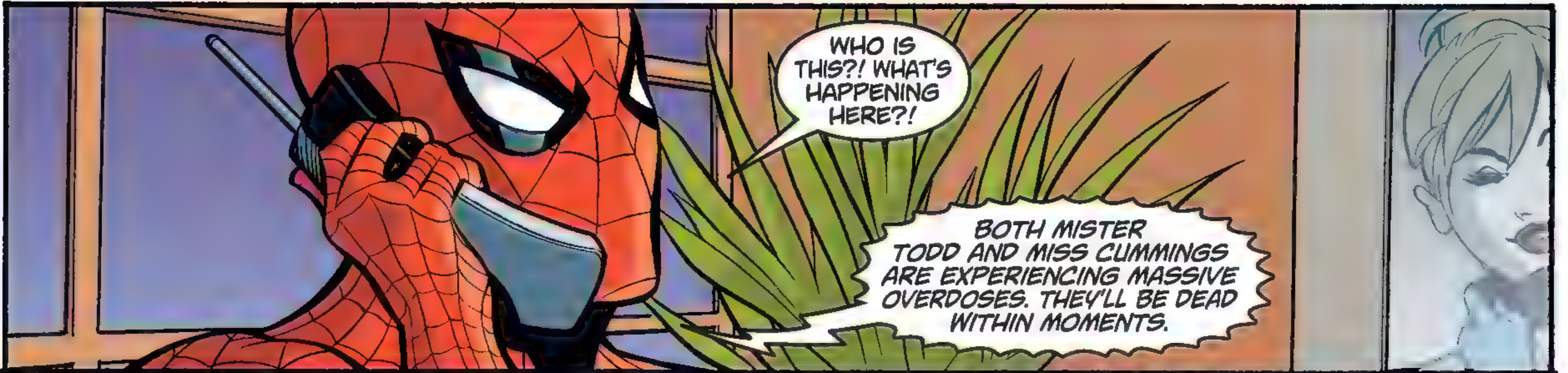
PETER?!?



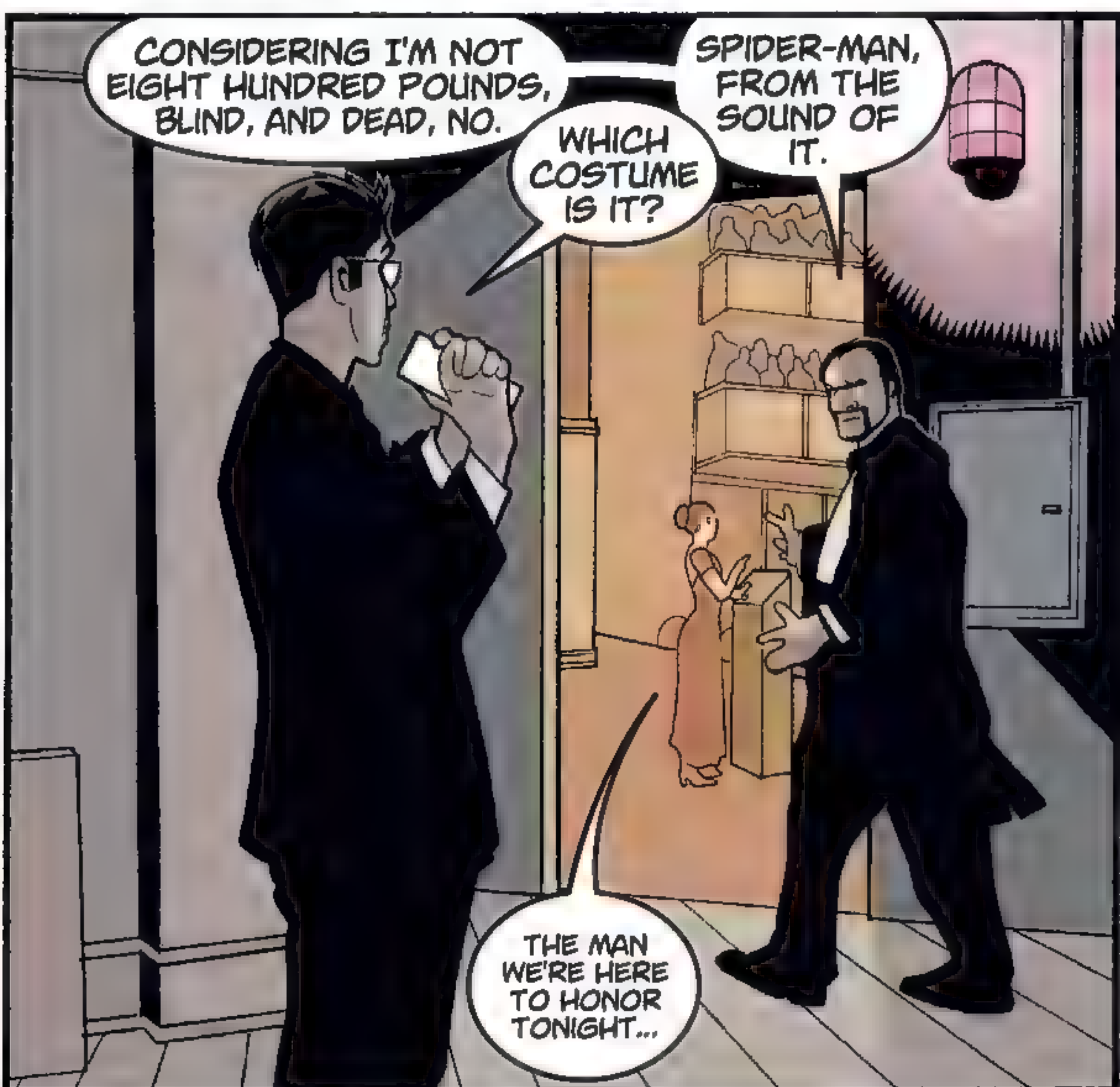
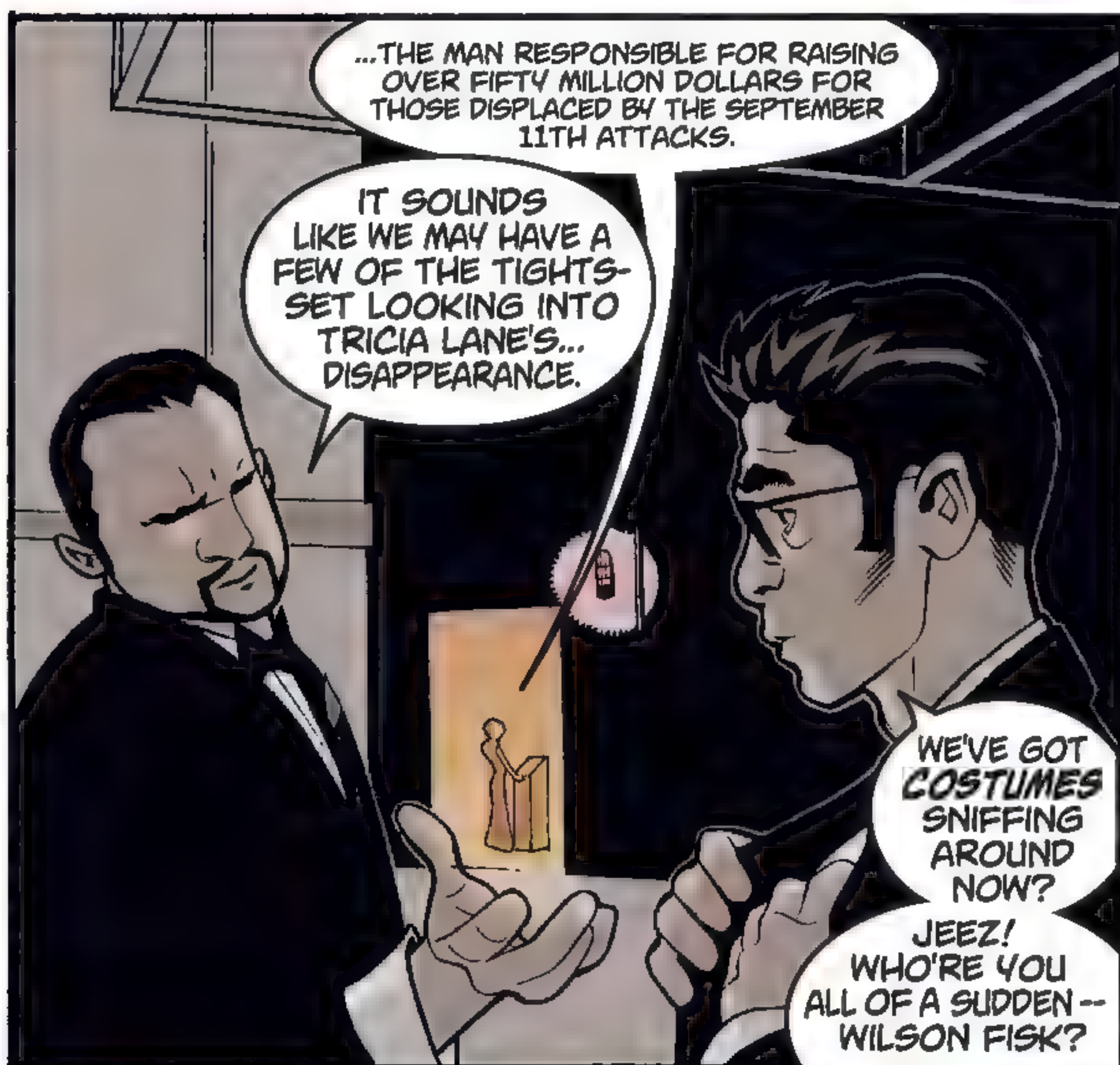
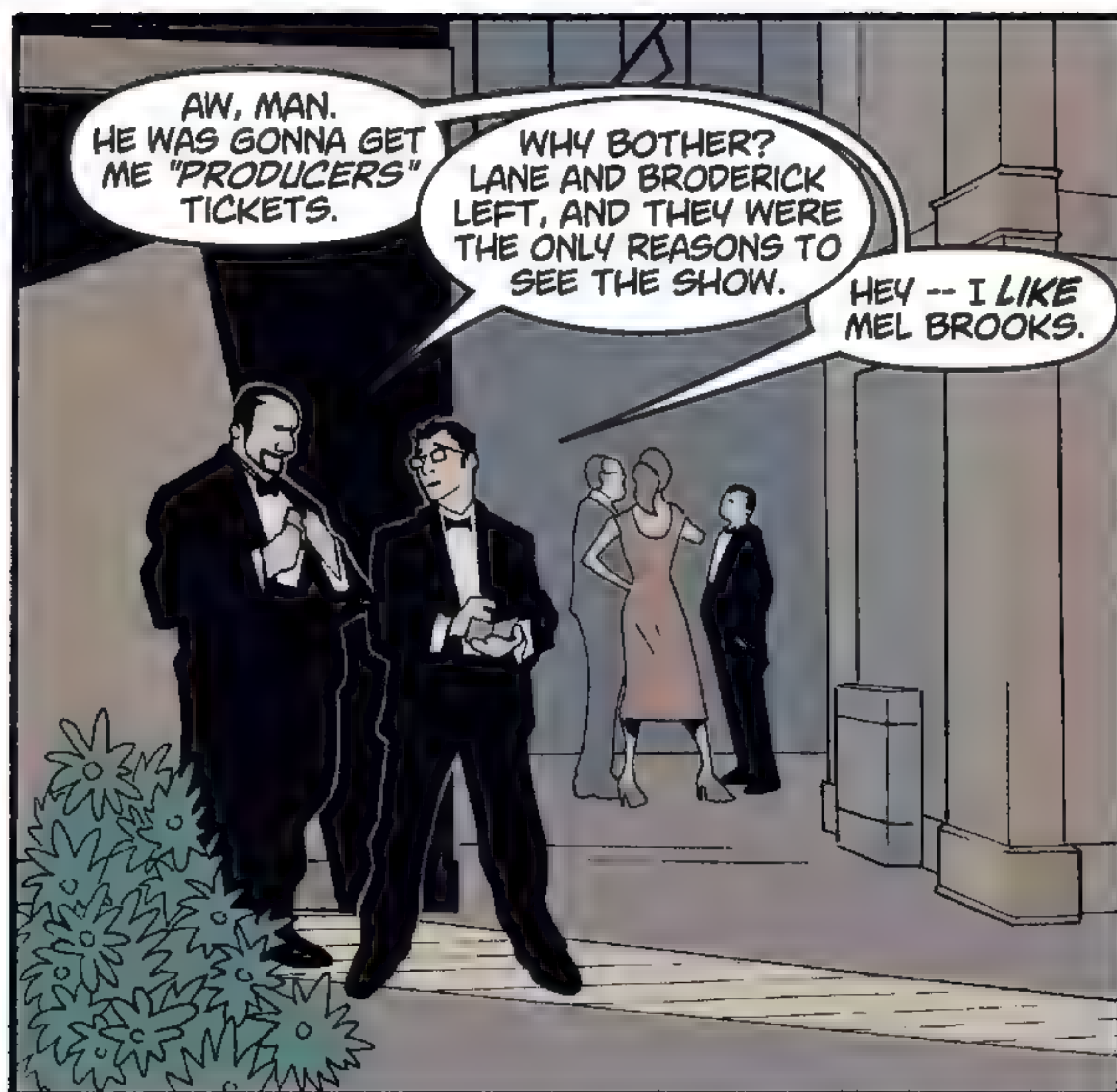
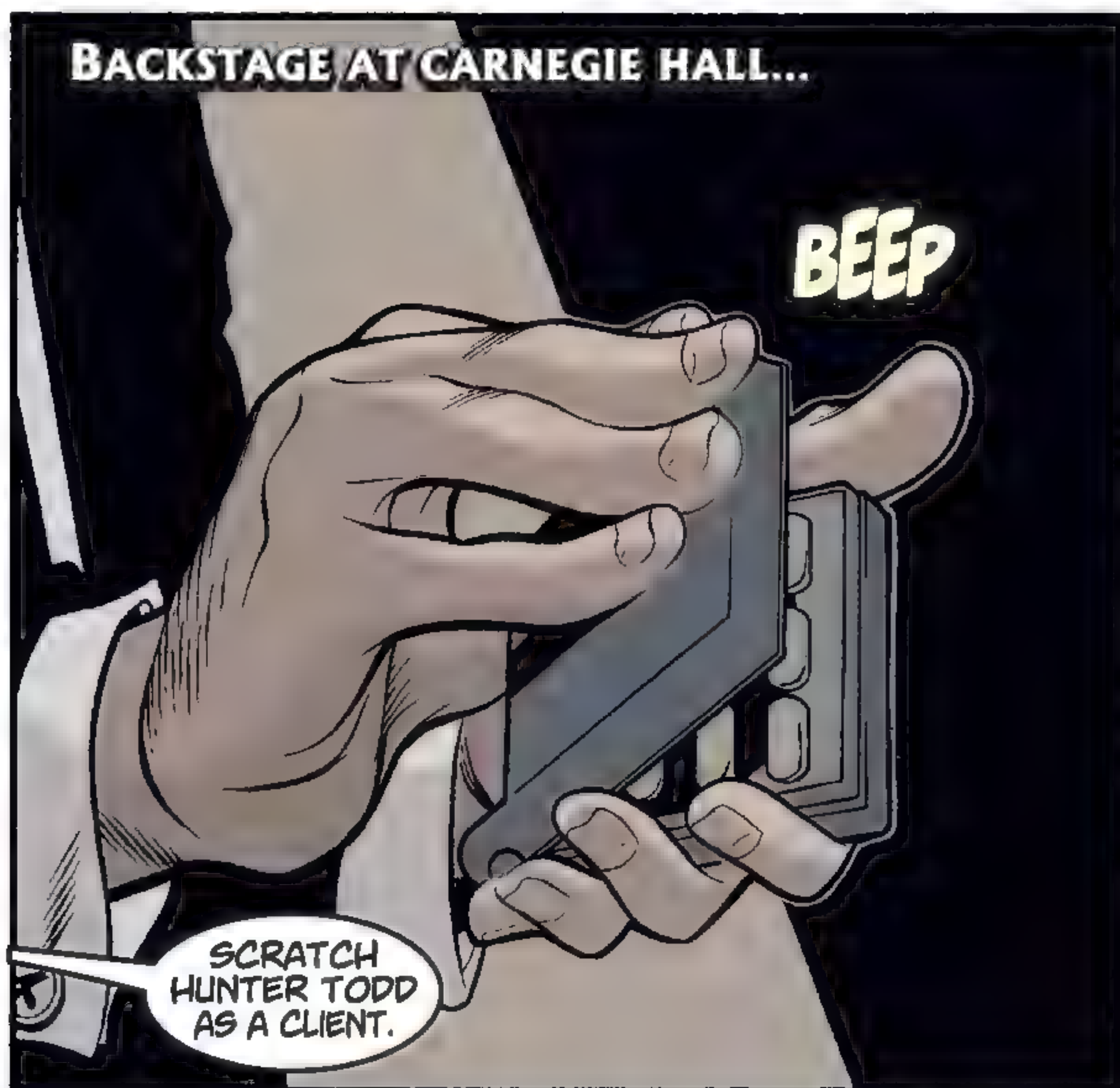
AAAAHHHHHHH!!











"... WHAT IS
'HIGH-PROFILE'
ANYMORE?"

LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN,
I GIVE YOU...
**GARRISON
KLUM!**

MARVEL
COMICS

presents

The Amazing

SPIDER-MAN and **the BLACK CAT** in

"The **EVIL THAT MEN DO** *"*

Part
Two

A RUSE BY ANY OTHER NAME...

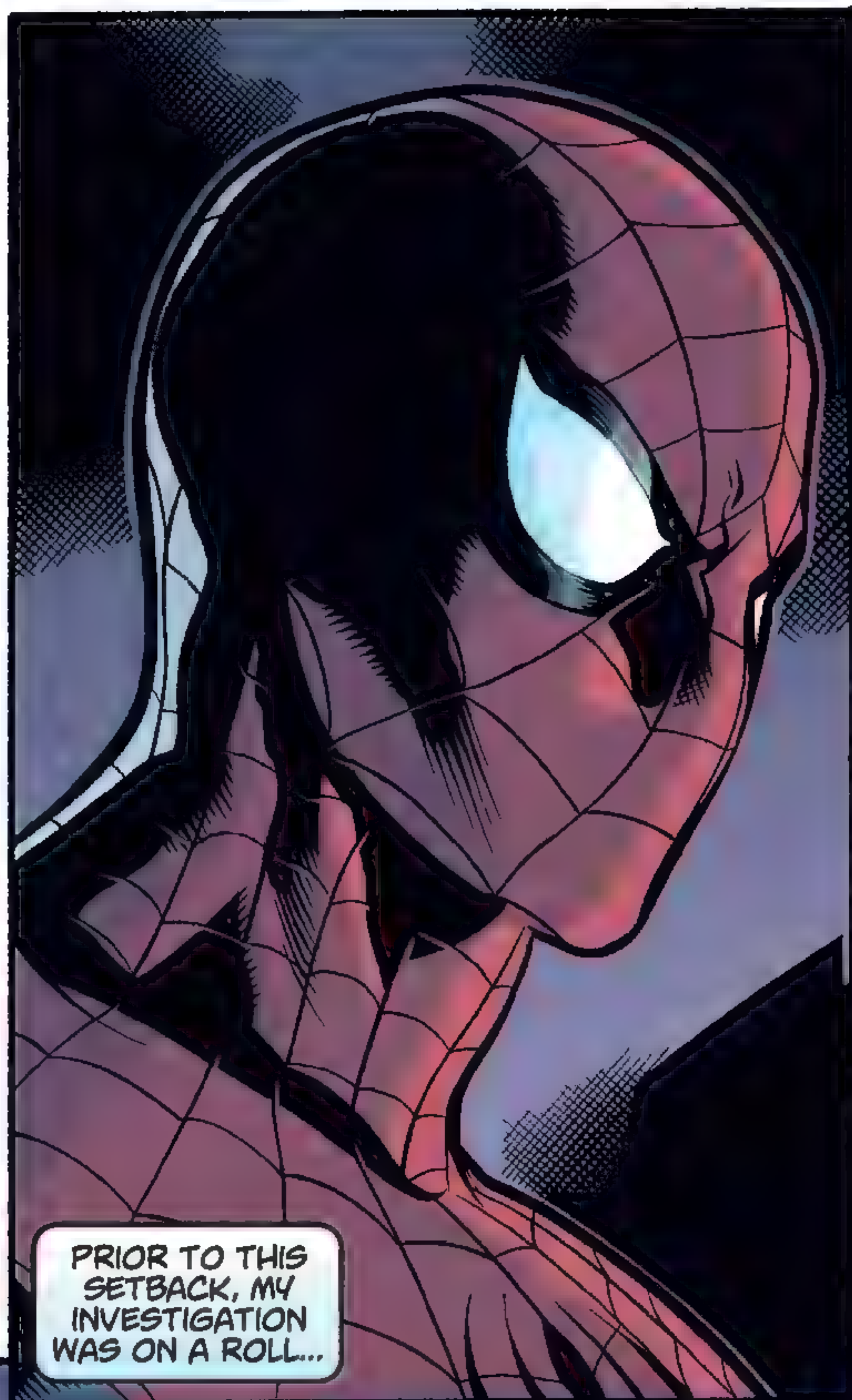
THE SOHO GRAND. DOWNTOWN...

I WAS LOOKING INTO THE OVERDOSE OF AN HONOR ROLL KID FROM ONE OF MY CLASSES, AND THE TRAIL LED ME TO A FLAVOR OF THE MONTH ACTOR, NAME OF HUNTER TODD.

THAT'S HIM -- ON THE SECOND STRETCHER. DEADDER THAN "WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE".



PRIOR TO THIS SETBACK, MY INVESTIGATION WAS ON A ROLL...



THEN *SHE* SHOWED UP.

MY EX, FELICIA HARDY. AKA THE BLACK CAT.

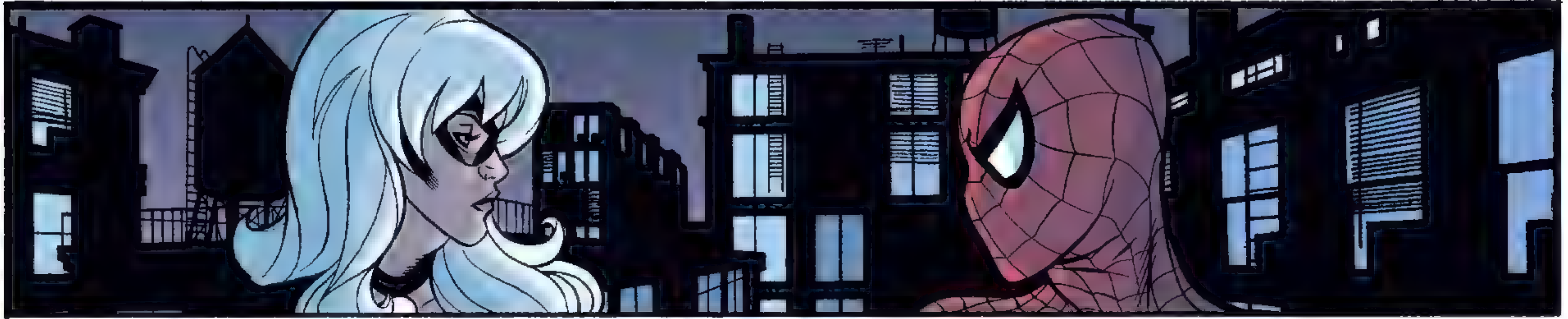
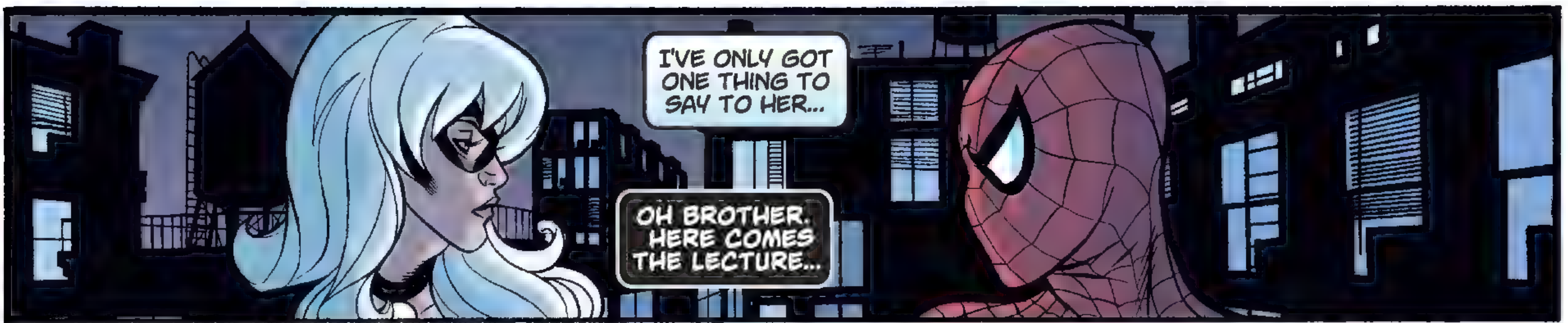
BAD LUCK INCARNATE.

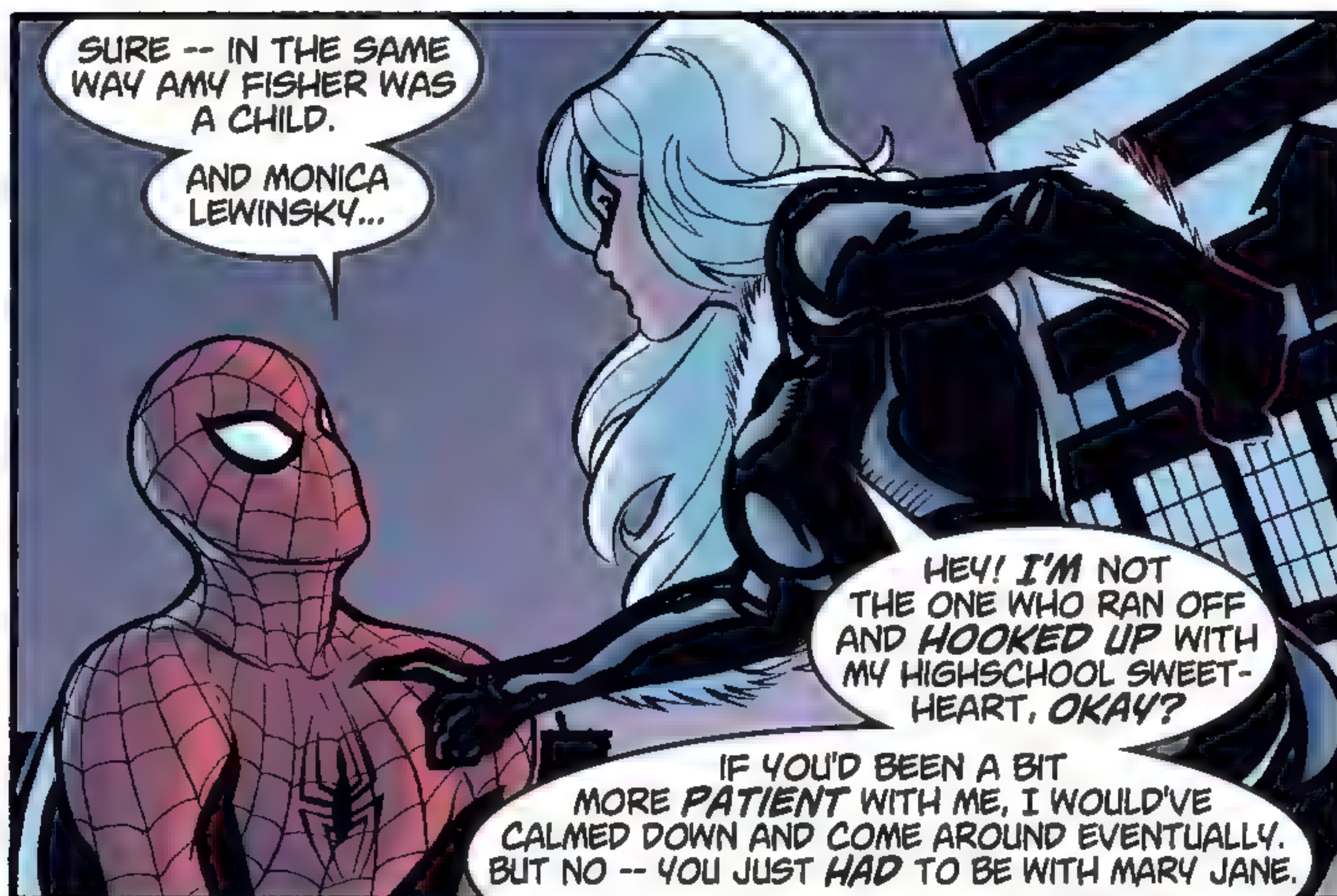


I CAN FEEL HIM STARING AT ME FROM BEHIND THAT MASK.

TWENTY BUCKS SAYS HE'S GOT A MAD-ON.





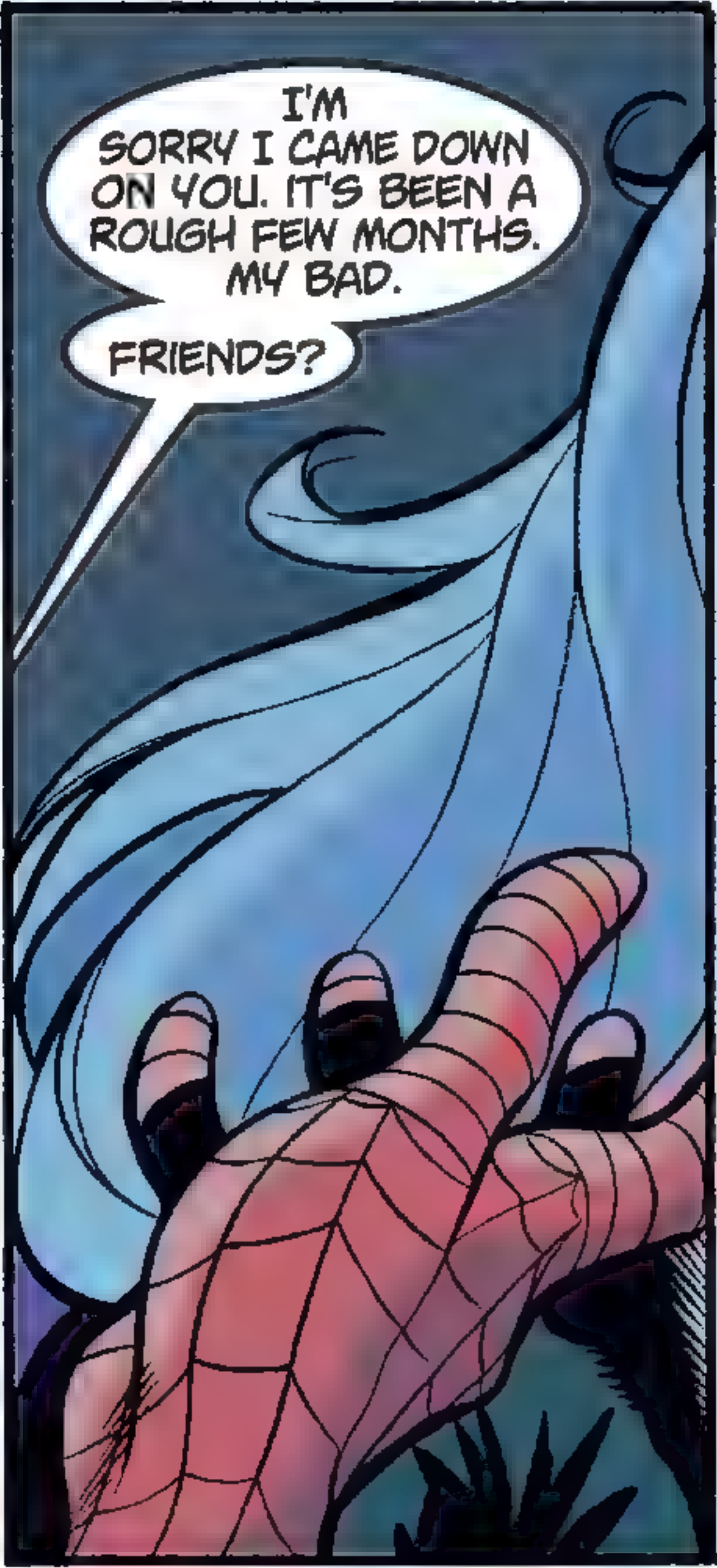




AND THE WAY YOU DROP-KICKED ME THROUGH THAT WINDOW ACROSS THE STREET?

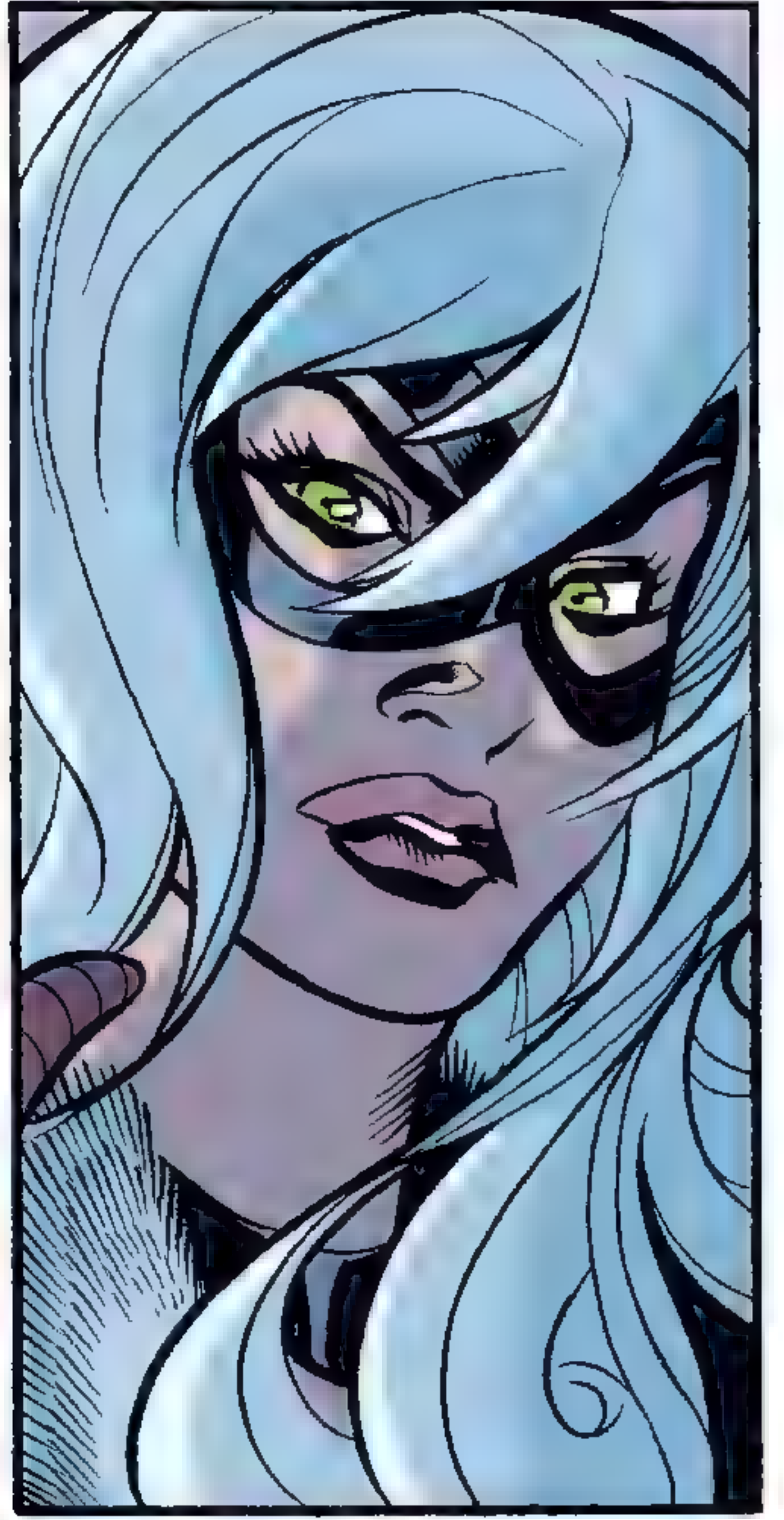
MAN -- YOU ROCK.

EAT IT, PARKER.



I'M SORRY I CAME DOWN ON YOU. IT'S BEEN A ROUGH FEW MONTHS. MY BAD.

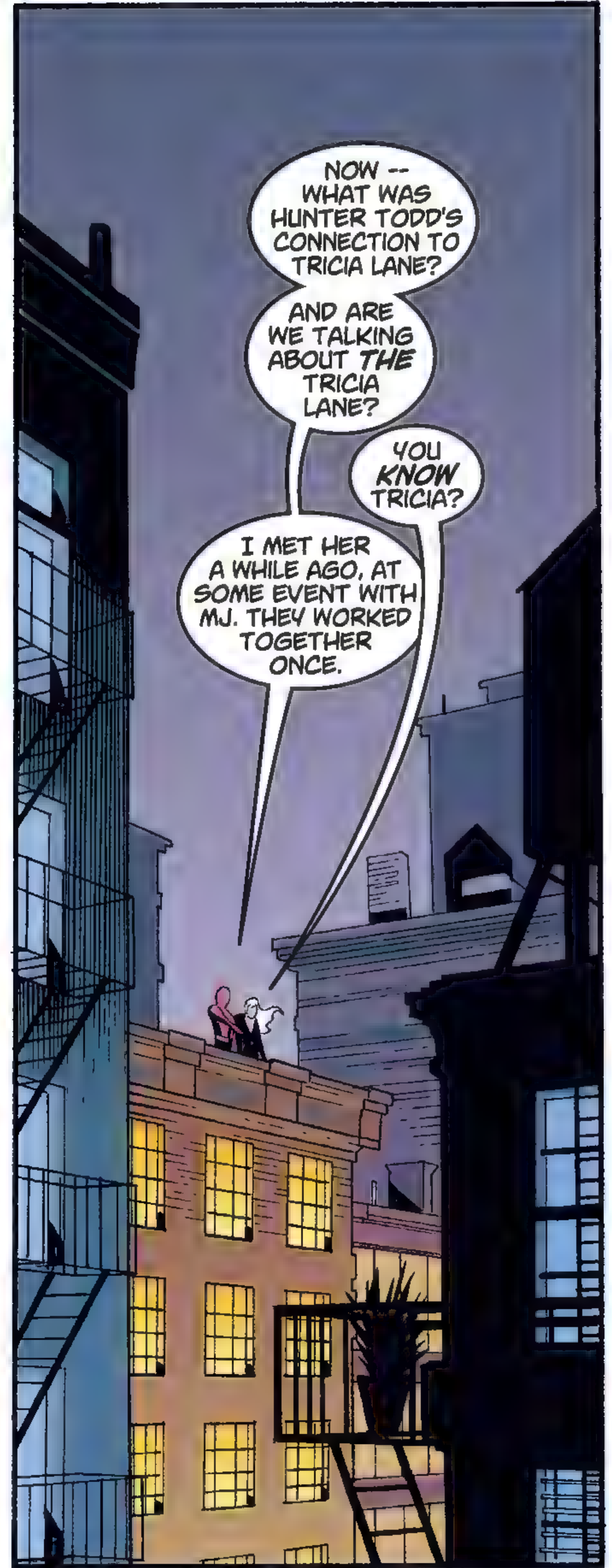
FRIENDS?



I REALLY HATE YOU, YOU KNOW THAT?

AND I AM THOROUGHLY DISGUSTED BY YOU.

WELCOME BACK, PARTY-HARDY.

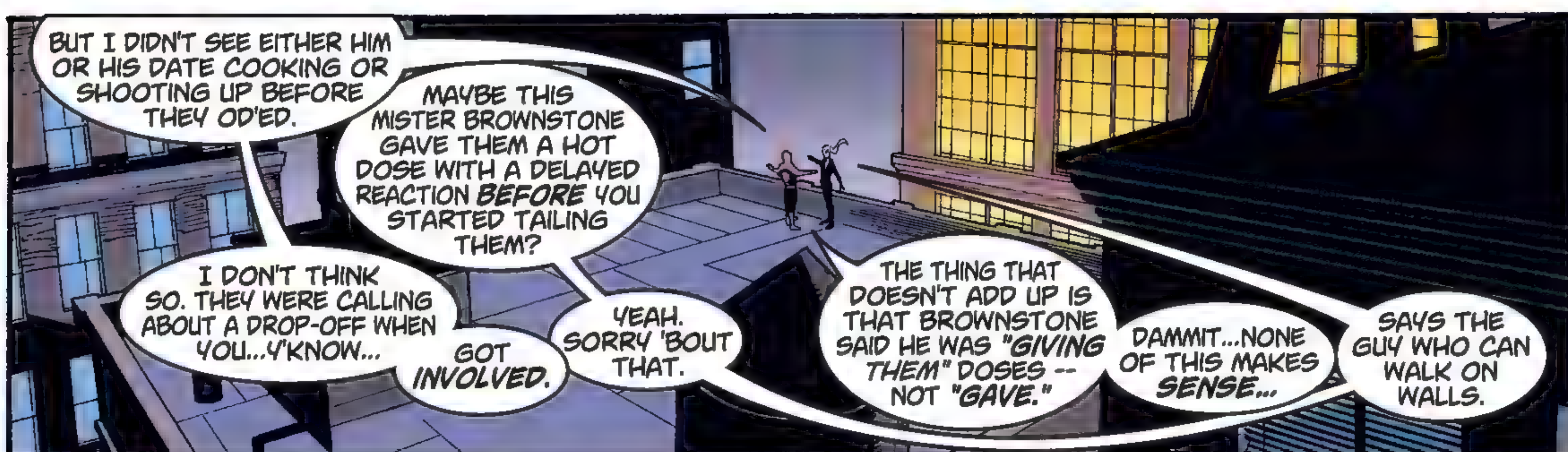


NOW -- WHAT WAS HUNTER TODD'S CONNECTION TO TRICIA LANE?

AND ARE WE TALKING ABOUT THE TRICIA LANE?

YOU KNOW TRICIA?

I MET HER A WHILE AGO, AT SOME EVENT WITH M.J. THEY WORKED TOGETHER ONCE.





NO.
I GUESS IT
WOULDN'T.

WHAT SAY WE
GO BACK TO MY
PLACE. I'M STAYING
AT THE FOUR
SEASONS.



WE CAN
BRAINSTORM OVER
A BIG PLATE OF
CHOCOLATE-COVERED
STRAWBERRIES.

THE FOUR
SEASONS
HOTEL?

UH...I DON'T
KNOW IF THAT'S
SUCH A GOOD
IDEA...



WHO AM
I, THE BLACK
TRAMP?

LIKE I'M GONNA
MAKE ANY MOVES
ON A MARRIED
MAN.

IT'S
NOT THAT.
I JUST...



STAY
OR COME, IT'S
YOUR CALL.

BUT I'M
GOING.

PLEASE BE FOLLOWING ME...
PLEASE BE FOLLOWING ME...
PLEASE BE FOLLOWING ME...

BUT...
BUT...

WITH GREAT POWER COMES
GREAT RESPONSIBILITY...
WITH GREAT POWER COMES
GREAT RESPONSIBILITY...
WITH GREAT POWER COMES...



AH, THE
HELL
WITH IT.

YES!



I FEEL LIKE I'M TWENTY-
ONE AGAIN. I'M SO CRUSHING
ON SPIDER-MAN.

AND PETER
PARKER, THIS
TIME.



PARDON ME,
'SCUSE ME, 'SCUSE ME,
PARDON ME...

WHY'D I EVER
LET THIS GUY
GO? WAS I A
MORON, OR
WHAT?

HEY!

HE'S JUST...
THE BEST
MAN I'VE EVER
KNOWN.

ESPECIALLY
IN THE
BIBLICAL
SENSE.

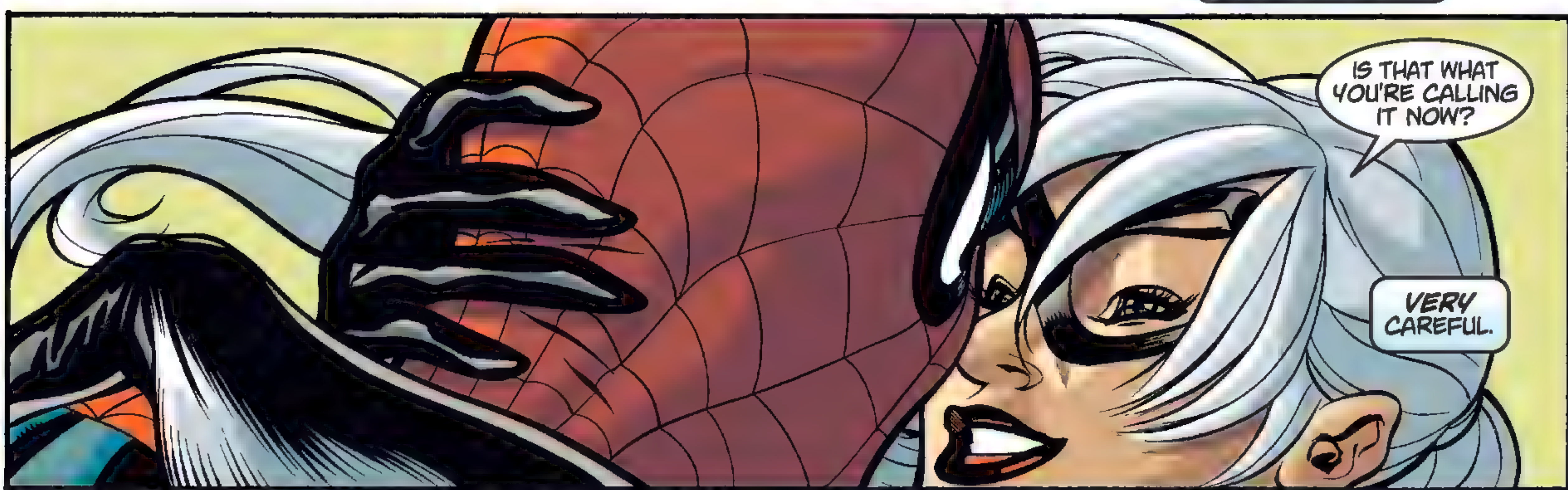




IS THIS ANY BETTER?

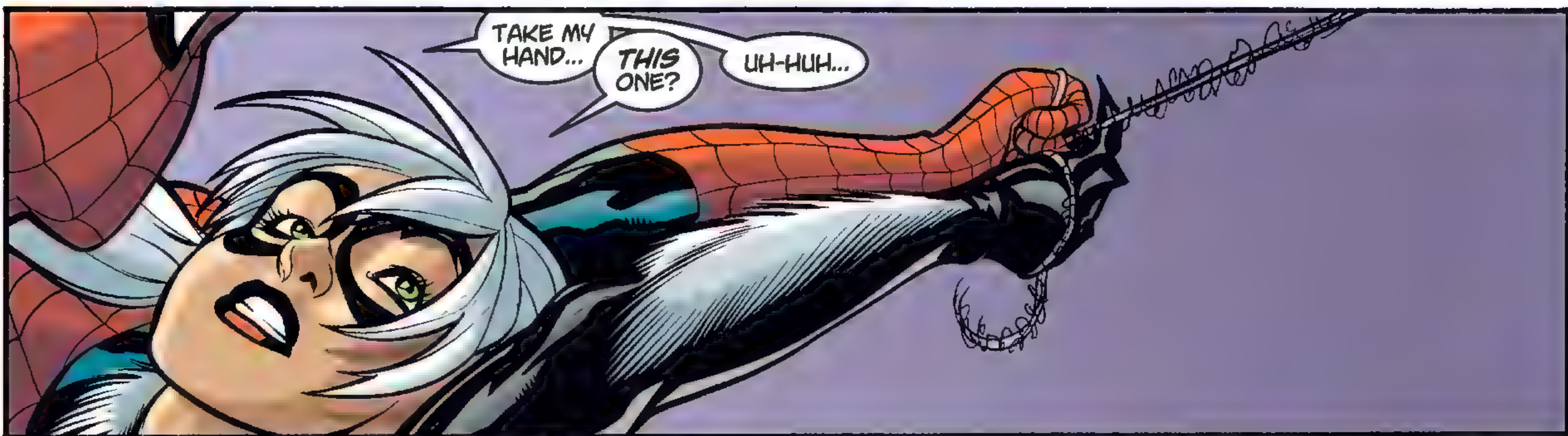
SPIDER SENSE TINGLING...

WHICH IS WHY I HAVE TO BE CAREFUL.



IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE CALLING IT NOW?

VERY CAREFUL.



TAKE MY HAND...

THIS ONE?

UH-HUH...



SUCKER!

HUHN!



CHICKEN!

SEE YOU AT THE SEASONS!

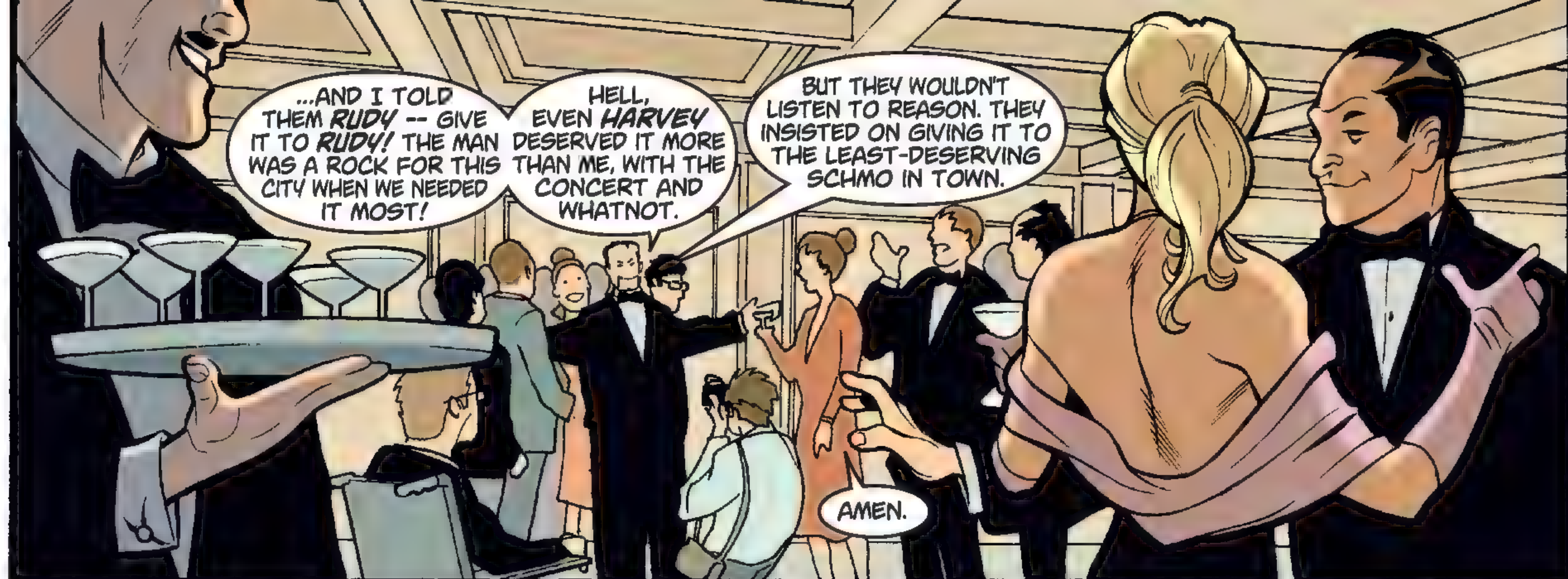
THAT WAS CLOSE.

MAYBE A LITTLE TOO CLOSE.

MAYBE.

YOU CAN RUN, BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE, PETER...

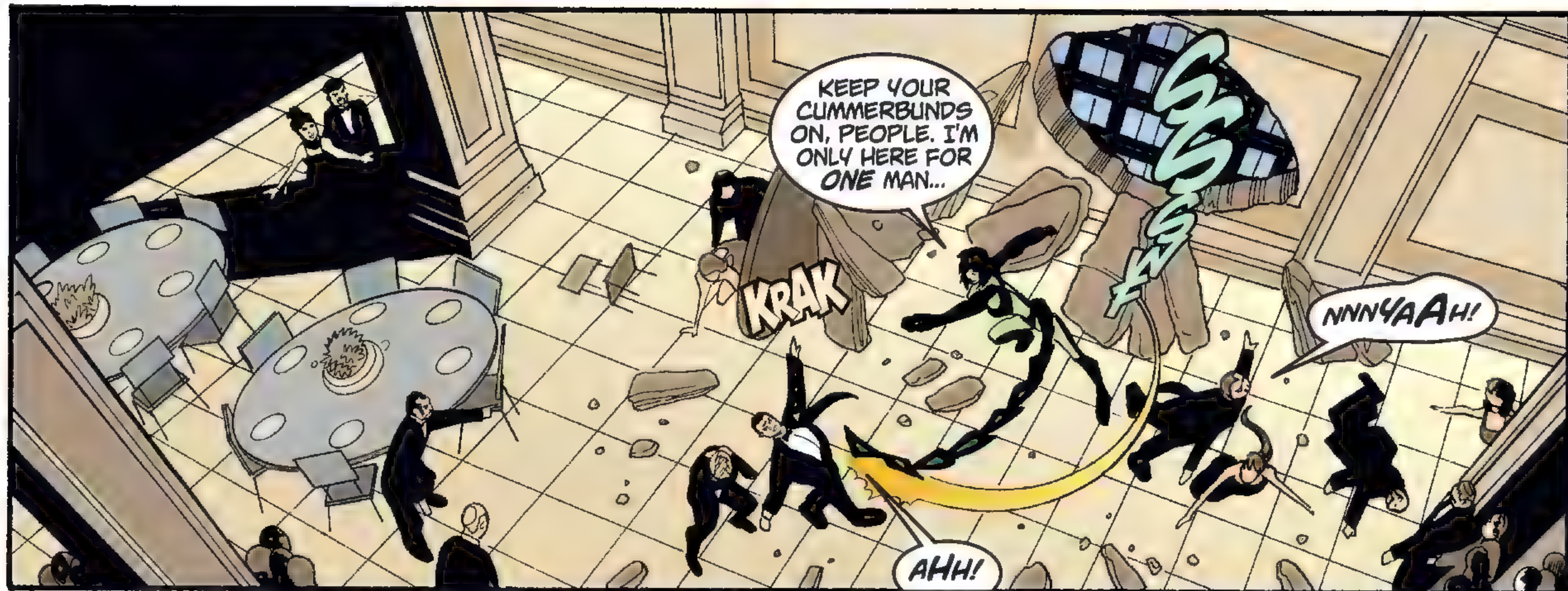
AND THE NIGHT IS STILL YOUNG.





PRACTICE, MAN.
PRACTICE.









YEE-HAAAA!

SHUNK

I'M GONNA
TEAR YOUR 5~%\$\$@
HEART OUT!



SPOKEN LIKE
MY LAST FIVE
BOYFRIENDS.

WHA...?!



CHUNK

SLAMMM



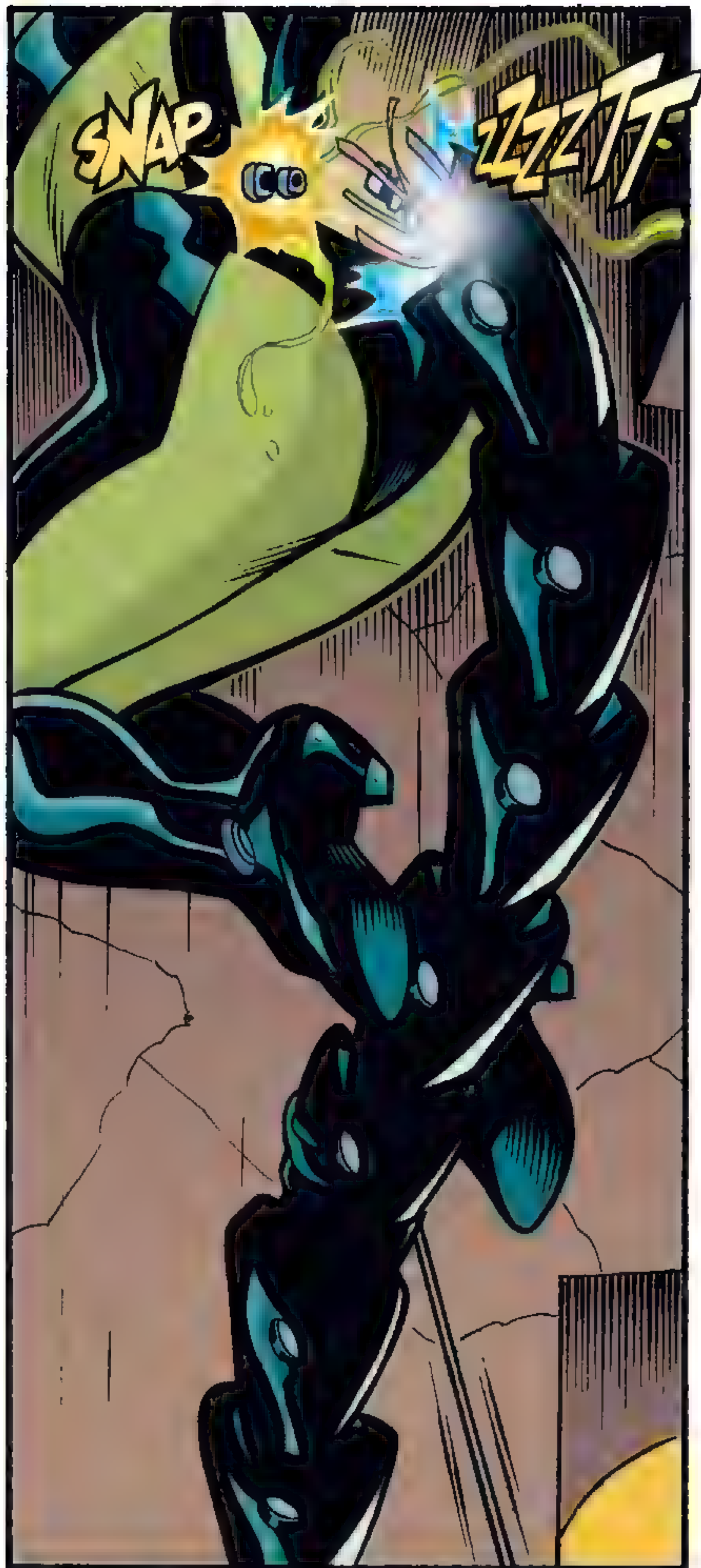
THIS HAD
BETTER WORK...

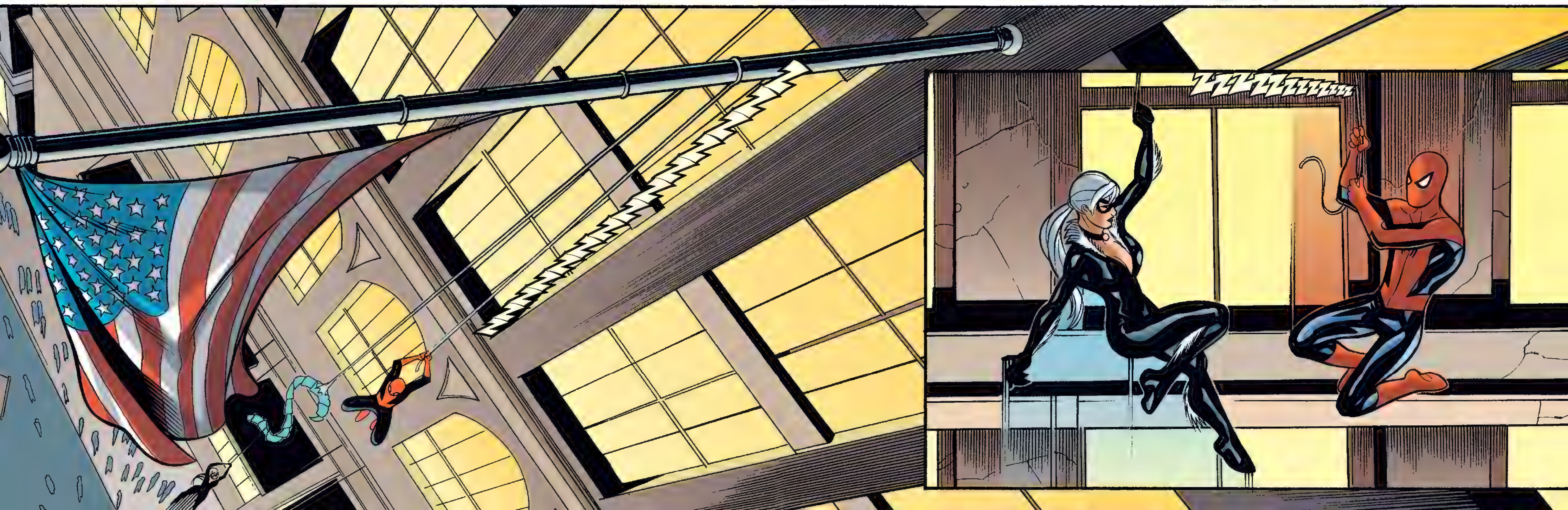
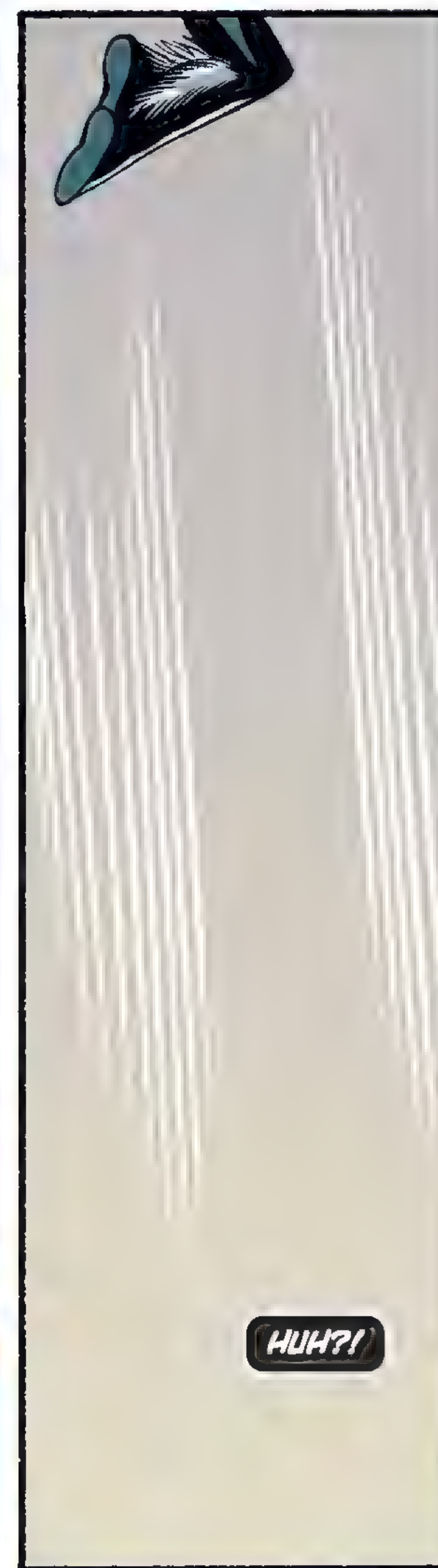
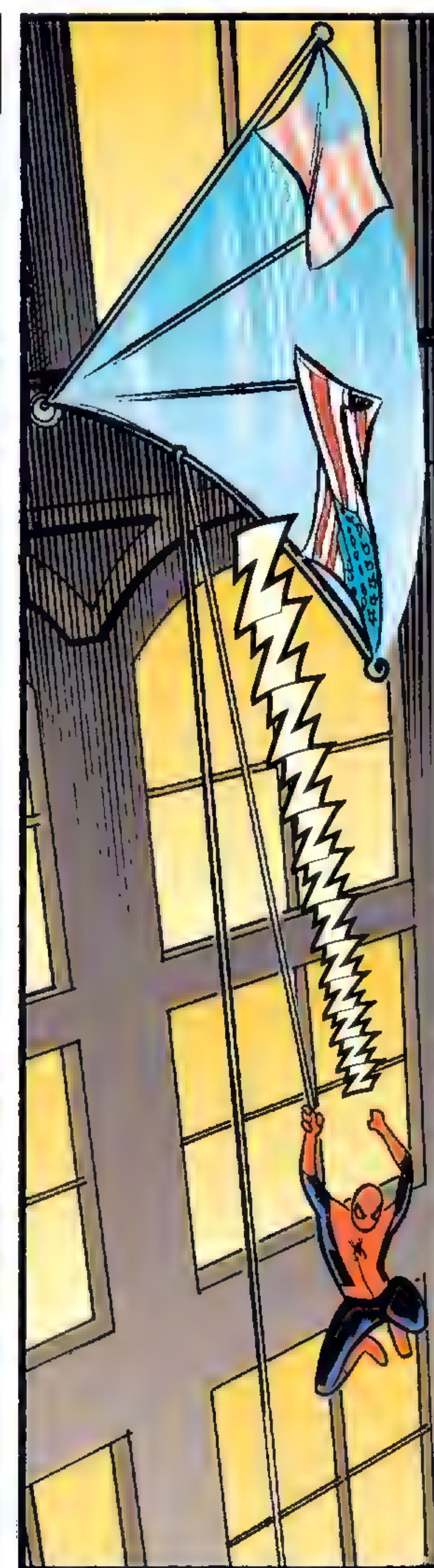
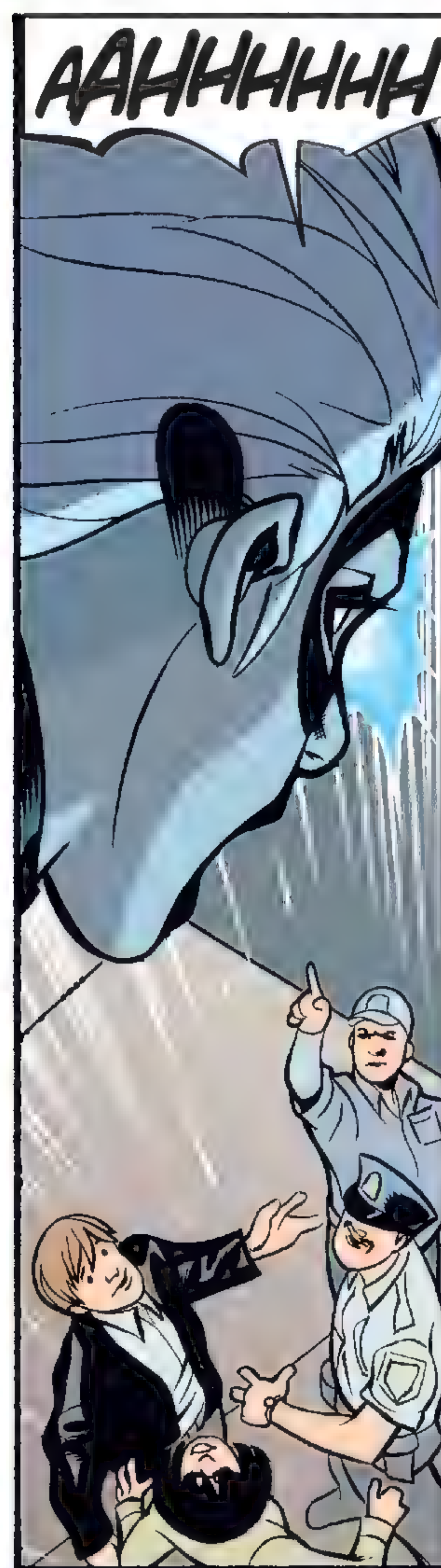
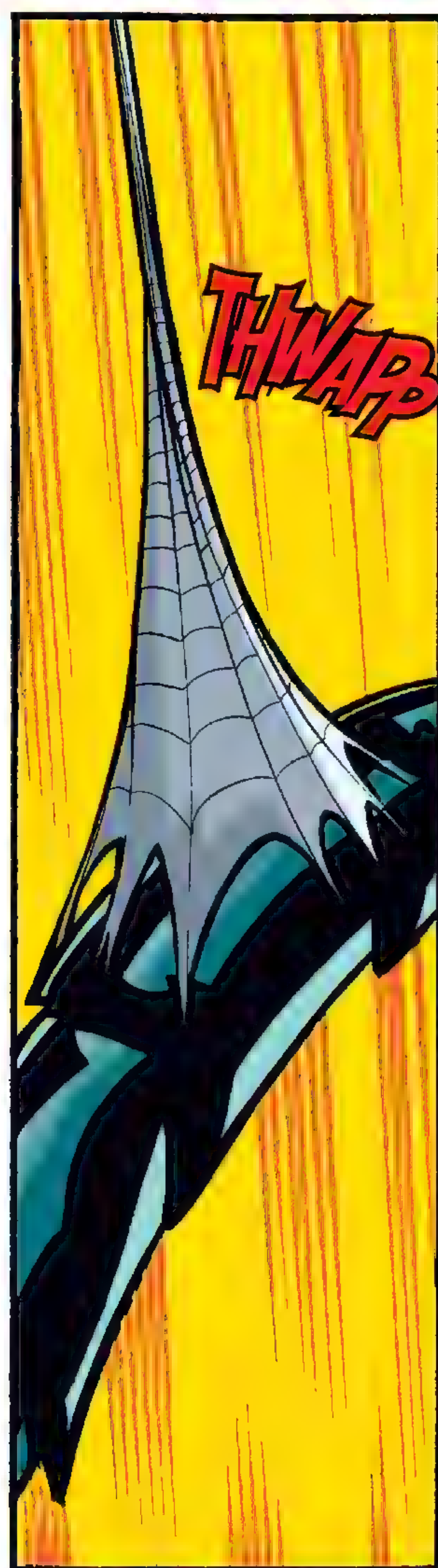
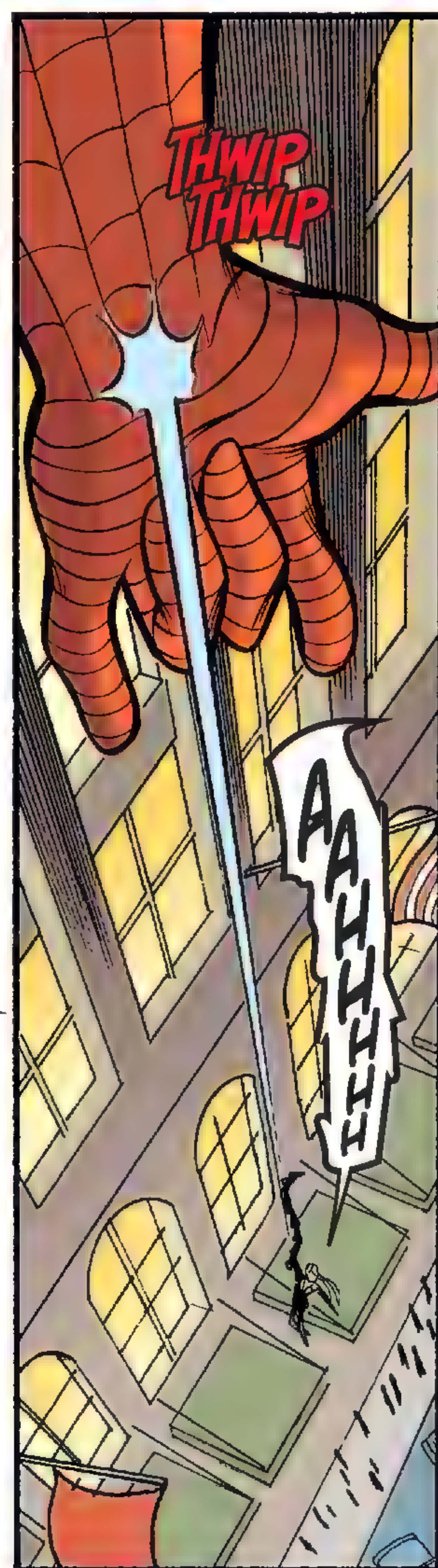
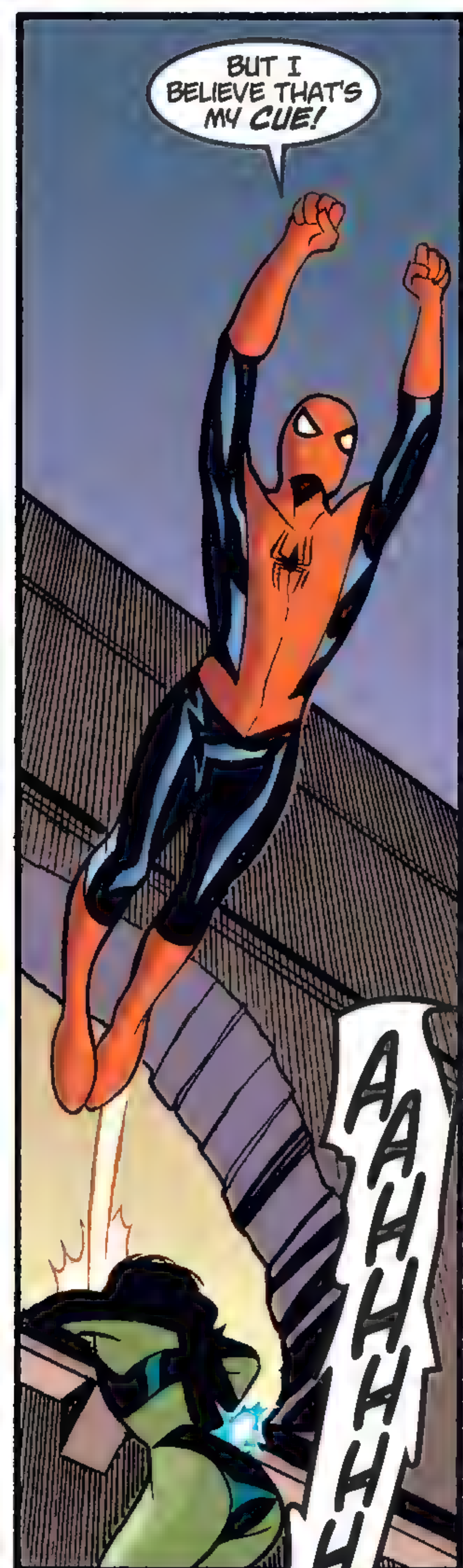
...BECAUSE I'M ALL
OUT OF MOVES...

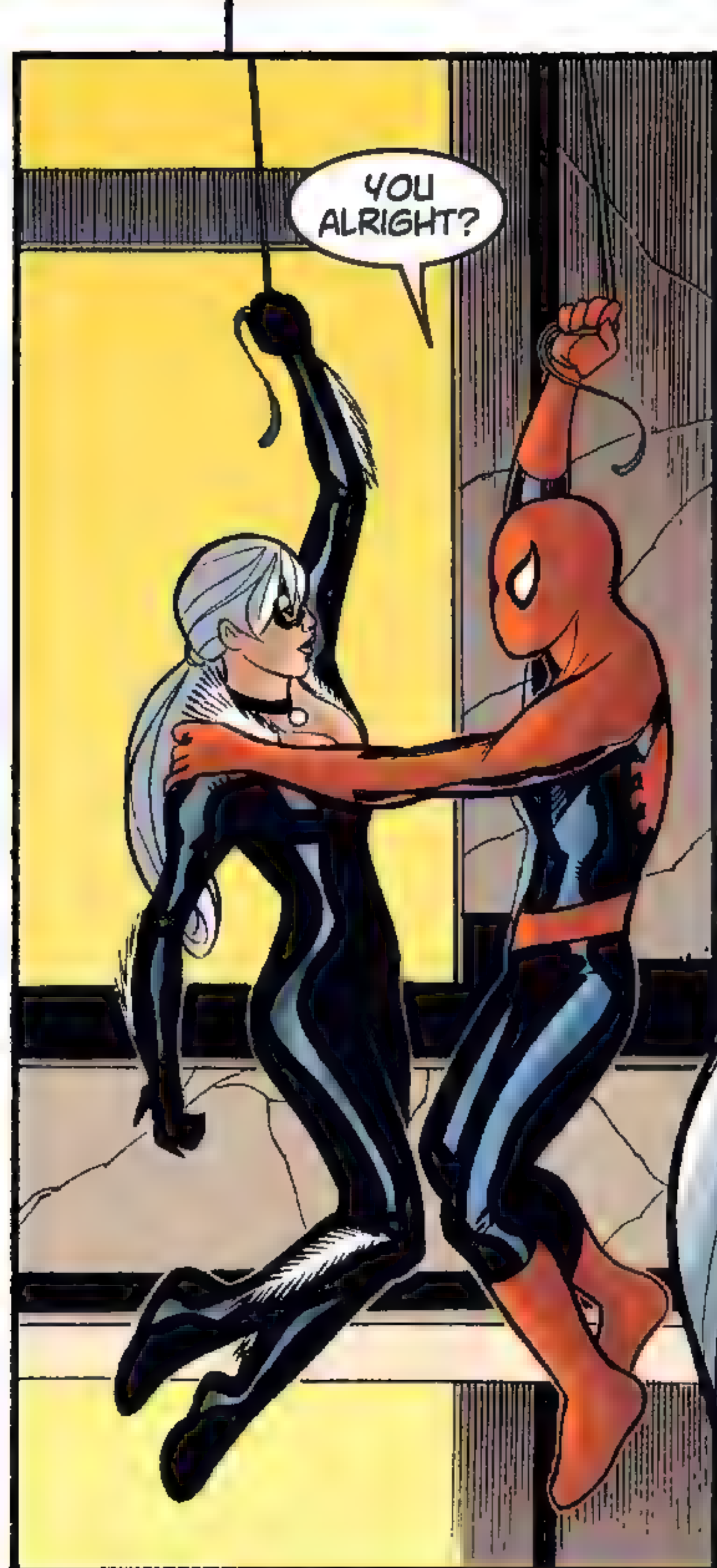
HONESTLY...

THIS IS HARDLY THE WAY
FOR A GROWN WOMAN TO
CONDUCT HERSELF.









YOU ALRIGHT?

MMMMMM...

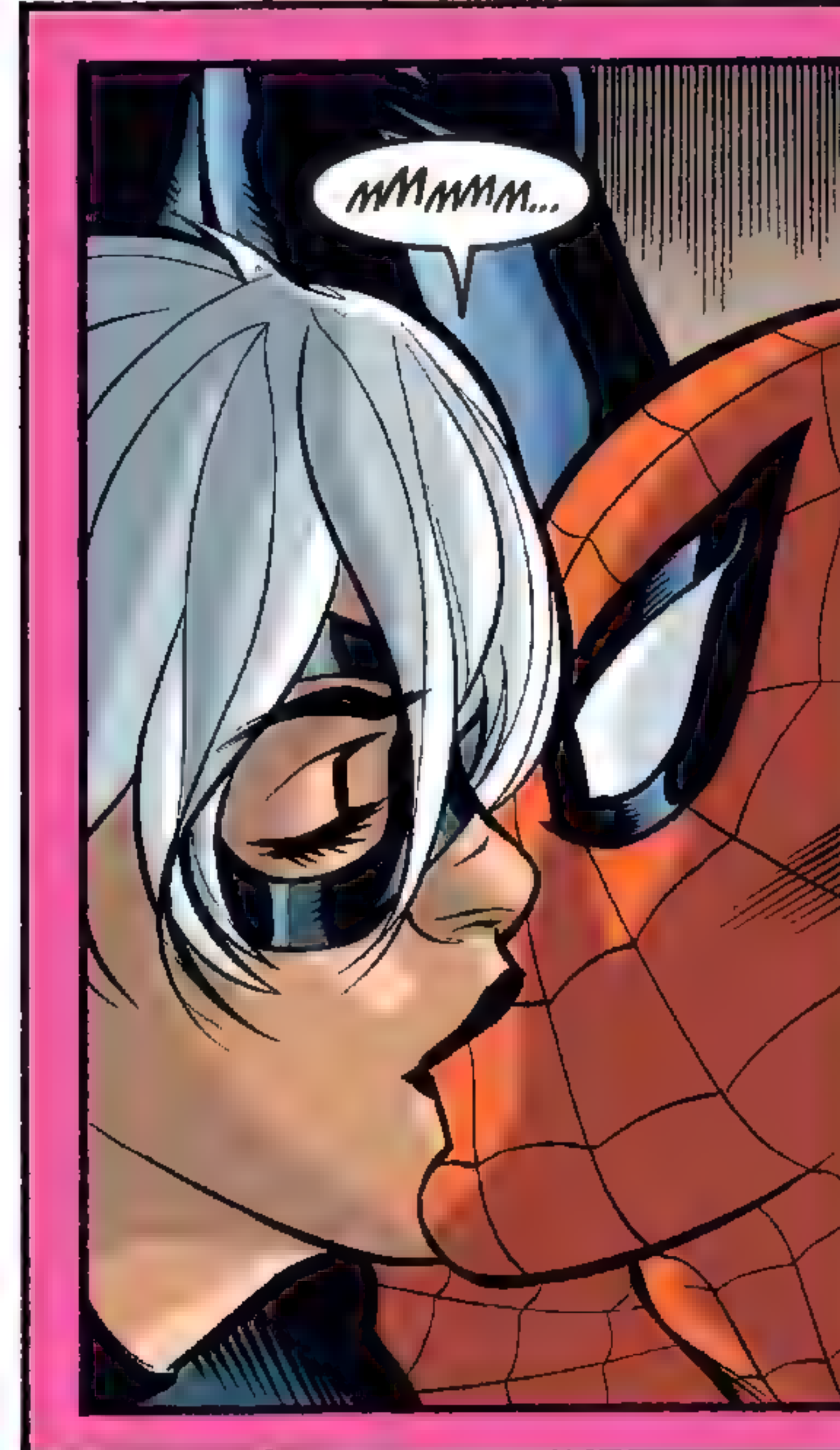
MMM?!

WOO-HOOO!

GO GET IT, SPIDER-MAN!

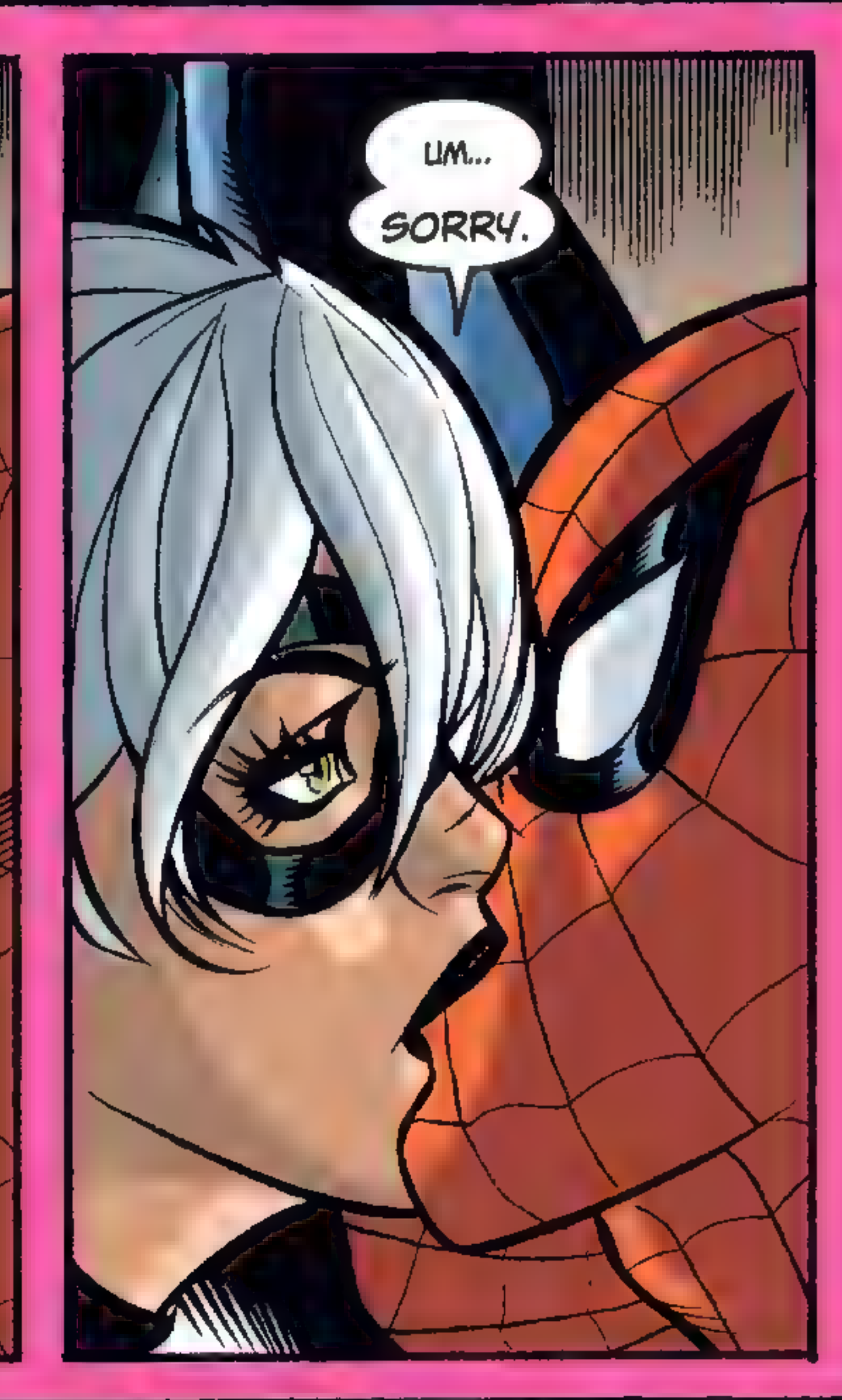
THE ROOF! THE ROOF! THE ROOF IS ON FIRE!

WHIP'EM OUT! WHIP'EM OUT!



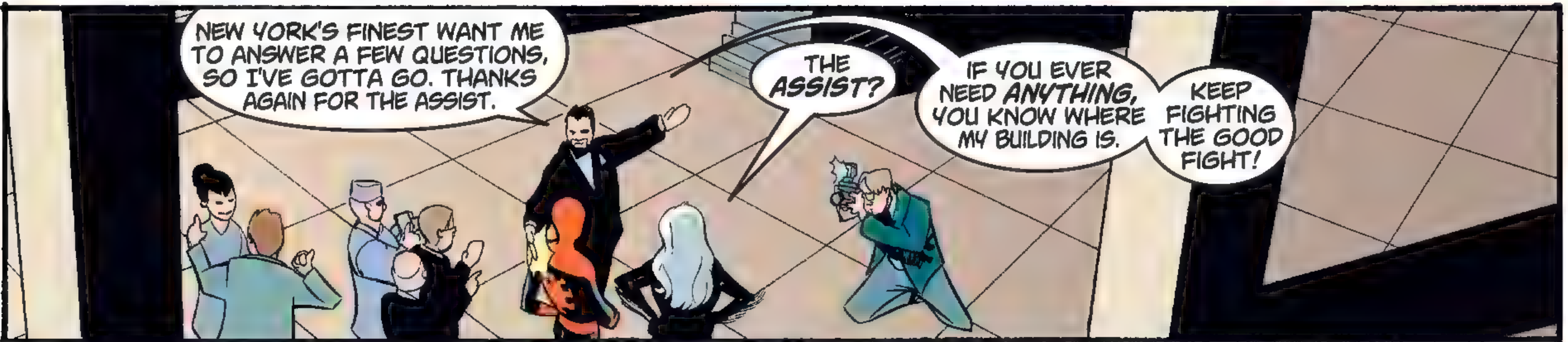
MMMMMM...

UM...
SORRY.



NO, IT'S... UH...
IT'S JUST...

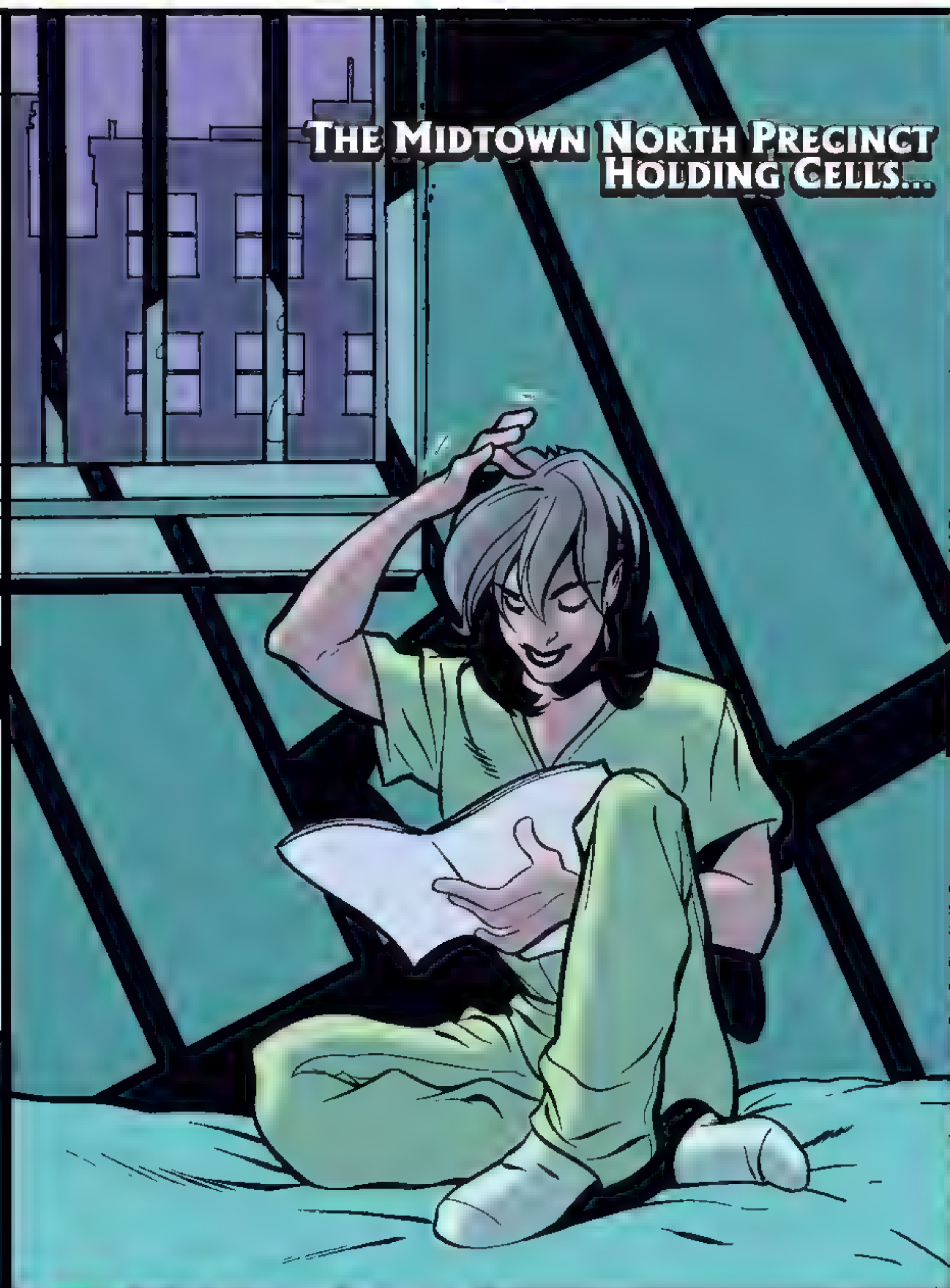
WELL,
NO ONE'S EVER
TRIED TO FRENCH
ME THROUGH THE
MASK BEFORE.





TERRY
DODSON
RACHEL

THE MIDTOWN NORTH PRECINCT
HOLDING CELLS...



HI.

AAAAH!

MARVEL COMICS presents *The Amazing* SPIDER-MAN
and the BLACK CAT in
"The EVIL THAT MEN DO"

I
SCARE
YA?

GO TO
HELL.

HEY,
WHERE'S YOUR
SILLY SUIT,
SCORPIA?

"SILLY
SUIT SCORPIA."
TRY SAYING THAT
FIVE TIMES,
FAST.

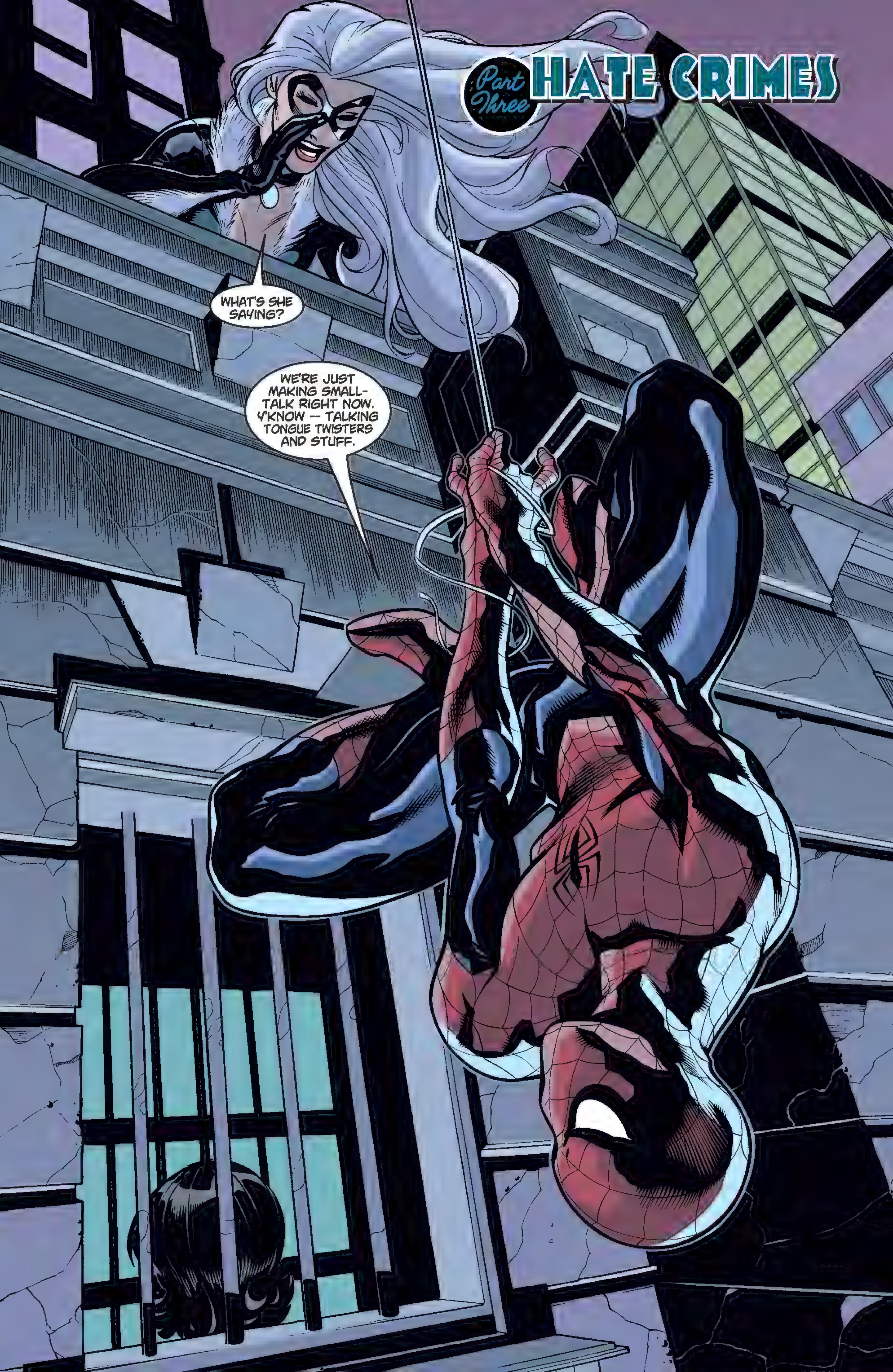
YOU
KNOW WHAT YOU
CAN TRY SAYING
FIVE TIMES FAST,
SPIDER-JERK?

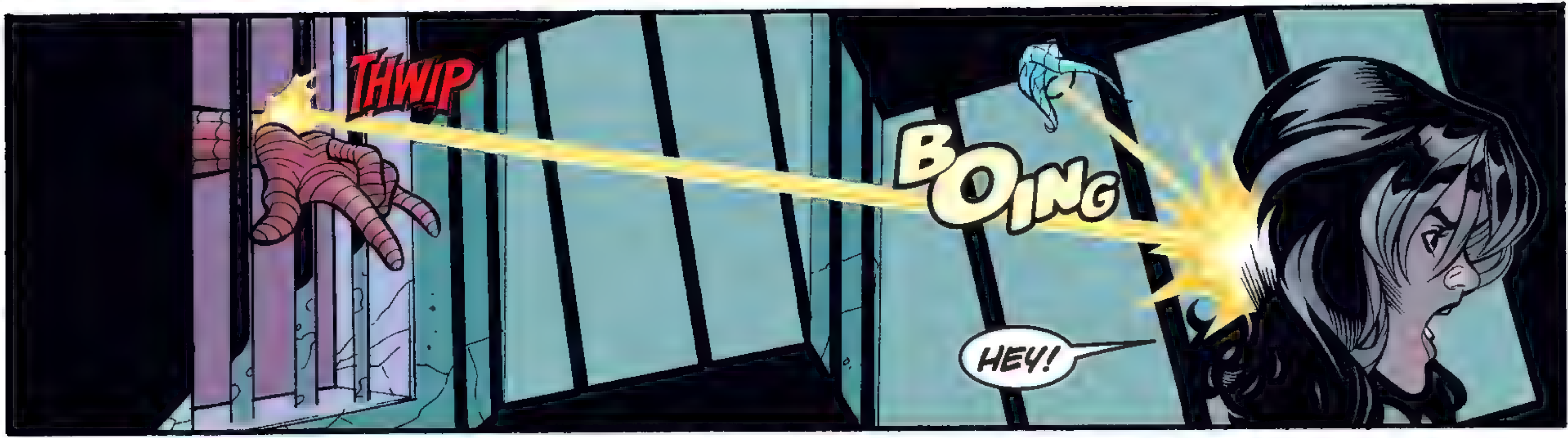


Part Three **HATE CRIMES**

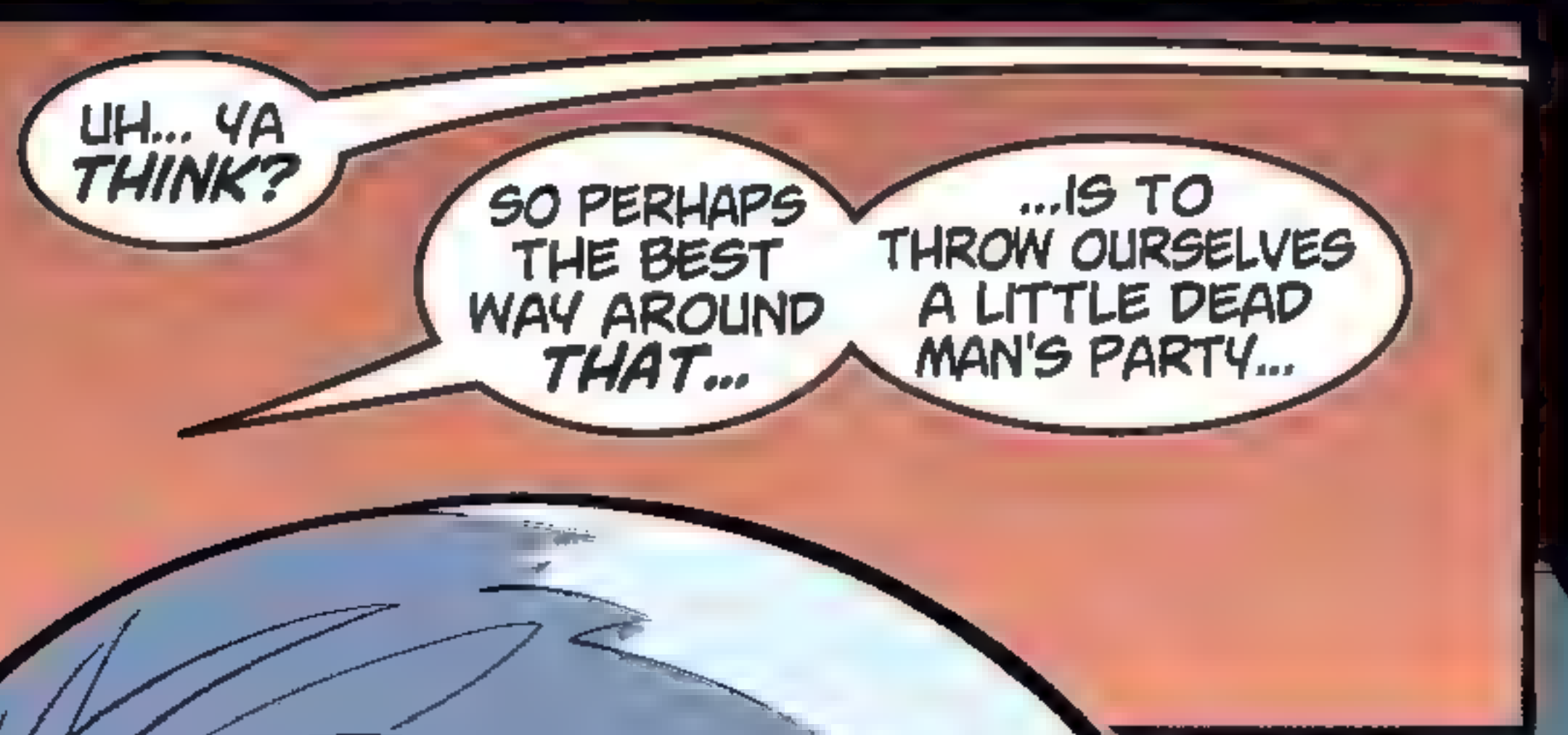
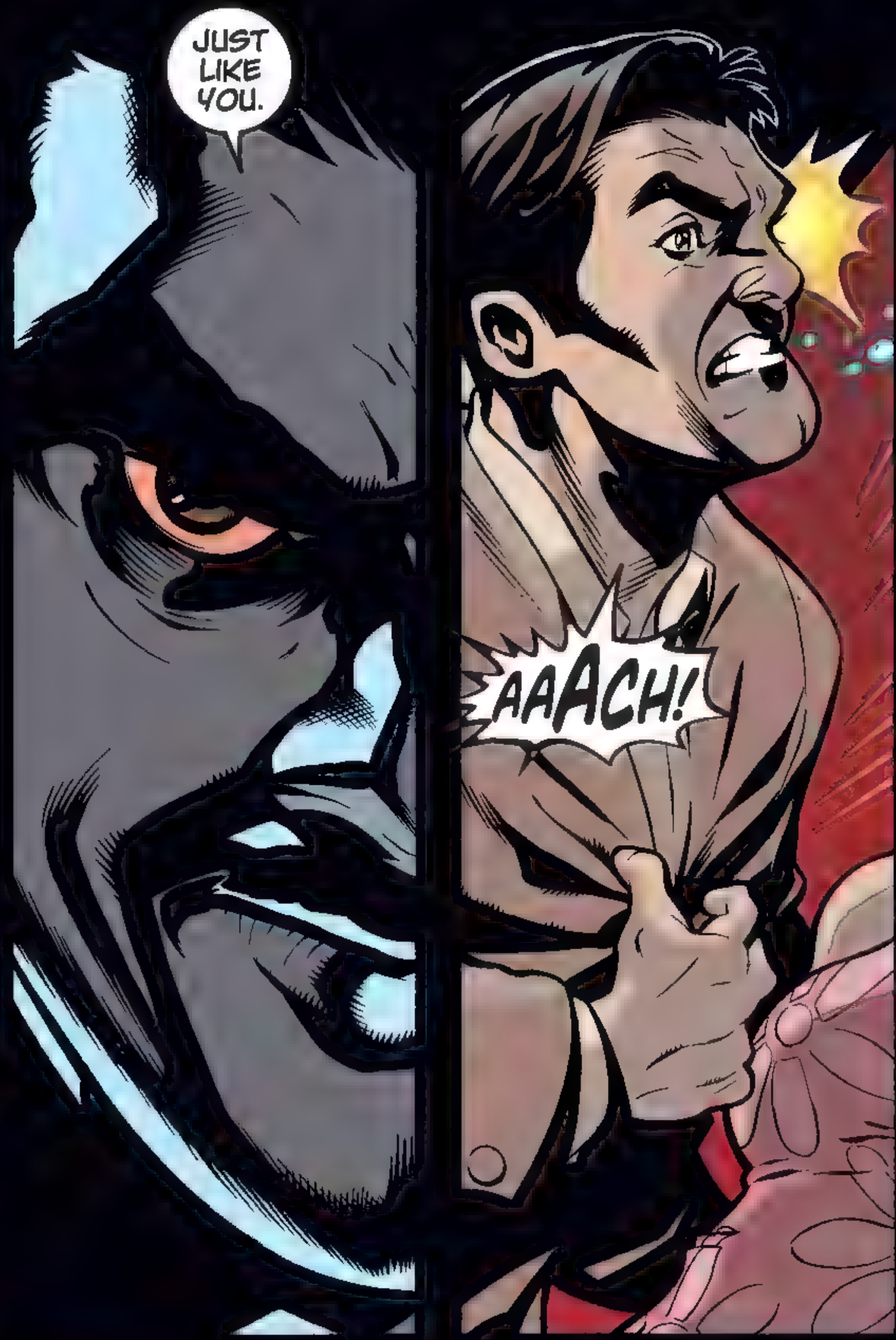
WHAT'S SHE SAYING?

WE'RE JUST MAKING SMALL-TALK RIGHT NOW. Y'KNOW -- TALKING TONGUE TWISTERS AND STUFF.









"...GRAB THE CLEAVER FROM THE KITCHEN, WILL YA?"

HOLY MARY, MOTHER OF GOD...





WAAHH...
WAAHH...



NOW
I REMEMBER
WHY I STOPPED
RUNNING AROUND
IN TIGHTS.

THE PEOPLE IN
COSTUMES, SHOOTING
LASERS AT ME I CAN
HANDLE. HELL, IT'S
ALMOST FUN.

BUT THE REAL
HORRORS... THE
SHEER SAVAGERY
SO-CALLED "NORMAL"
FOLKS ARE
CAPABLE OF...

I MEAN,
ALL THOSE PEOPLE
JUST... **BUTCHERED.**
AND OVER WHAT?
DRUGS?

DEAR
LORD...



AT LEAST
THE BABY WAS
OKAY.



THAT'S
WHAT I LOVE
ABOUT PETER
PARKER...

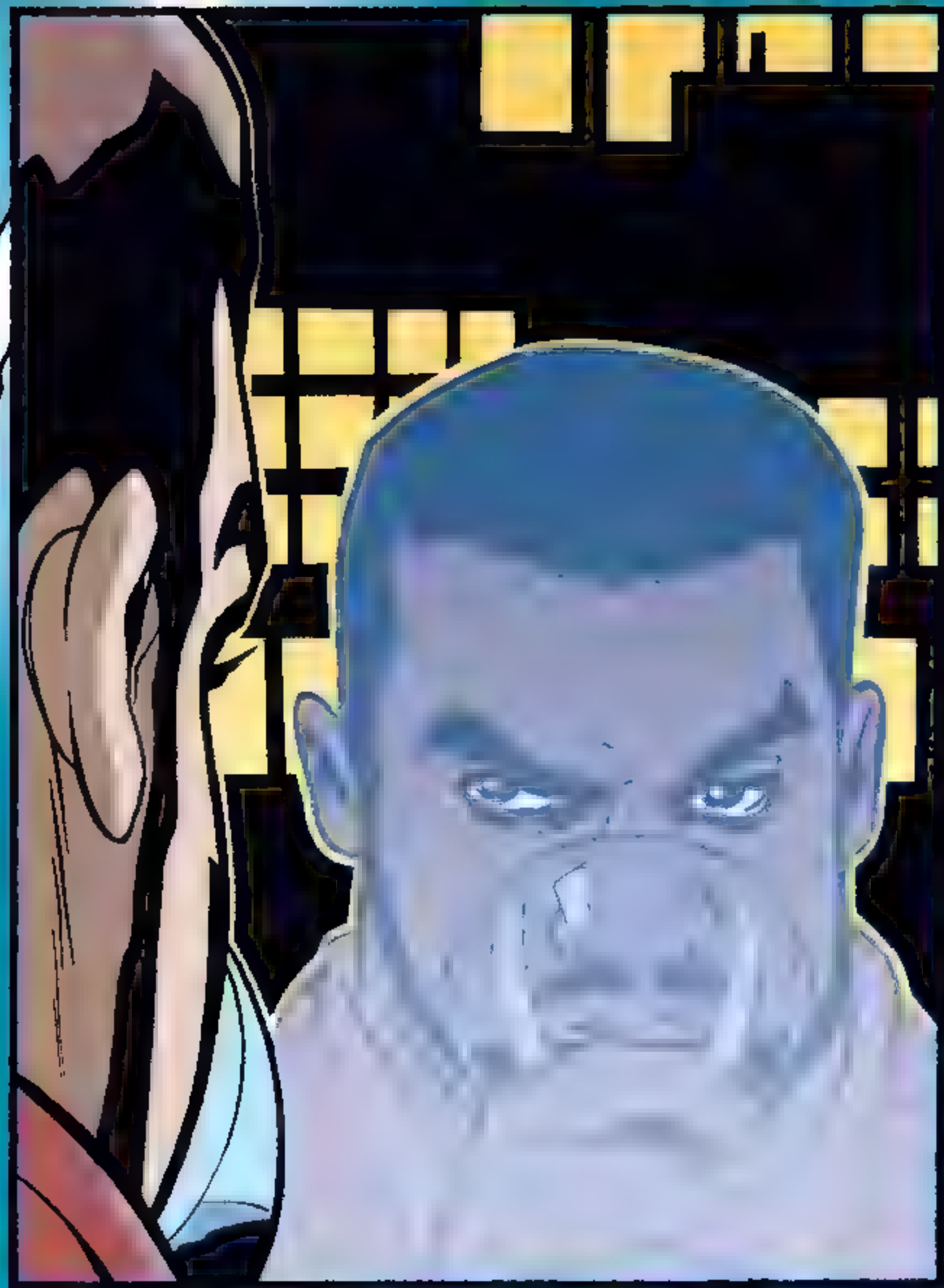
...EVEN IN
THE FACE OF
UNIMAGINABLE
MADNESS...

...HE CAN STILL
FIND HOPE.

I THINK
IT'S TIME WE
DROPPED IN
ON KLUM.

KAKRAKOOOM

KLUM TOWER,
COLUMBUS
CIRCLE!!



KAKRAKOOOM

PPHHBLLT!



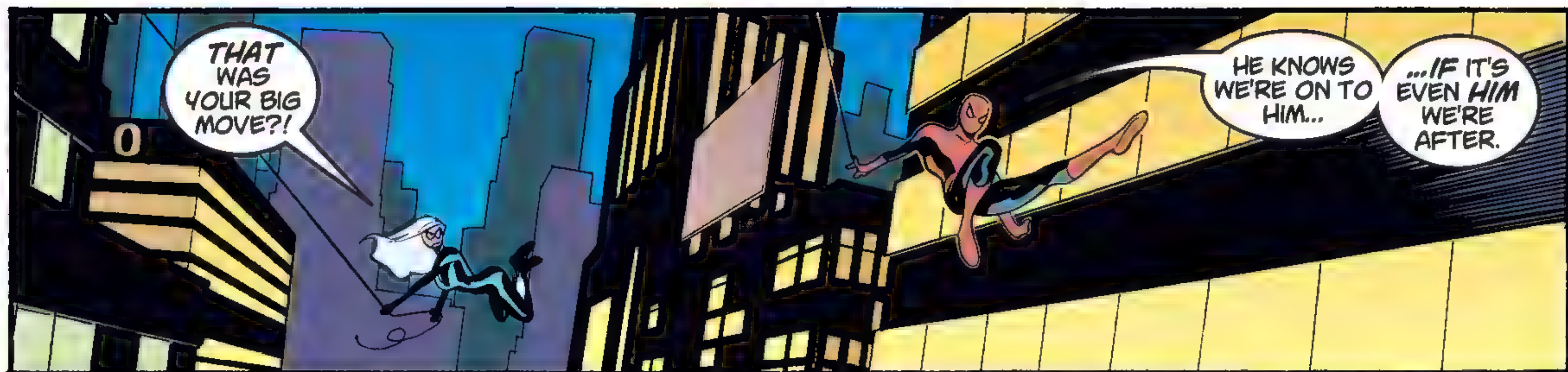
SWEET
JESUS...



KRKOOM



"THAT'S
IT?!"



THAT WAS YOUR BIG MOVE?!

HE KNOWS WE'RE ON TO HIM...

...IF IT'S EVEN HIM WE'RE AFTER.



UHN!

WHEN YOU SAID IT WAS TIME WE DROPPED IN ON KLUM, I THOUGHT YOU MEANT WE WERE GOING TO BEAT A CONFESSION OUT OF HIM! NOT PLAY PEEPING TOMS!

WE NEED TO COLLECT MORE EVIDENCE BEFORE WE CAN GO SPASTIC ON THE GUY.



MORE EVIDENCE? THAT ORTEGA MASSACRE WASN'T EVIDENCE ENOUGH FOR YOU?!

WE DON'T KNOW HE DID THAT! WE DON'T HAVE ANY PROOF, JUST HUNCHES!

SO?!

SO...

...UNTIL WE HAVE A BETTER IDEA THAT KLUM IS BROWNSTONE WE BIDE OUR TIME AND BUILD OUR CASE AGAINST HIM!

YOU SEE A BADGE WEDGED ANYWHERE IN THIS CLEAVAGE?! YOU REMEMBER ME READING SCORPIA HER MIRANDA RIGHTS?!

WE DON'T DRESS UP LIKE THIS SO WE CAN GET JUDGES TO SIGN SEARCH WARRANTS FOR US, PETER! WE WORK OUTSIDE THE LAW! AND WORKING OUTSIDE THE LAW MEANS WE DON'T HAVE TO BIDE OUR TIME AND BUILD OUR CASE!

IT MEANS, WHEN WE KNOW IN OUR GUT THAT WE'VE GOT OUR GUY... THEN WE'VE GOT OUR GUY!

AND MOST DAYS I'D SAY I AGREE WITH YOU, ALRIGHT?! BUT THIS ISN'T SOME LUNATIC IN PAJAMAS STANDING IN FRONT OF A WRECKED BUILDING, CROWING ABOUT BRINGING THE CITY TO ITS KNEES! **THOSE GUYS? YEAH -- IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME THEY'RE LITTLE MORE THAN SUSPECTS WHEN WE START POUNDING ON 'EM.**

BUT THIS GUY'S A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY! A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY WHO WE ONLY THINK...

YOU THINK! I KNOW!

...WHO WE ONLY THINK MIGHT BE A KILLER DRUG LORD!

BUT HONESTLY, FELICIA -- EVEN IF HE IS, WE'VE GOT NOTHING ON HIM! WE DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW HE'S KILLING THESE PEOPLE!

WITH HOT DOSES, OBVIOUSLY -- YOU MORON!

NO TRACK MARKS ON THE BODIES!

NO PRIOR DRUG HISTORIES ON SOME OF THE VICTIMS!

IN TRICIA'S CASE, NO BODY!

I WANT WHOEVER KILLED DONALD PHILLIPS AS MUCH AS YOU WANT WHOEVER'S RESPONSIBLE FOR TRICIA'S DISAPPEARANCE, **OKAY!** AND IF IT'S KLUM, BELIEVE ME: I'LL THROW THE FIRST PUNCH!

BUT WE'VE ONLY BEEN TRACKING THIS GUY FOR, WHAT? MAYBE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS?

YOU SEE WHAT I'M SAYING HERE?

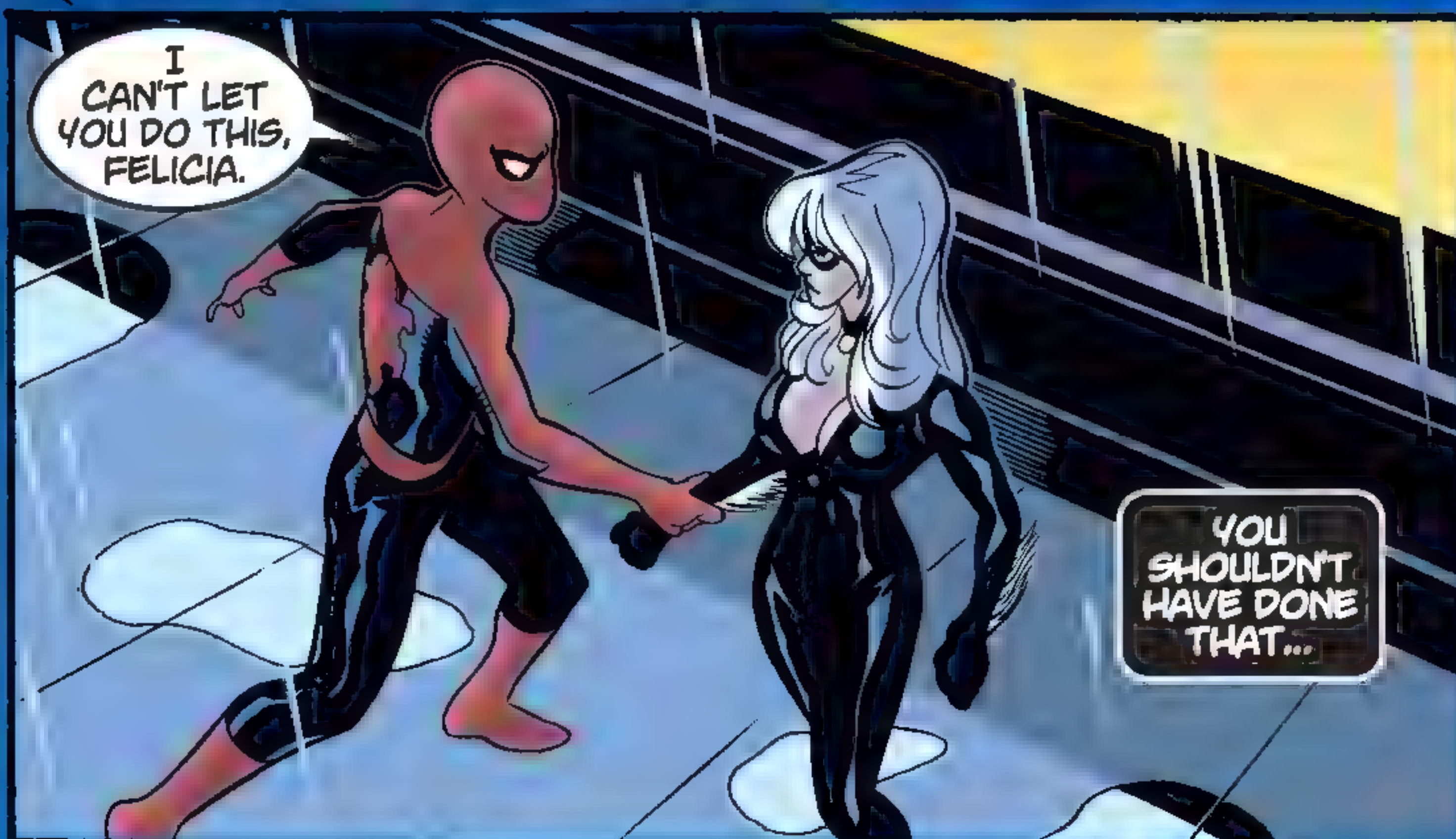
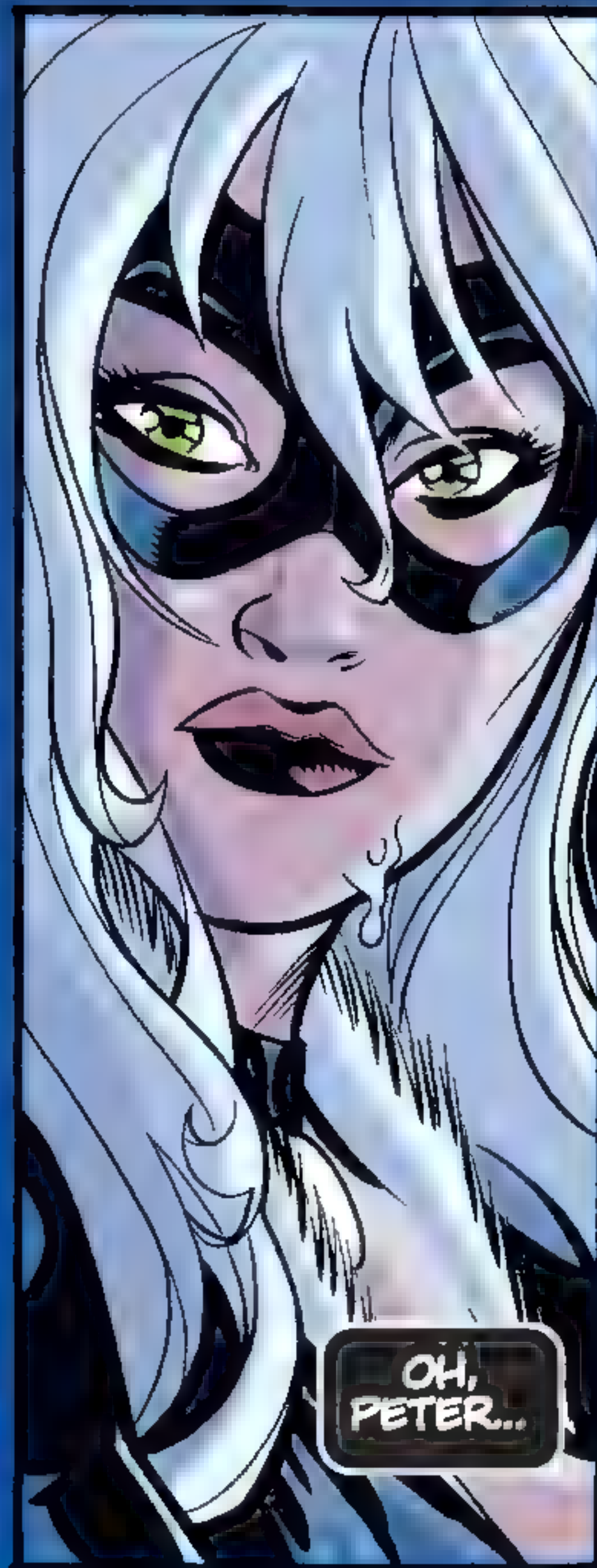
YES! I DO! YOU'RE SAYING WHAT YOU ALWAYS SAY... THAT YOU'RE BETTER AT THIS THAN I AM!

THAT IF WE'RE NOT PLAYING THE GAME BY YOUR RULES, THEN WE'RE NOT PLAYING AT ALL!

BUT THIS ISN'T A GAME, IS WHAT I'M GETTING AT, DAMMIT! YOU'VE GOTTA LISTEN TO ME ON THIS!

TO HELL WITH THAT! I'M NOT A KID ANYMORE, PETER! I CAME TO NEW YORK LOOKING FOR ANSWERS ABOUT TRICIA, AND KLUM'S MY BEST LEAD!

AND AS MY BEST LEAD, I'M GONNA GRILL HIM LIKE A SIDE OF BEEF! AND IF HE SO MUCH AS TWITCHES, I'LL BLUDGEON THE SICK BASTARD 'TIL HE'S PASSING BLOOD IN HIS STOOL!







HE COULD BE DANGEROUS...

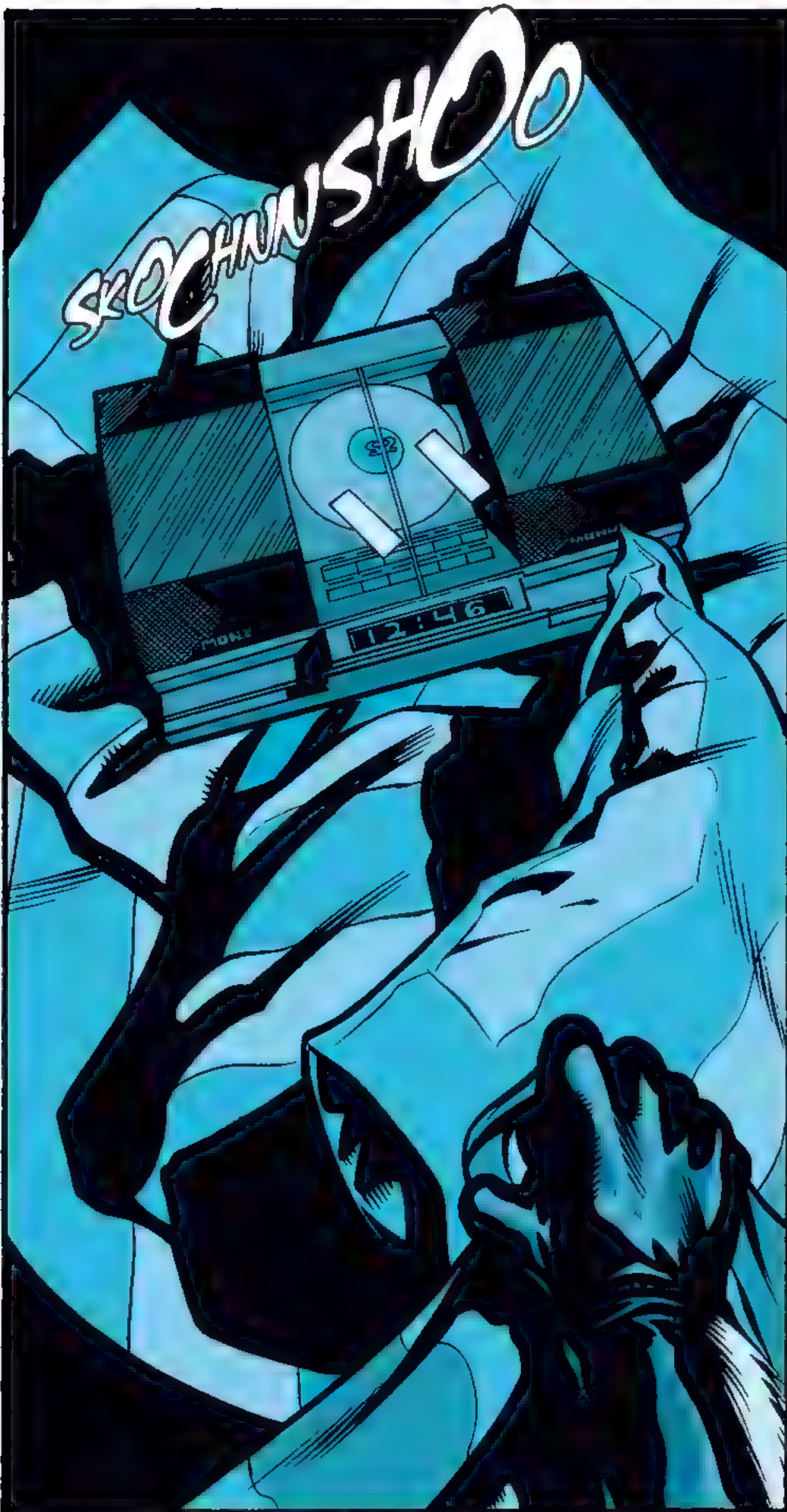
AND I'M A WOMAN WITH FATHER ISSUES WHO'S PUSHING THIRTY, CRAMMED INTO WET LEATHER, AND NURSING A MEAN CASE OF PMS.

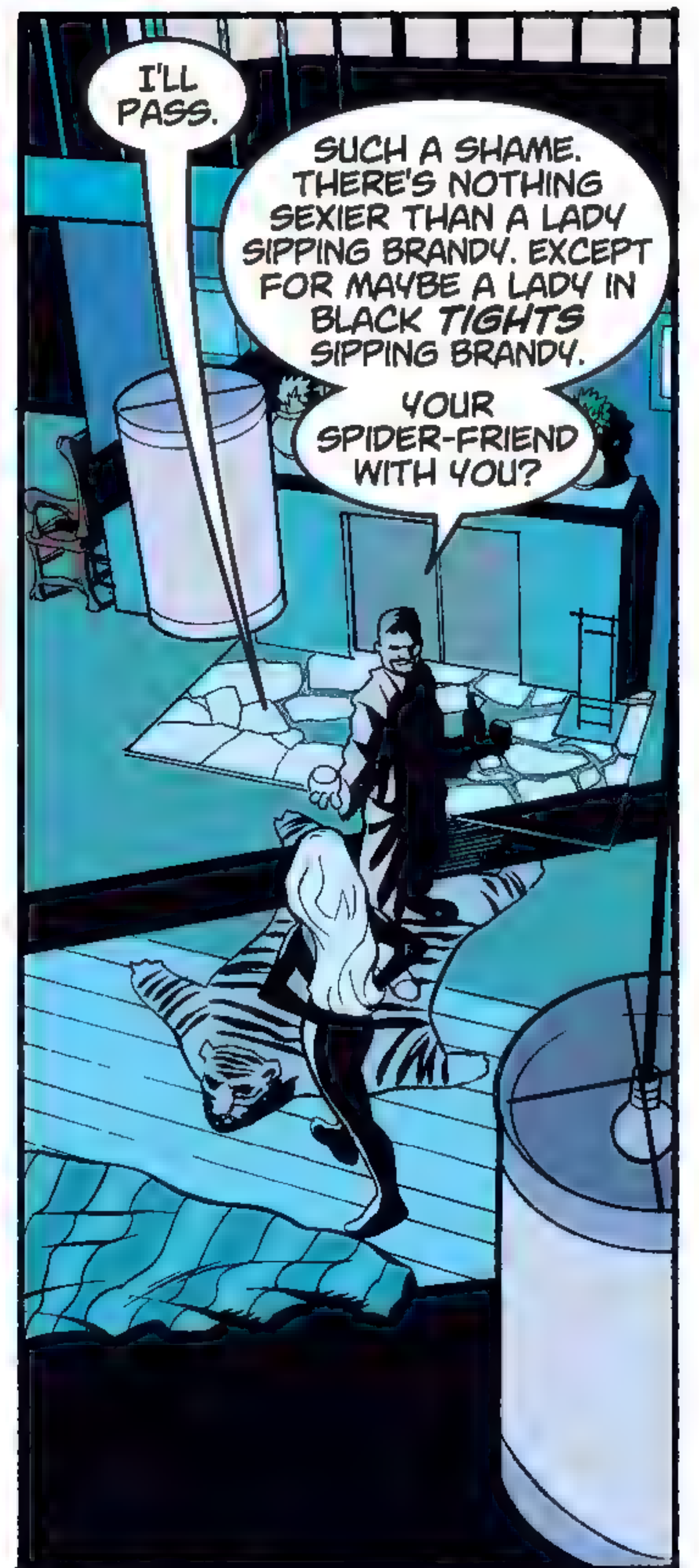
WHO THE HELL'S MORE DANGEROUS THAN THAT?

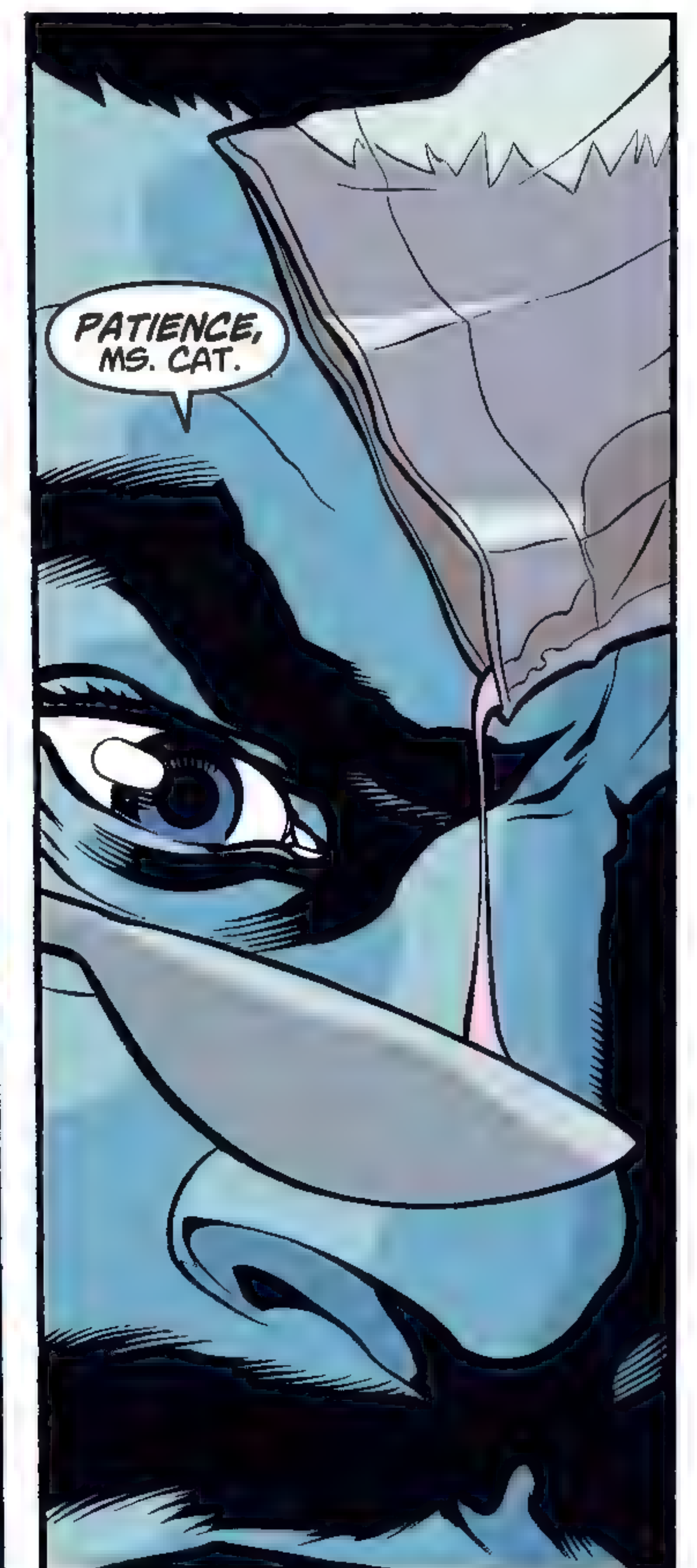
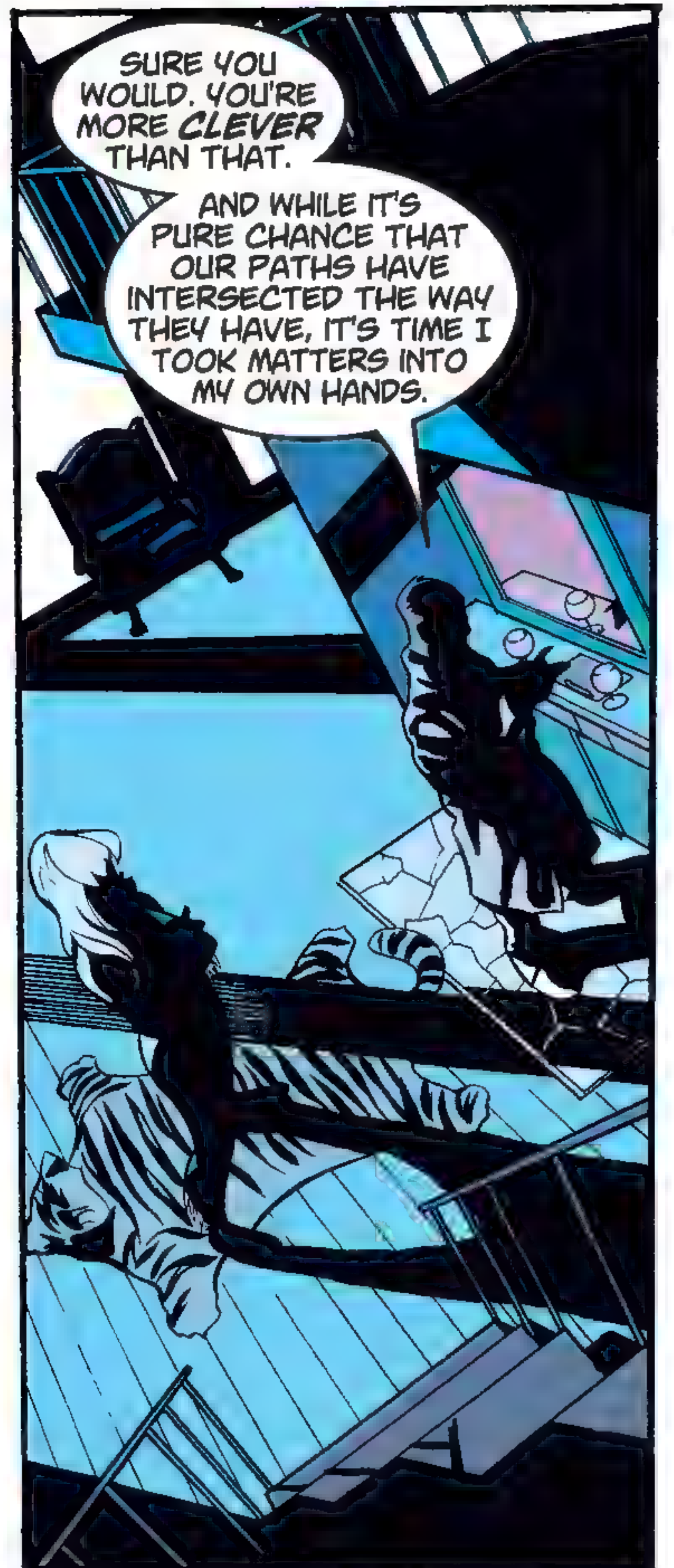
CBS
LATE
SHOW

THE BEDROOM SUITE
OF GARRISON KLUM...









HERE COMES
THE SPEECH.

MY FAMILY
COMES FROM
GERMANY -- DID
YOU KNOW THAT? I
WOULD IMAGINE THE
NAME'S A DEAD
GIVEAWAY.

I WAS CONCEIVED
THERE, BUT RAISED
HERE. NEVER BOTHERED
TO LEARN MY MOTHER-
TONGUE. NEVER LOOKED
INTO MY FAMILY'S
HISTORY.

NOT UNTIL THE
ACCIDENT.

I WAS
SIXTEEN.

I'M IN THE BATHROOM, USING
MOUTHWASH GETTING READY FOR
THIS DATE WITH A REAL HOTTIE
FROM HOMEROOM..

MY MOTHER WAS
YELLING AT ME -- IN GERMAN,
ACTUALLY. WHEN SHE WAS MAD,
SHE ALWAYS BARKED
IN GERMAN.

SUCH
A HARSH
LANGUAGE,
THAT.

SHE WAS CHASTISING
ME FOR GOING OUT FAR
TOO MUCH AT NIGHTS, AND
DEMANDING THAT I STAY HOME
WITH HER THAT EVENING
FOR A NICE, QUIET DINNER.

BLAH, BLAH, BLAH,
BLAH, BLAH, BLAH,
BLAH, BLAH...

GOD, THEY LOVE TO
HEAR THEMSELVES
TALK, DON'T THEY?

AND AS SHE'S
SAVING ALL OF THIS,
I'M SWISHING THE
MOUTHWASH AROUND IN MY
MOUTH, AND I'M THINKING,
"GOD, I WISH SHE WOULD
SHUT UP. JUST SHUT UP
AND LET ME LIVE
MY LIFE."

BUT AS I'M
THINKING THIS, I'M
ALSO THINKING ABOUT
HOW HOT THE MOUTH-
WASH'S GETTING IN MY
MOUTH. HOW IT'S
BURNING MY
TONGUE.



AND
ALL OF THE
SUDDEN...

...THE
MOUTHWASH
WASN'T IN MY
MOUTH ANY-
MORE.

AND MY
MOTHER WAS
DEAD ON THE
FLOOR.

BANK



ALRIGHT,
CHATTY KATHY,
LET'S...

UHN!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME?

I FEEL
SO...

WHEN THEY
AUTOPSIED MY
MOTHER, Y'KNOW
WHAT THEY FOUND --
WHAT KILLED HER,
EXACTLY?

IT
WAS THE
DAMNDEST
THING.

UHHHNN...

UHN!

A CONCENTRATION
OF MOUTHWASH HAD
INEXPLICABLY FLOODED
THE CHAMBERS OF
HER HEART.



FLOP



KILLED HER
INSTANTLY.

I CAN'T...
GET MY
BEARINGS...

THAT DOSE OF
HEROIN I COOKED
UP IS COURSEING
THROUGH YOUR SYSTEM
NOW, INCAPACITATING
THE HELL OUT
OF YOU.

I IMAGINE
YOU'VE NEVER
SHOT UP BEFORE.
TECHNICALLY, OF
COURSE, YOU STILL
HAVEN'T.

BUT I'LL
BET YOU'RE
WONDERING HOW
THE HEROIN GOT
INSIDE YOU,
YES?

YOU SEE,
I'M A LOW-LEVEL
TELEPORTER.

SNICK

THANKS TO
A LATENT MUTANT
GENE THAT RUNS IN
MY FAMILY'S BLOODLINE,
I CAN TELEPORT
SMALL AMOUNTS OF
LIQUID.

IT DIDN'T
SEEM LIKE A VERY
USEFUL TALENT UNTIL I
REALLY STARTED THINKING
ABOUT WAYS TO EMPLOY IT.
AND A FEW YEARS AGO, I
FELL UPON THE MOST
PROFITABLE USE.

I MEAN, WHO LOVES
DRUGS **MORE** THAN THE
RICH AND FAMOUS? AND ALL
THOSE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE OUT
THERE -- THE WOULD-BE JUNKIES
WHO CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SEEN
WITH TRACK MARKS ON THEIR
ARMS, BUT STILL WANT
TO **INDULGE**...





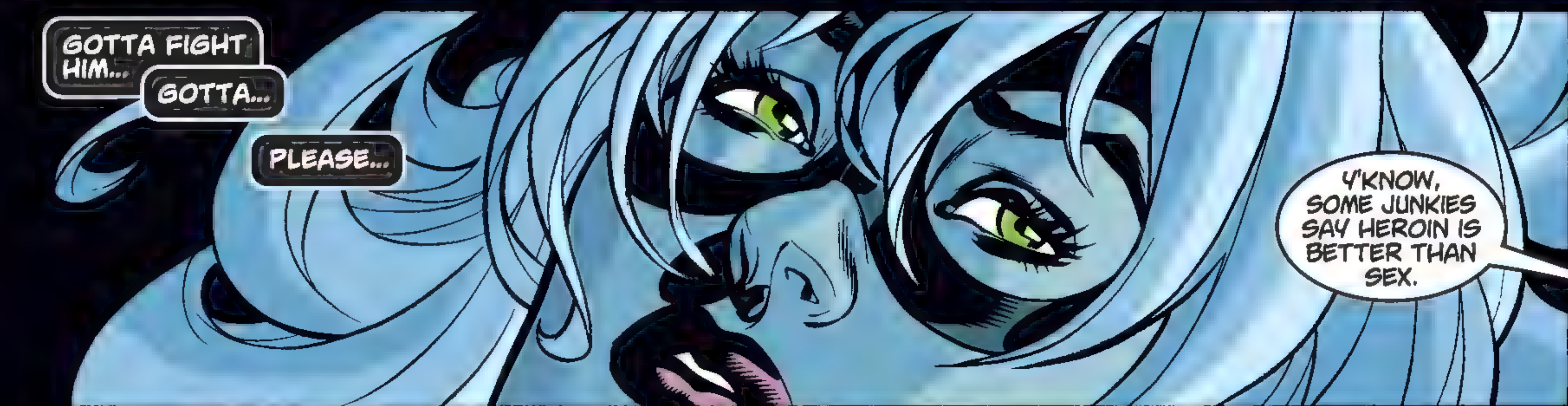
BUT *HER* LOSS IS *YOUR* GAIN, AS I NOW KNOW THE PROPER AMOUNT TO 'PORT INTO SOMEONE I *DON'T* WANT FIGHTING BACK.



IF HE'S NOT HERE BY NOW, I TAKE IT YOUR FRIEND WON'T BE JOINING US?



NO MATTER IF HE DID, REALLY. I HAVE ENOUGH ALREADY-COOKED VATS OF HEROIN ON THE PREMISES TO STOP HIS HEART TWENTY TIMES OVER, IF NEED BE.



GOTTA FIGHT HIM...

GOTTA...

PLEASE...

Y'KNOW, SOME JUNKIES SAY HEROIN IS BETTER THAN SEX.



YOU LET ME KNOW IF THEY'RE RIGHT...

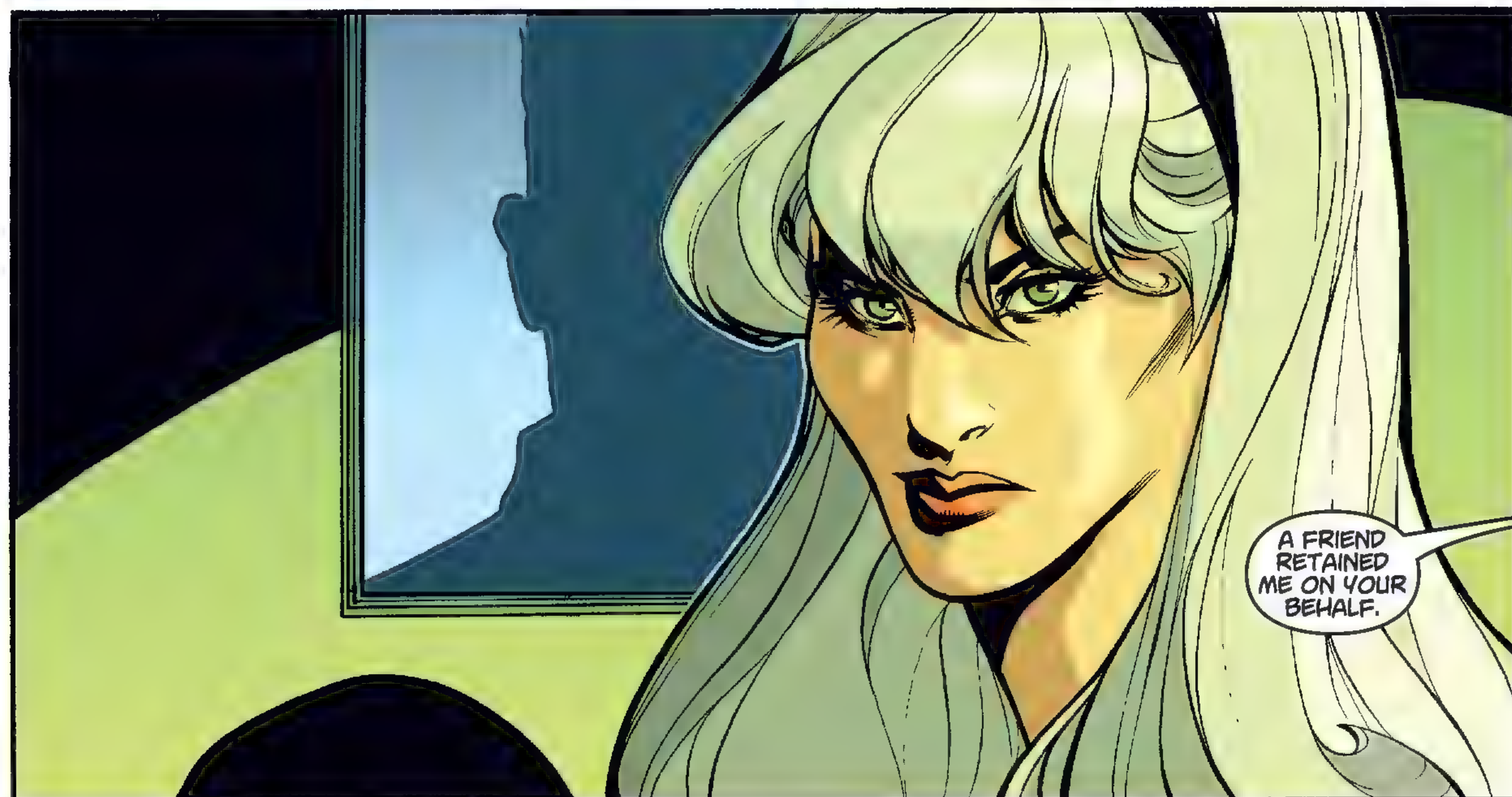


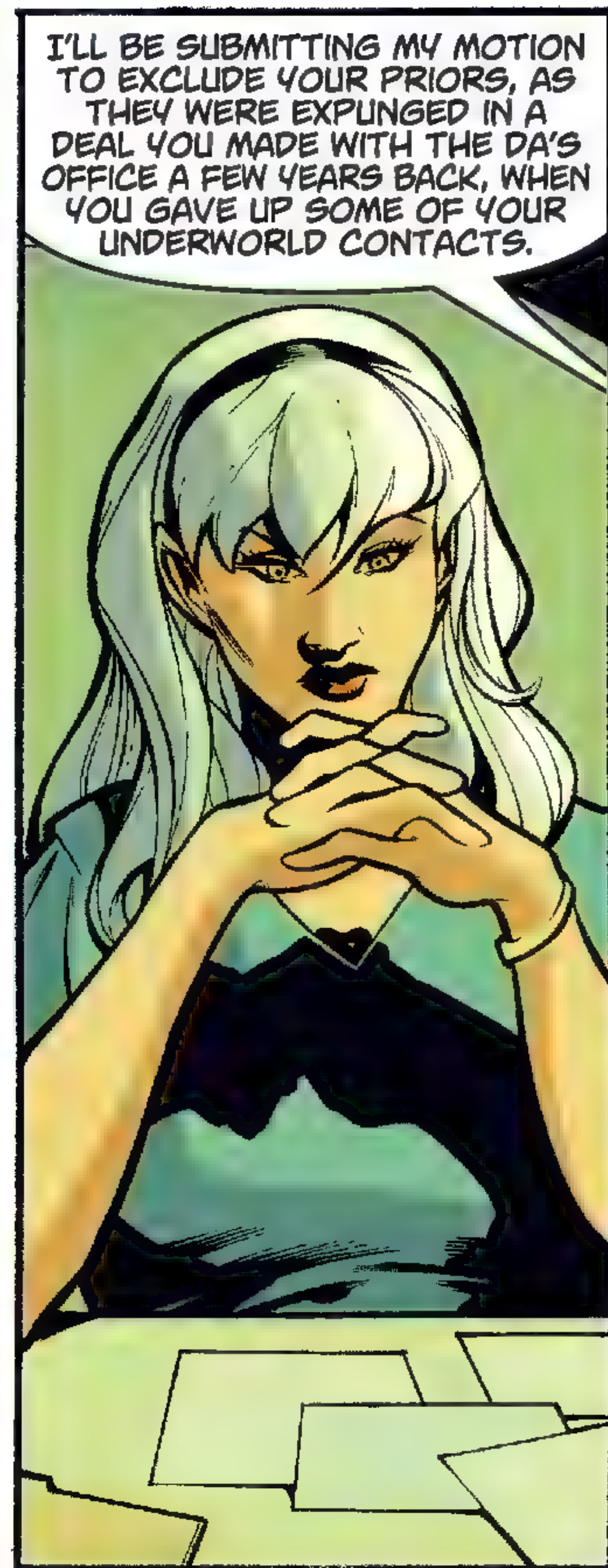
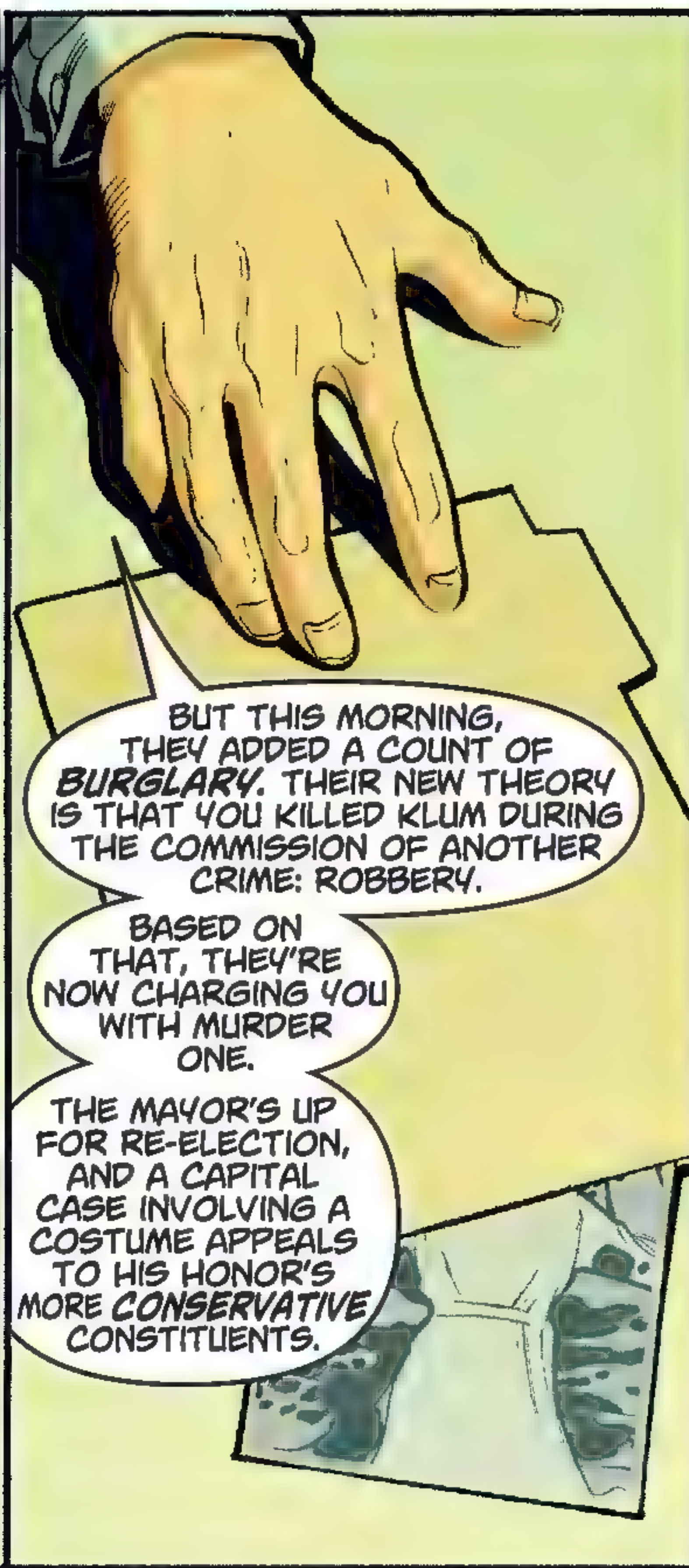
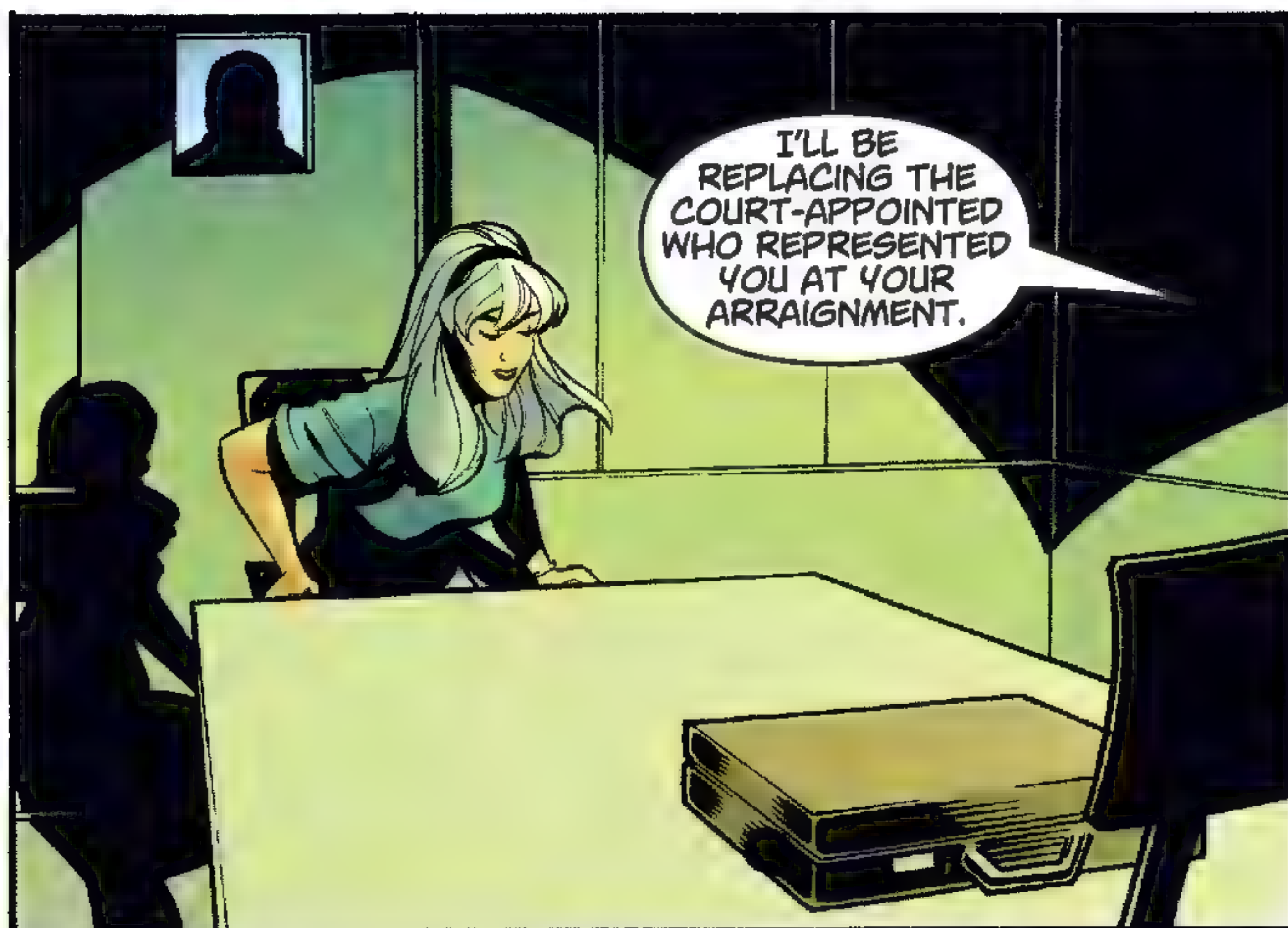


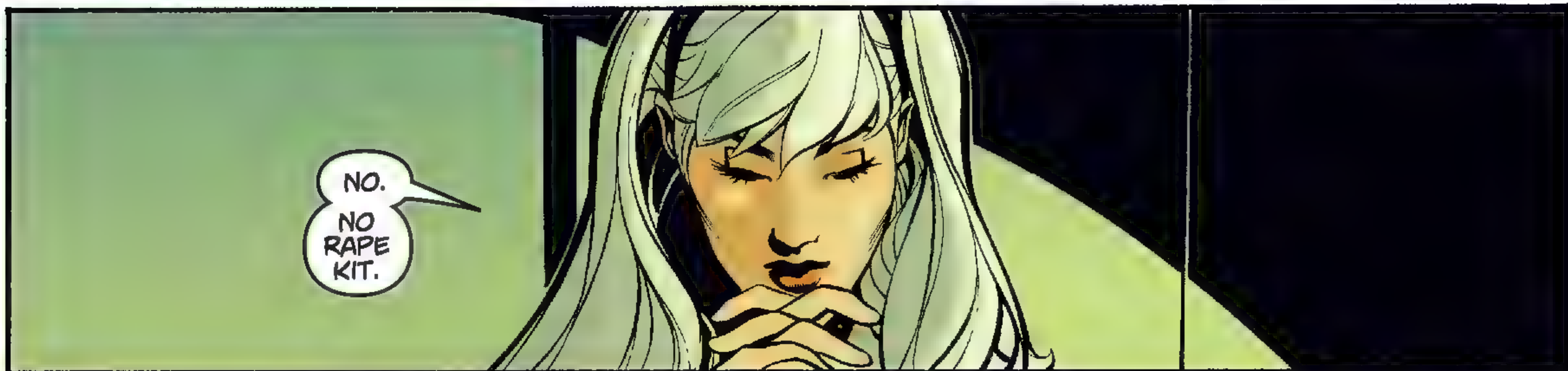
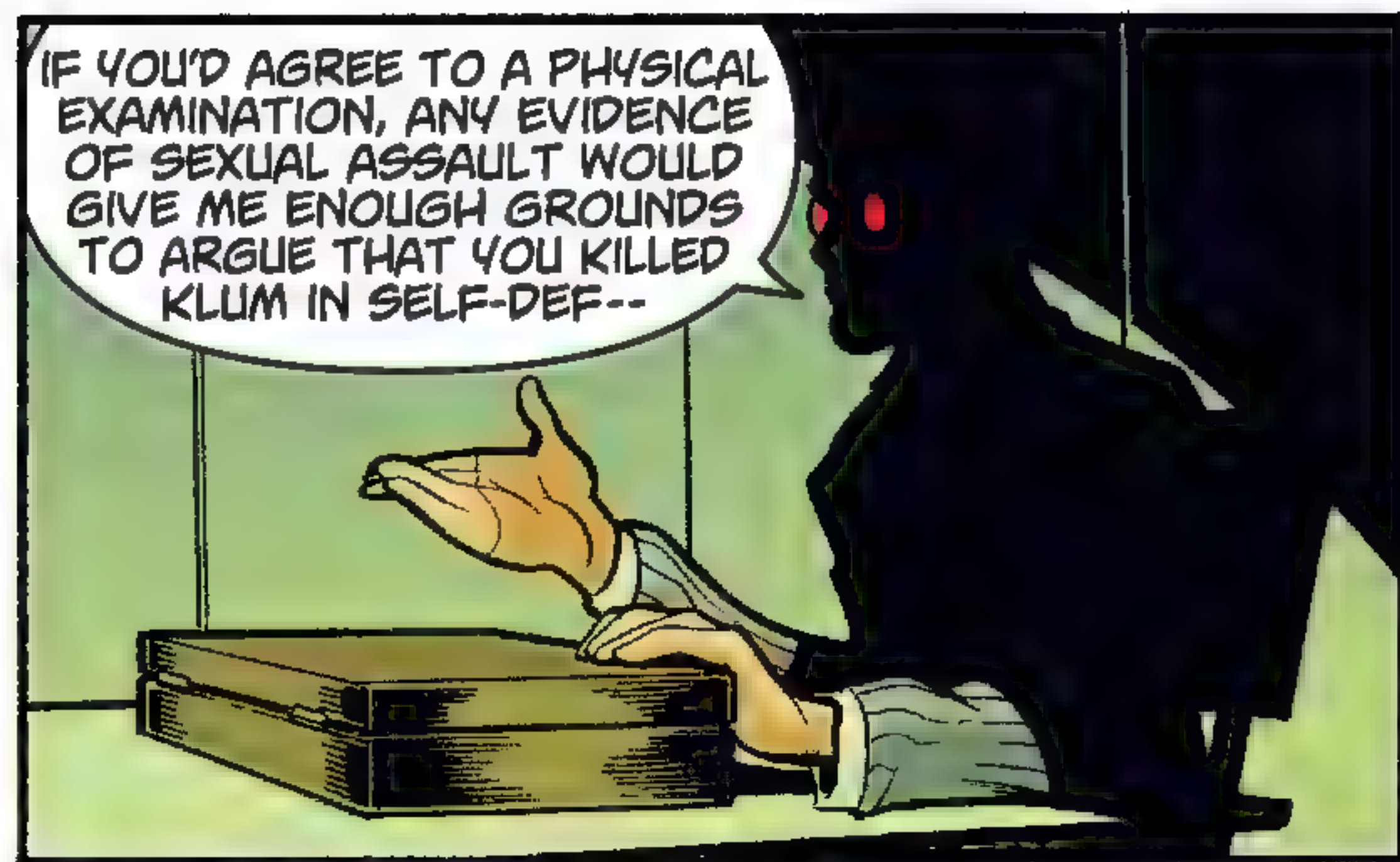
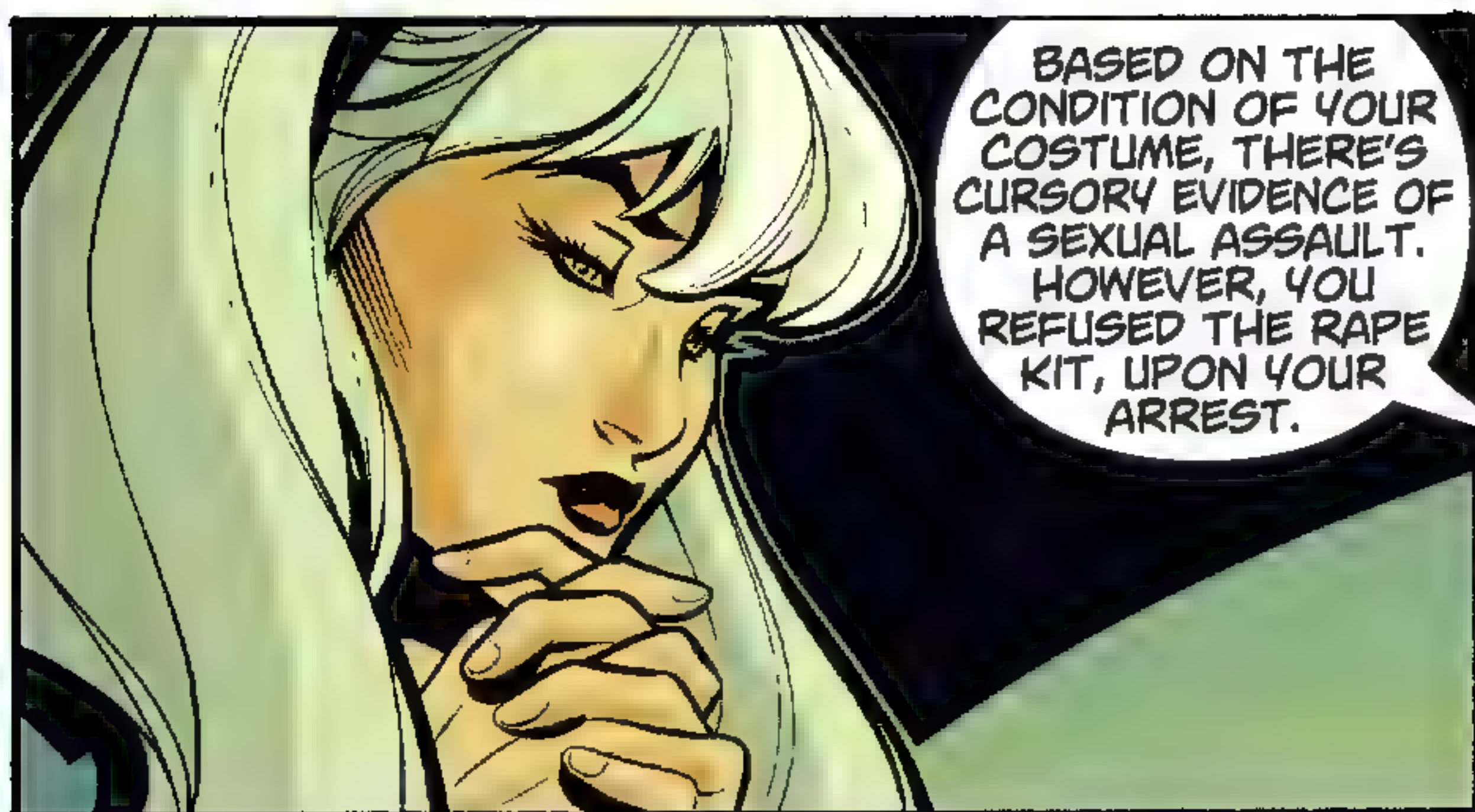
TERRY
DODSON
RACHEL

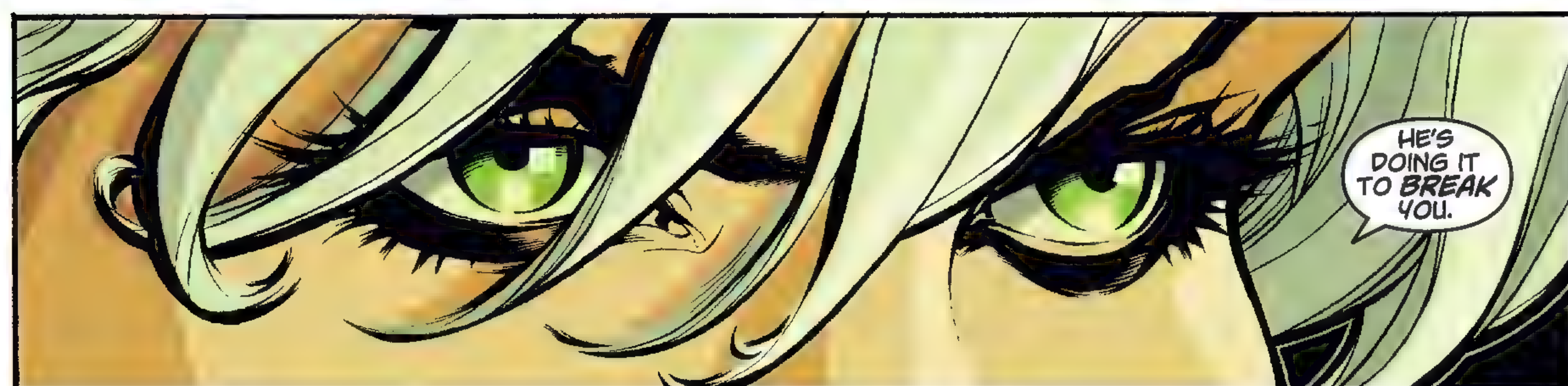
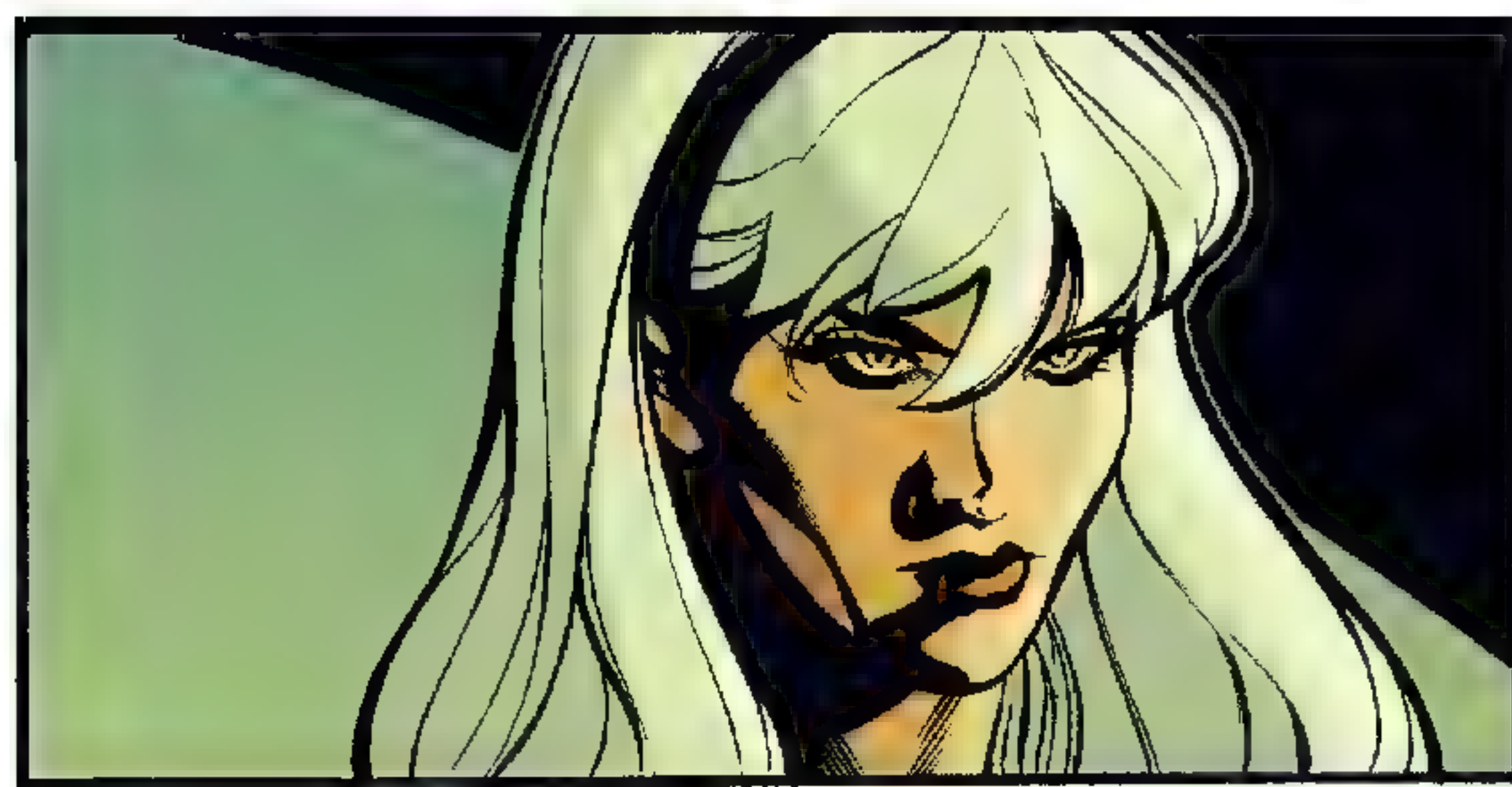
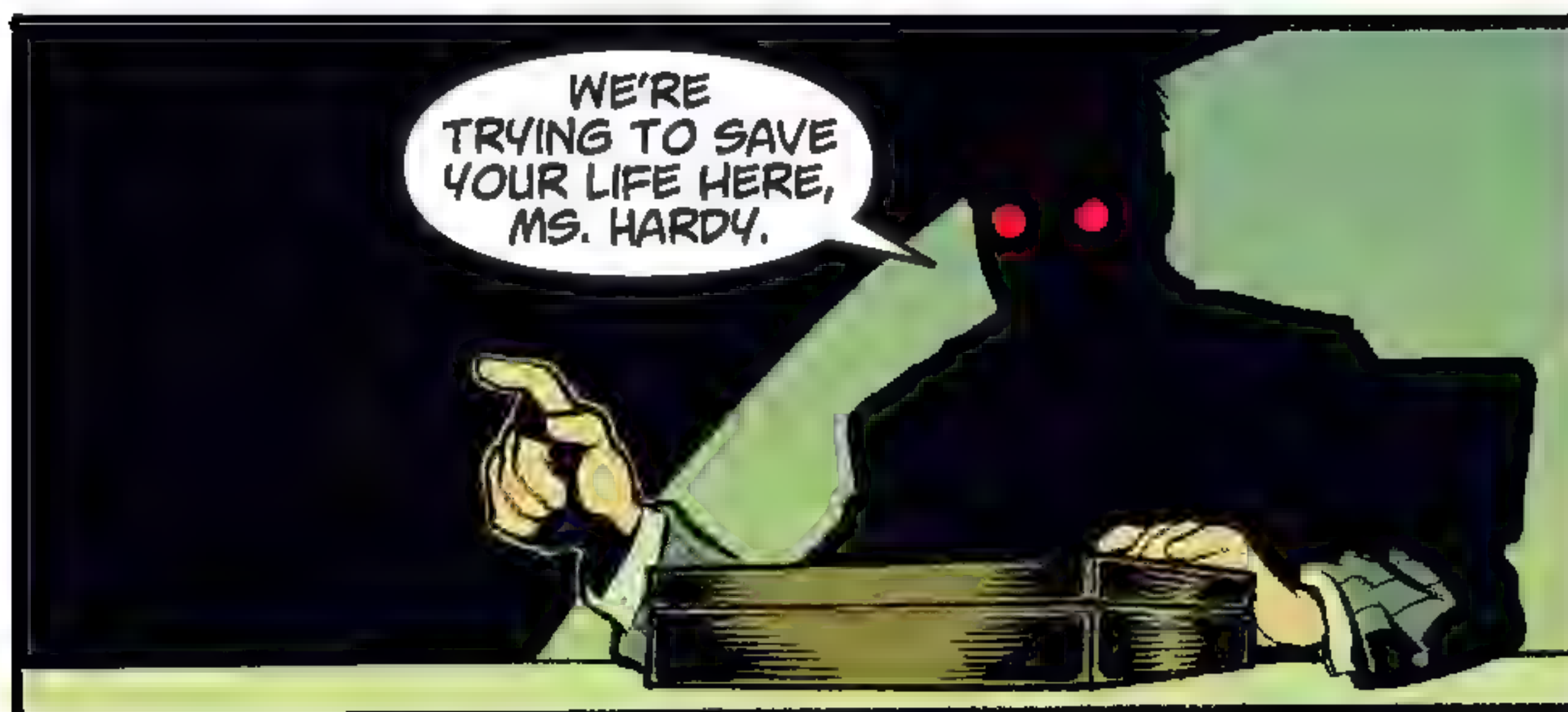


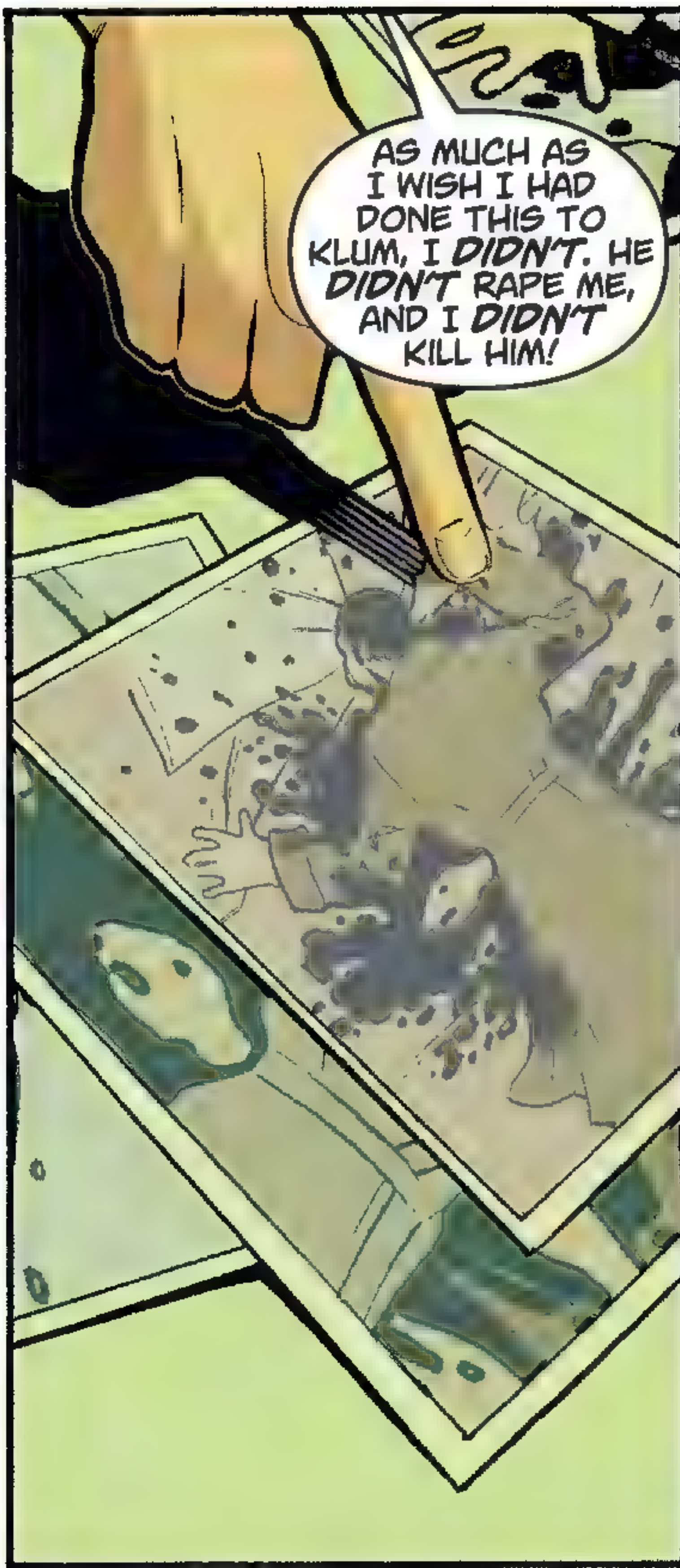
YOU'VE GOT A VISITOR.













MARVEL
COMICS
presents

A Book Three Years
in the Making
(and hardly worth the wait.)

The
Amazing
and the

SPIDER-MAN
BLACK CAT in

"The
EVIL THAT
MEN DO"

MY NAME'S
MATT MURDOCK,
MS. HARDY.

Part
Four:



STUDY IN
SCARLET

THE OFFICE OF NELSON AND
MURDOCK, ATTORNEYS AT LAW...

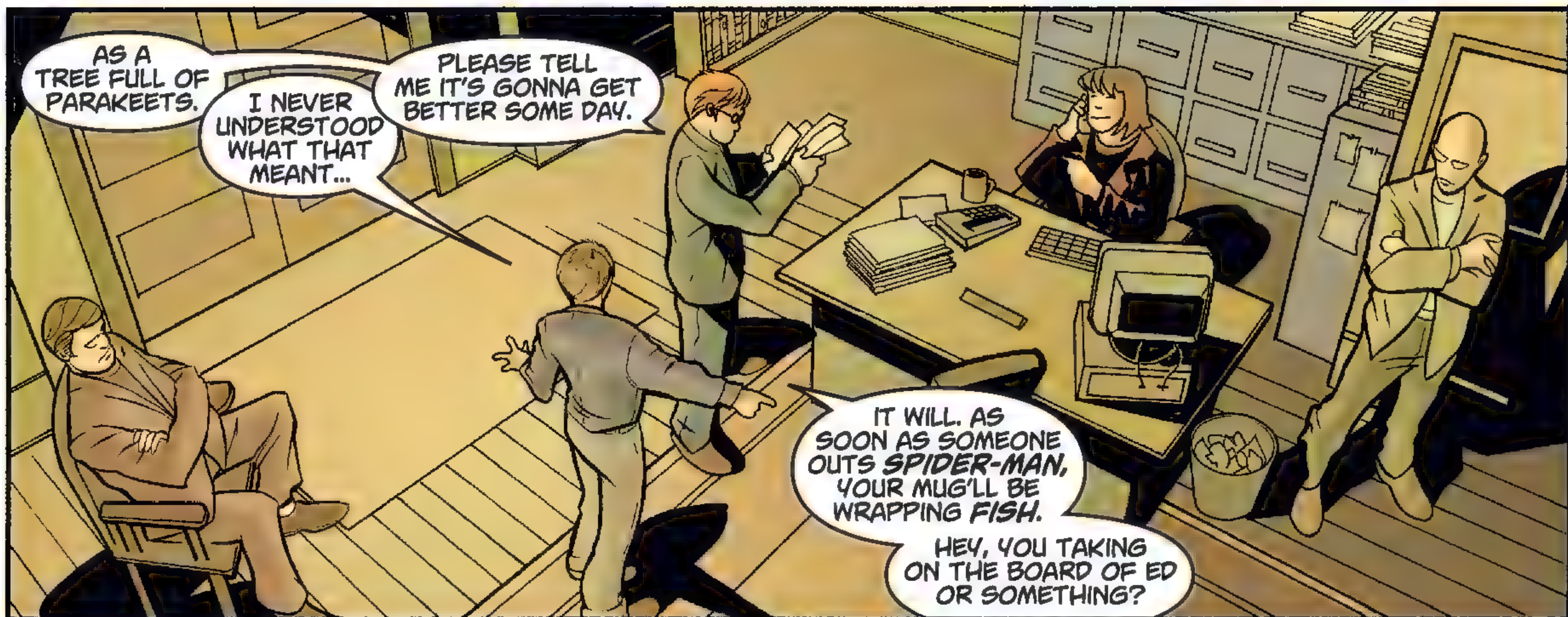
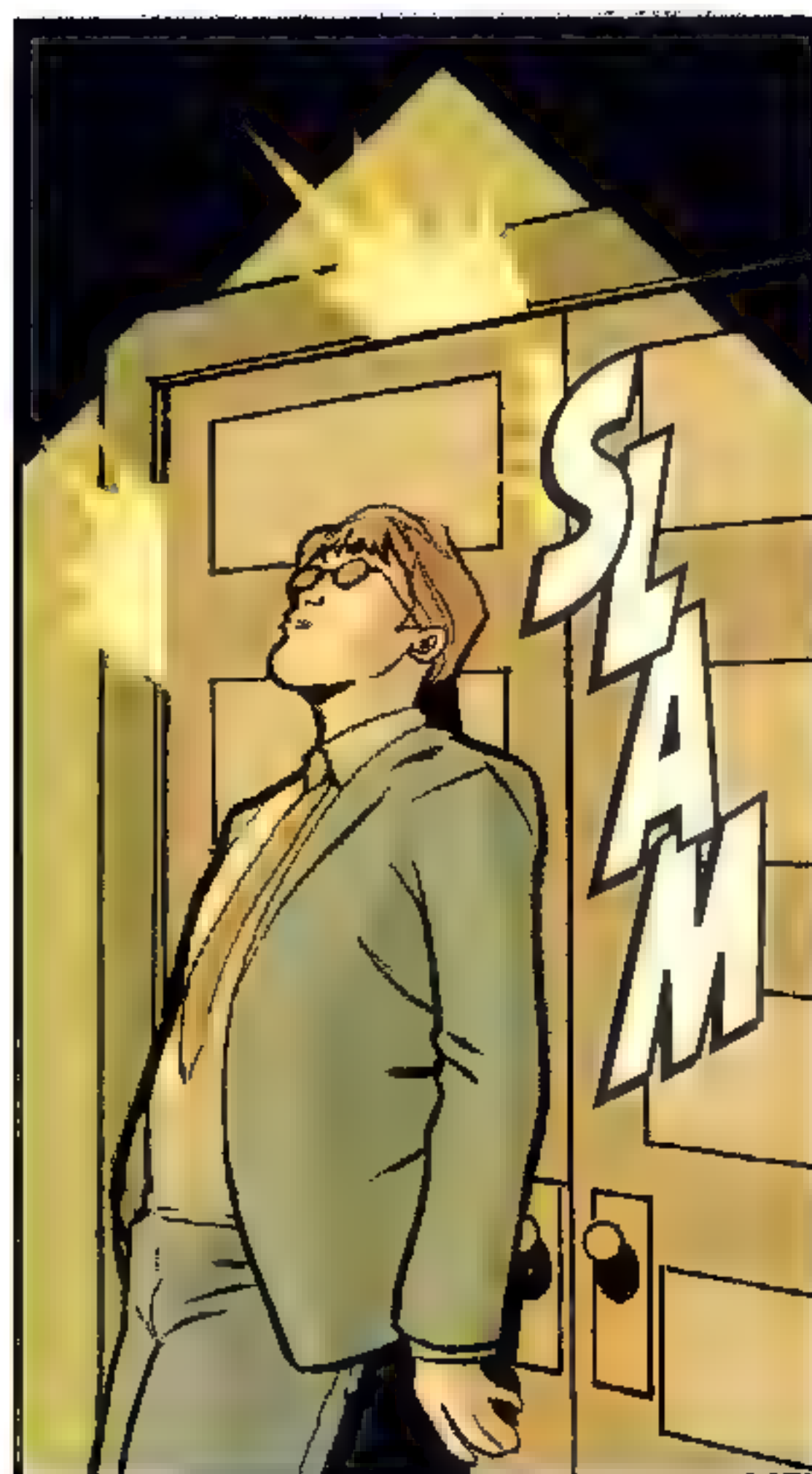
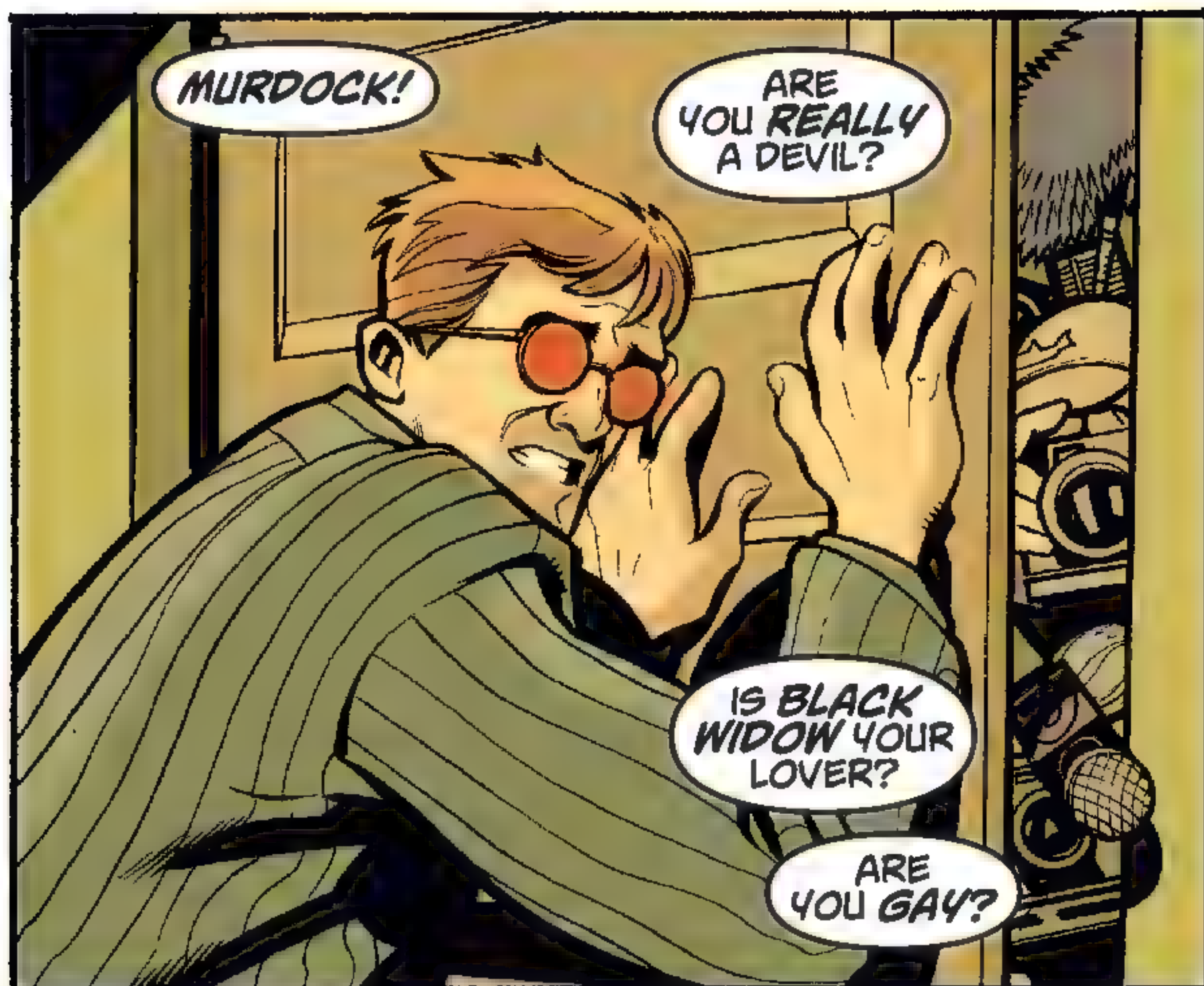
MR. MURDOCK!

SMILE,
MURDOCK!

YO!
DAREDEVIL!

HOW MUCH
ARE YOU PAYING
LUKE CAGE?

STILT MAN'S
GETTING OUT IN
TWO WEEKS! ANY
COMMENT?





"HOW DANGEROUS CAN HE BE?"

WOW. LOOK AT 'EM ALL. THAT WHAT YOU FAMOUS PEOPLE CALL YOUR "ENTOURAGE"?

I'M SORRY. DID WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT SCHEDULED, MISTER...?

PARKER. PETER PARKER.



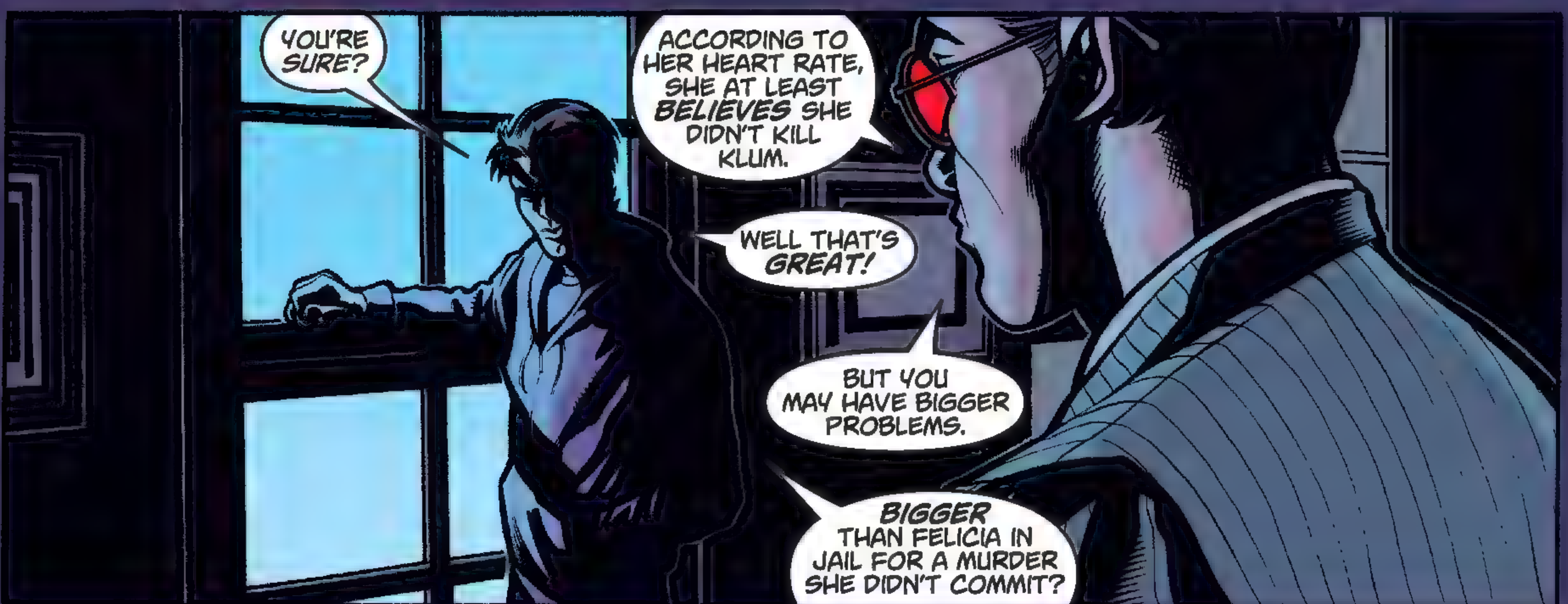
WELL, HAVE A SEAT, MR. PARKER, AND WE'LL...



Lock



SHE DIDN'T DO IT.



YOU'RE SURE?

ACCORDING TO HER HEART RATE, SHE AT LEAST BELIEVES SHE DIDN'T KILL KLUM.

WELL THAT'S GREAT!

BUT YOU MAY HAVE BIGGER PROBLEMS.

BIGGER THAN FELICIA IN JAIL FOR A MURDER SHE DIDN'T COMMIT?

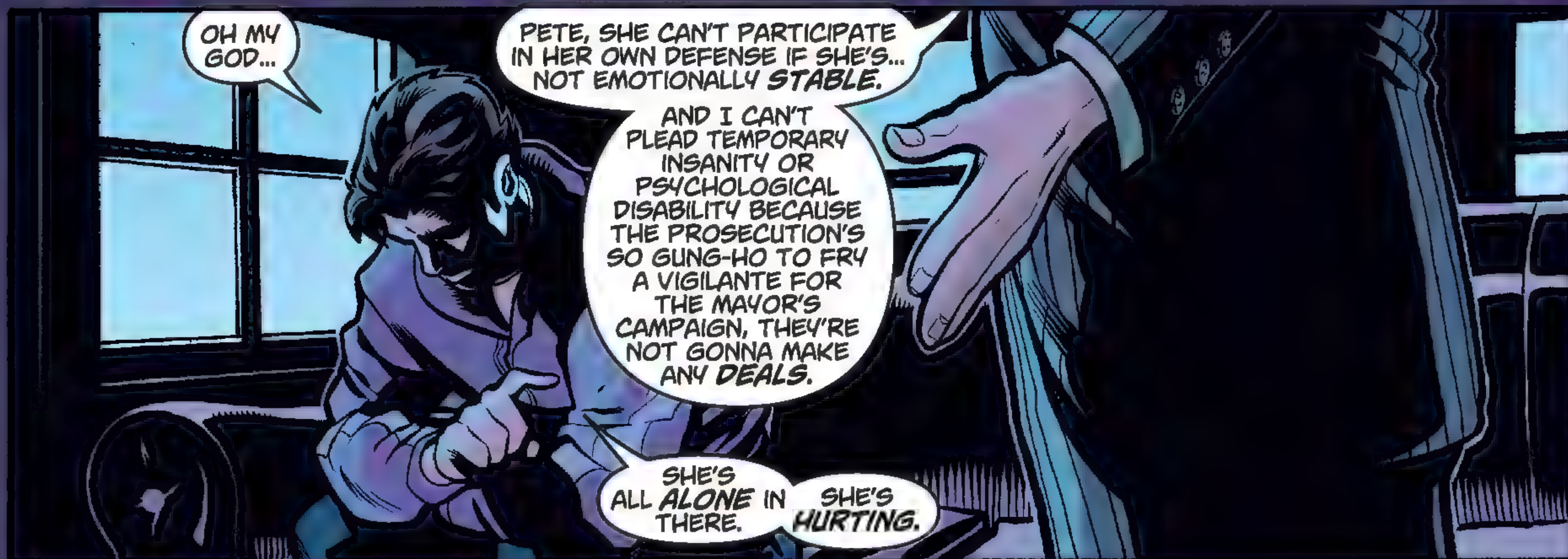


SHE'S INSISTING KLUM DIDN'T RAPE HER.



BUT--HE WAS ON TOP OF HER, EXPOSED...
AND HER COSTUME WAS...

I KNOW. BUT FELICIA GOT PRETTY FIERY WHEN I BROUGHT UP SEXUAL ASSAULT AS A POSSIBLE DEFENSE. SHE WAS ADAMANT THAT HE NEVER RAPED HER.
THAT'S BAD.
A) BECAUSE IT ELIMINATES MY SELF-DEFENSE ARGUMENT, AND B) BECAUSE SHE MAY BE IN SOME HEAVY, HEAVY DENIAL.

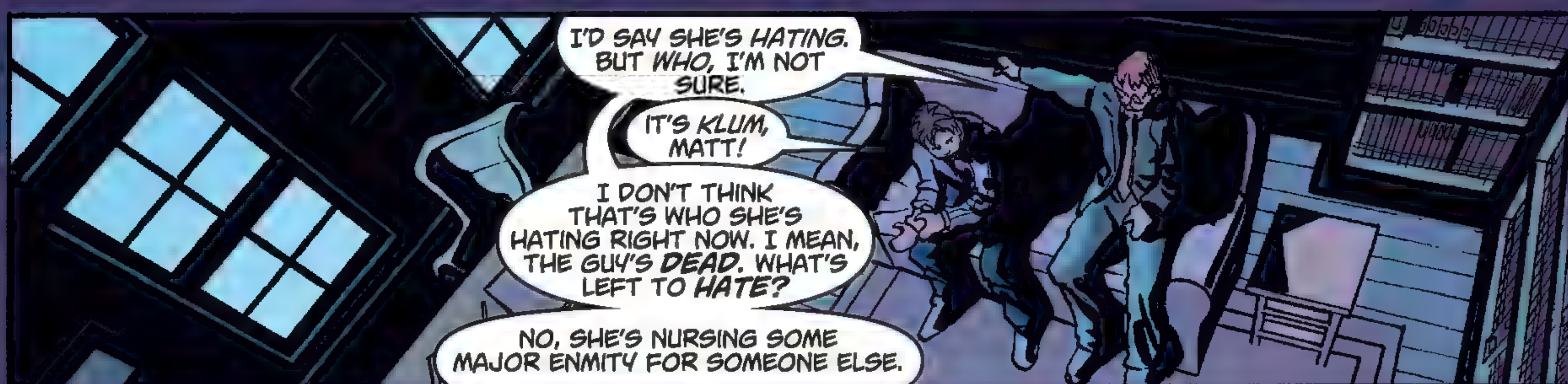


OH MY GOD...

PETE, SHE CAN'T PARTICIPATE IN HER OWN DEFENSE IF SHE'S... NOT EMOTIONALLY *STABLE*.

AND I CAN'T PLEAD TEMPORARY INSANITY OR PSYCHOLOGICAL DISABILITY BECAUSE THE PROSECUTION'S SO GUNG-HO TO FRY A VIGILANTE FOR THE MAYOR'S CAMPAIGN, THEY'RE NOT GONNA MAKE ANY *DEALS*.

SHE'S ALL ALONE IN THERE. SHE'S HURTING.



I'D SAY SHE'S HATING. BUT WHO, I'M NOT SURE.

IT'S KLUM, MATT!

I DON'T THINK THAT'S WHO SHE'S HATING RIGHT NOW. I MEAN, THE GUY'S DEAD. WHAT'S LEFT TO HATE?

NO, SHE'S NURSING SOME MAJOR ENMITY FOR SOMEONE ELSE.



ME...

NO. WE DIDN'T TALK ABOUT YOU AT ALL. I DIDN'T TELL HER YOU *HIRED* ME, AND SHE DIDN'T MENTION *SPIDER-MAN*.

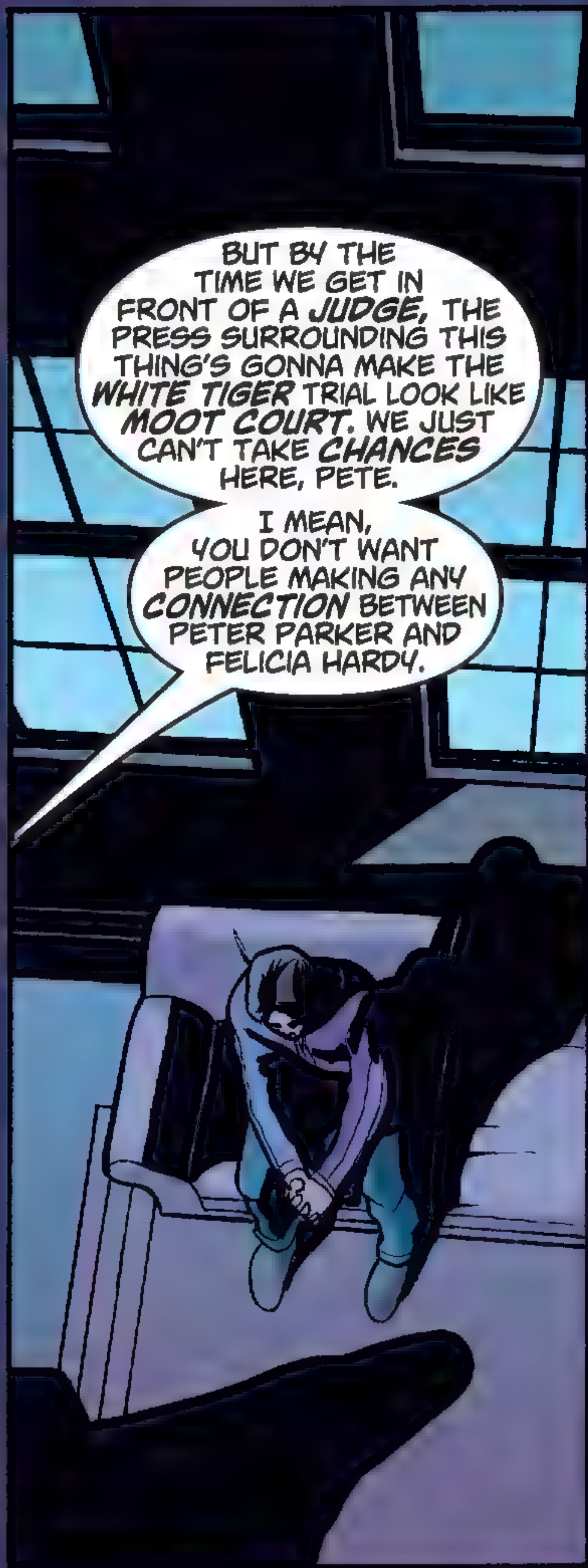
THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE...



CAN I GET IN TO SEE HER NOW?

I'D RATHER YOU DIDN'T. HER ARREST WAS PRETTY HIGH PROFILE, AND BY THE TIME WE GET TO COURT, IT'S GONNA BE A *CIRCUS*.

BEST TO WAIT IT OUT. I CAN PASS ALONG *MESSAGES* IF YOU NEED TO SPEAK WITH HER.



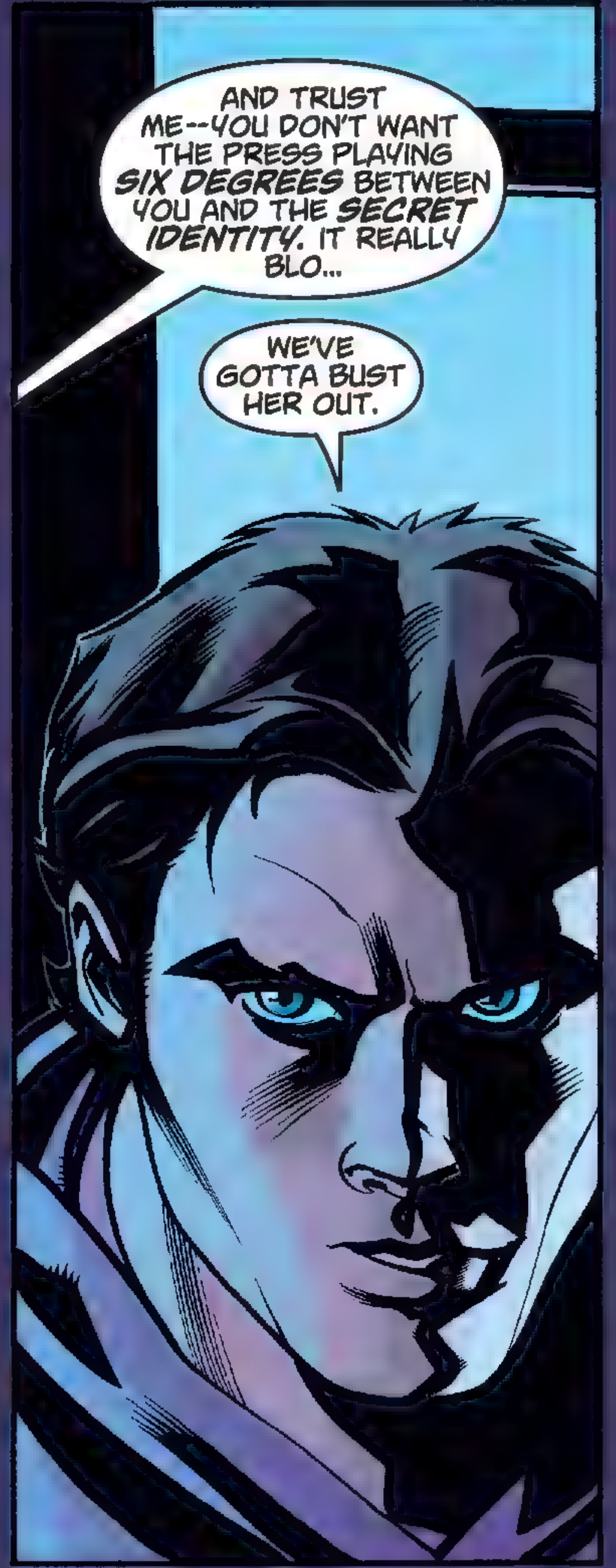
BUT BY THE TIME WE GET IN FRONT OF A **JUDGE**, THE PRESS SURROUNDING THIS THING'S GONNA MAKE THE **WHITE TIGER TRIAL** LOOK LIKE **MOOT COURT**. WE JUST CAN'T TAKE **CHANCES** HERE, PETE.

I MEAN, YOU DON'T WANT PEOPLE MAKING ANY **CONNECTION** BETWEEN PETER PARKER AND FELICIA HARDY.



BECAUSE FROM THERE, IT'S ALL...

"HEY -- DIDN'T SPIDER-MAN AND THE BLACK CAT USED TO DATE, TOO?"



AND TRUST ME--YOU DON'T WANT THE PRESS PLAYING **SIX DEGREES** BETWEEN YOU AND THE **SECRET IDENTITY**. IT REALLY BLO...

WE'VE GOTTA BUST HER OUT.



UM...
WHAT?



WE'VE GOTTA BUST FELICIA OUT.

OR I DO.

BUT I COULD REALLY USE YOUR HELP.



PETER, YOU'VE GOT ME WISHING, RIGHT NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THAT A RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE TOOK MY **HEARING** INSTEAD OF MY **SIGHT**.

ARE YOU **INSANE?! WE'VE** GOT A STRONG CHANCE AT GETTING HER OUT OF JAIL **LEGALLY...**

SINCE WHEN ARE WE EVER WORRIED ABOUT THE **LAW?**

YOU'RE ASKING ME TO GET INVOLVED WITH A **JAILBREAK?!**

YEAH.

I'M AN OFFICER OF THE **COURT!**

WHO MOONLIGHTS AS A **VIGILANTE.**

IT'S NOT THE SAME **THING!**

ONLY 'CAUSE IT'S **RYKER'S,** AND NOT THE **KITCHEN!**

IF YOU WERE GONNA SUGGEST **THIS,** WHY THE **HELL** D'YOU GET ME INVOLVED AS HER **LAWYER?!**

I NEEDED TO FIND OUT IF SHE WAS **INNOCENT.** IF SHE **WASN'T,** SHE WAS GONNA NEED THE BEST DEFENSE ATTORNEY IN THE CITY.



DON'T BUTTER MY @\$\$! YOU SEE WHAT I'VE GOTTA DEAL WITH OUT THE WINDOW THERE! YOU KNOW WHAT MY **LIFE'S** BEEN LIKE FOR THE PAST YEAR? EVERYONE IN THIS CITY IS CONVINCED I'M **DAREDEVIL!**

YOU ARE.

BUT I DON'T WANT **THEM** TO KNOW THAT!

AND NOW YOU'RE ASKING ME, MATT MURDOCK--THE GUY WHO JUST GOT BACK FROM MEETING WITH HIS CLIENT, THE **BLACK FREAKIN' CAT**--TO BUST HER OUT OF THAT SAME JAIL I JUST GOT BACK FROM MEETING WITH HER INSIDE OF...

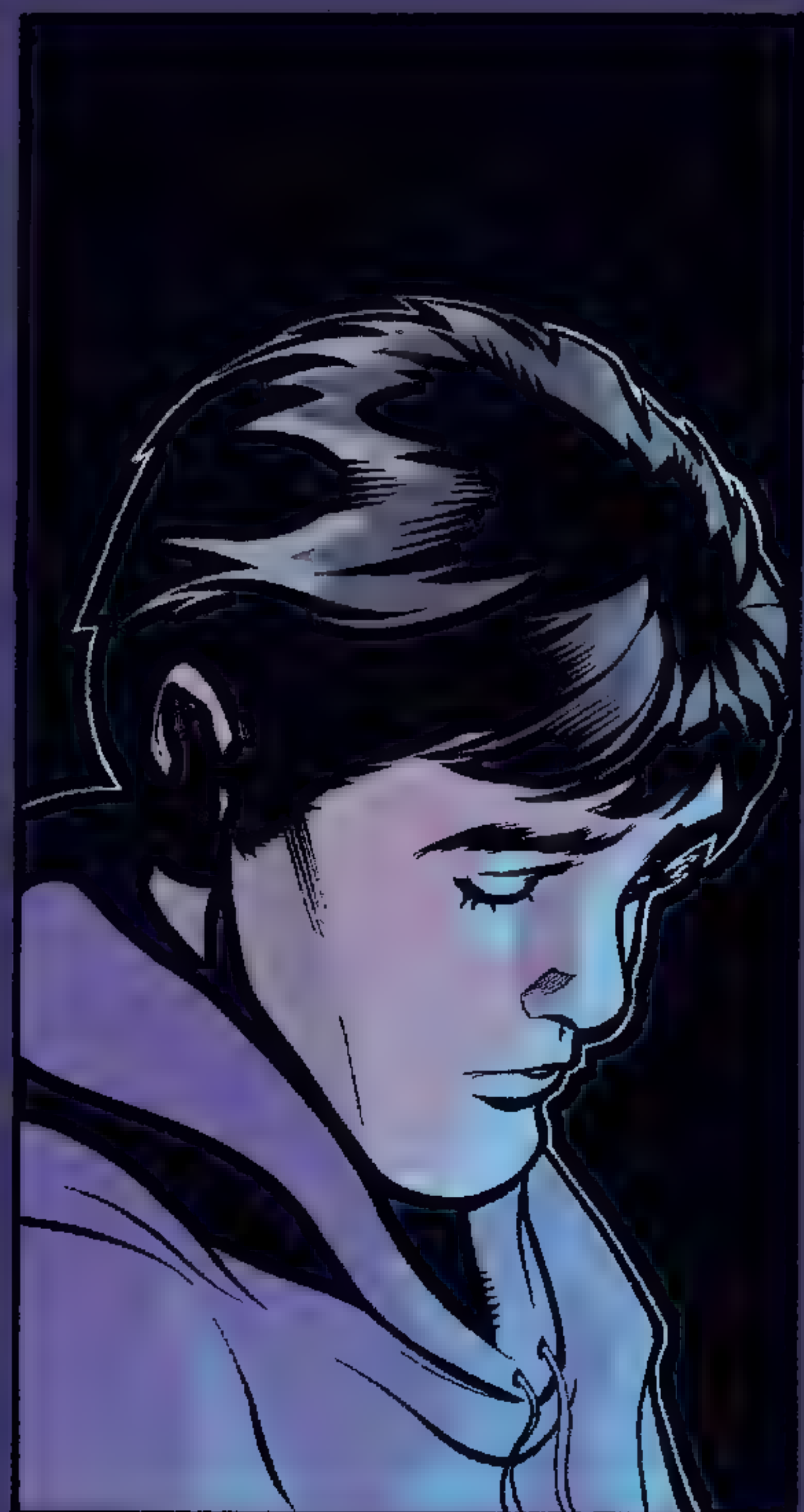
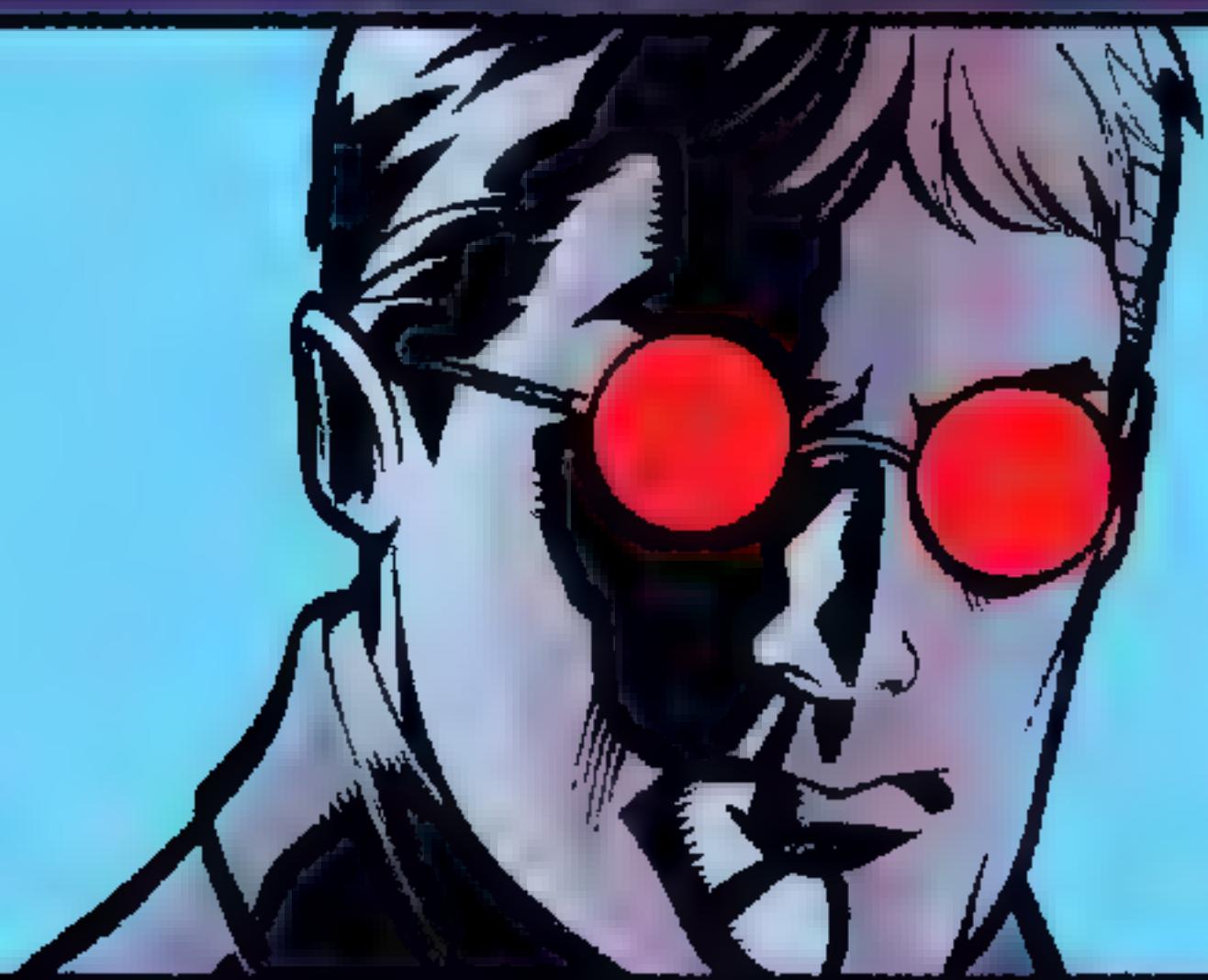
...WHERE, BY THE WAY, EVERY GUARD LOOKED AT ME LIKE I WAS **DAREDEVIL,** THERE TO HELP OUT MY **SUPER-FRIEND** WHO ALSO DRESSES UP TO FIGHT CRIME WHEN SHE'S NOT ACTUALLY **COMMITTING** IT HERSELF...

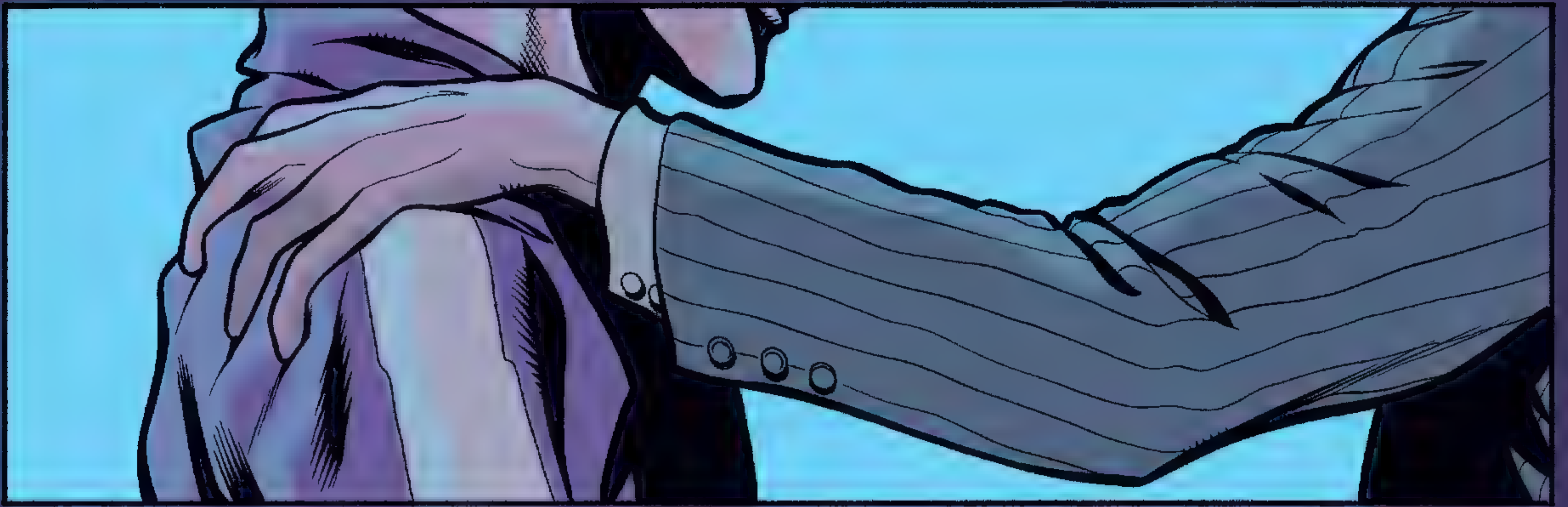
...AND YOU WANT ME TO DO IT AS **DAREDEVIL?!?**

WELL, YEAH.

I MEAN, I STOOD BY YOU WHEN YOU WENT NUTS AND DECLARED YOURSELF THE NEW **KINGPIN.**



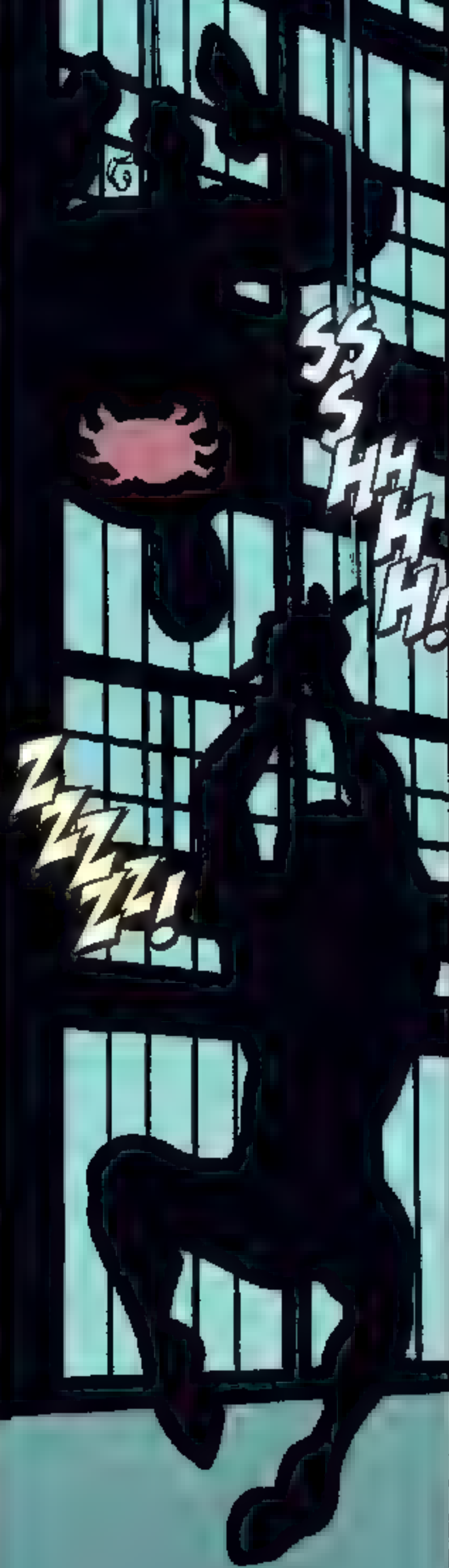




"...I'VE ALREADY
GOT A JOB."



RYKER'S, CELL
BLOCK H...

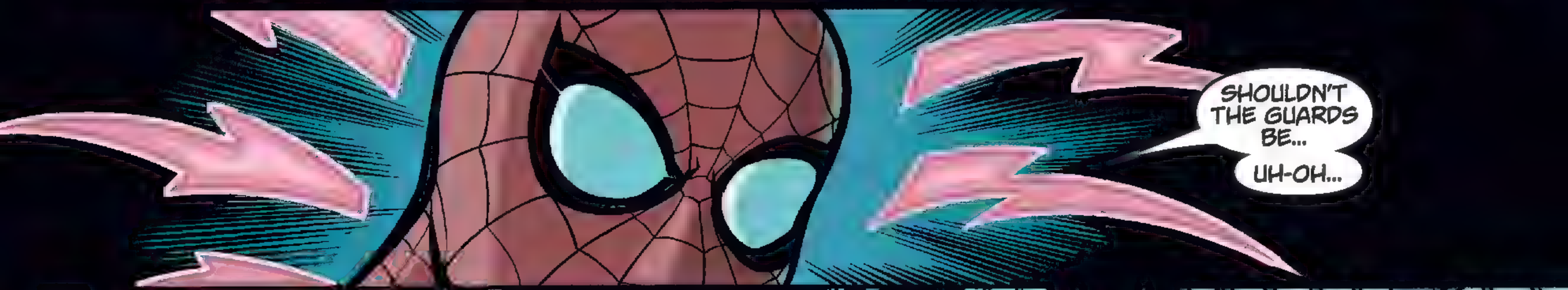


AWFULLY
QUIET...

APPARENTLY,
CRIME DOES
SLEEP.

NO -- REALLY
QUIET. I'M ONLY
PICKING UP TWO
HEARTBEATS.

AND ONE'S
RACING.



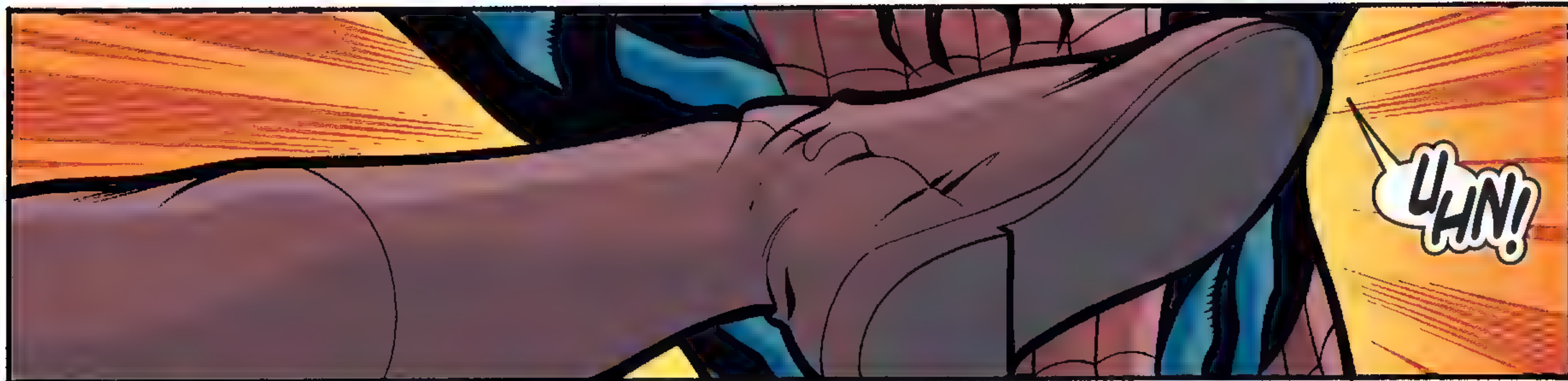
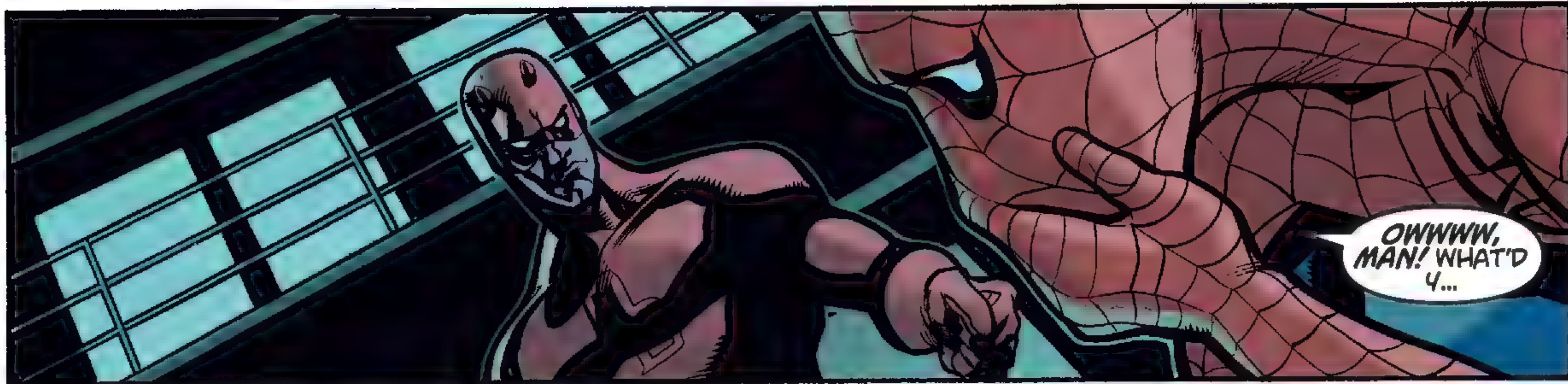
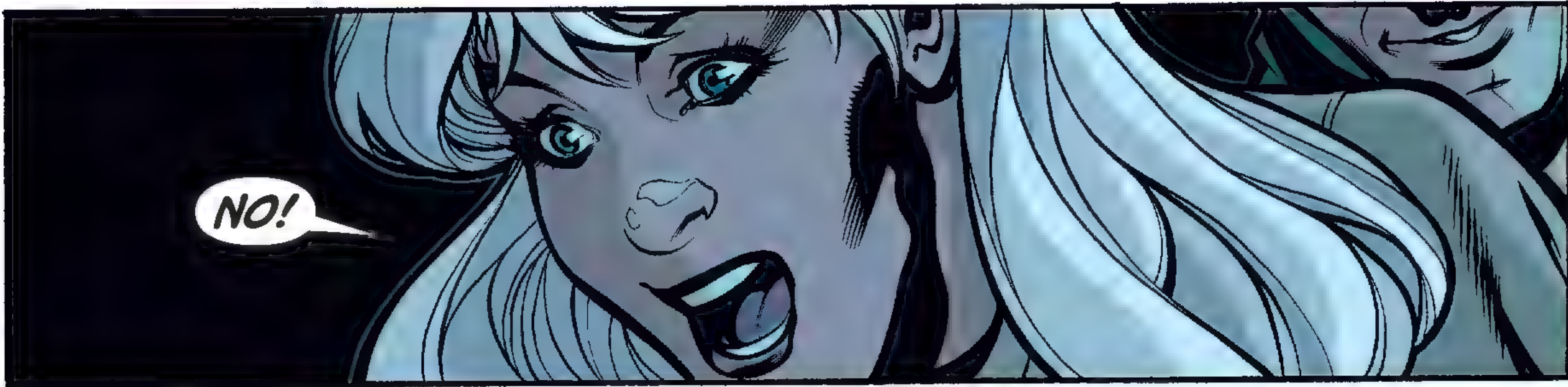
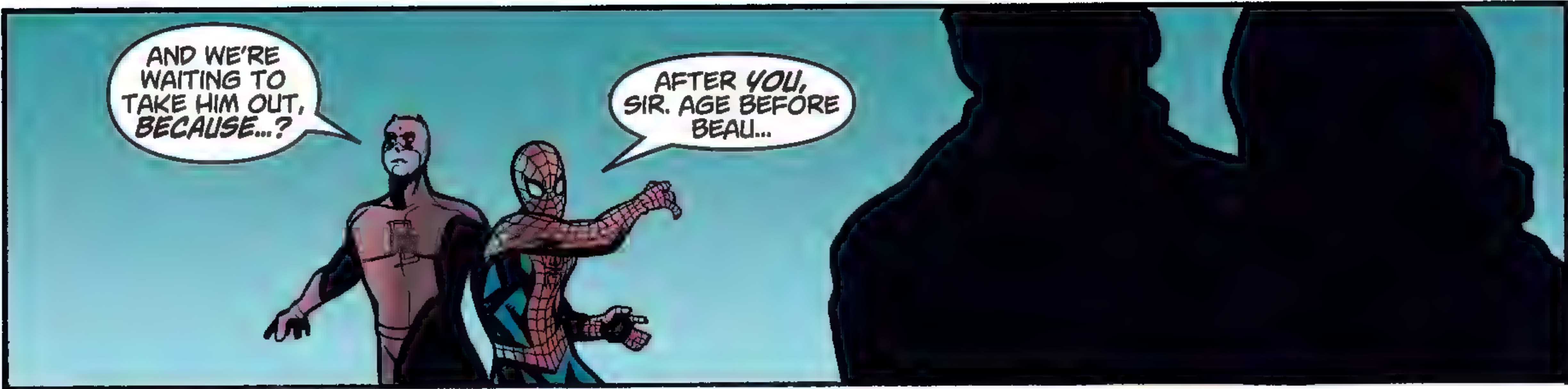
SHOULDN'T
THE GUARDS
BE...

UH-OH...

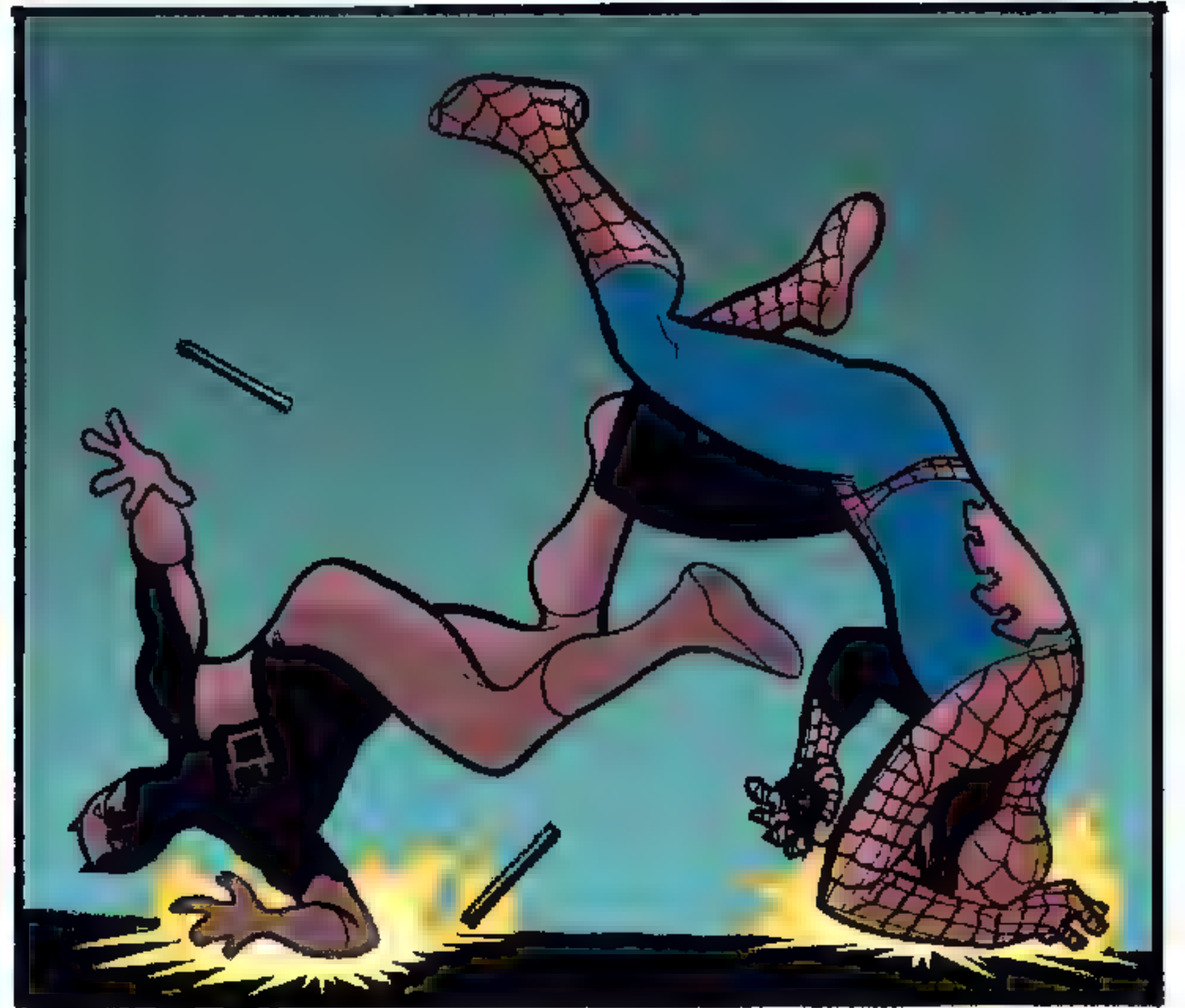
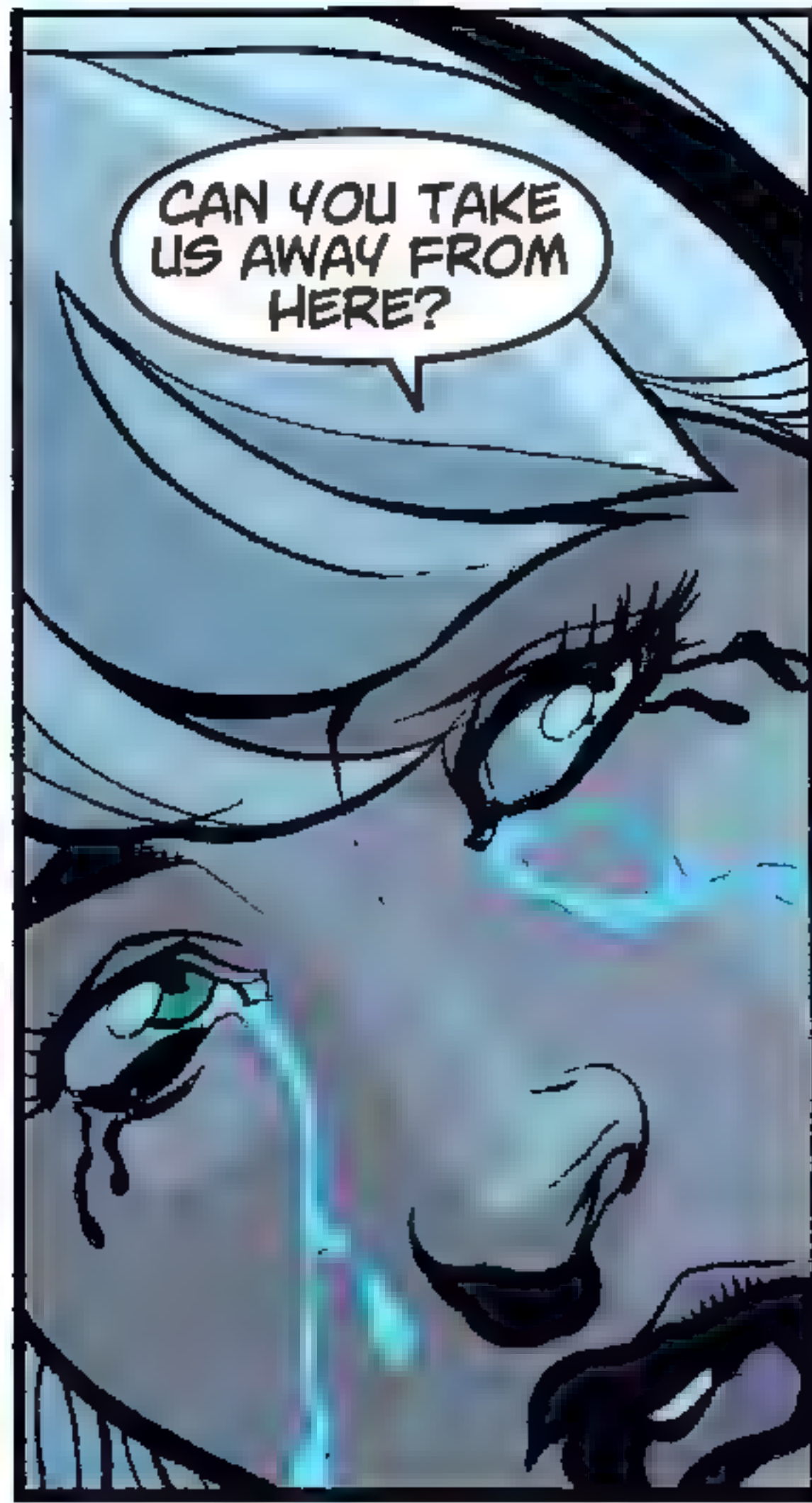
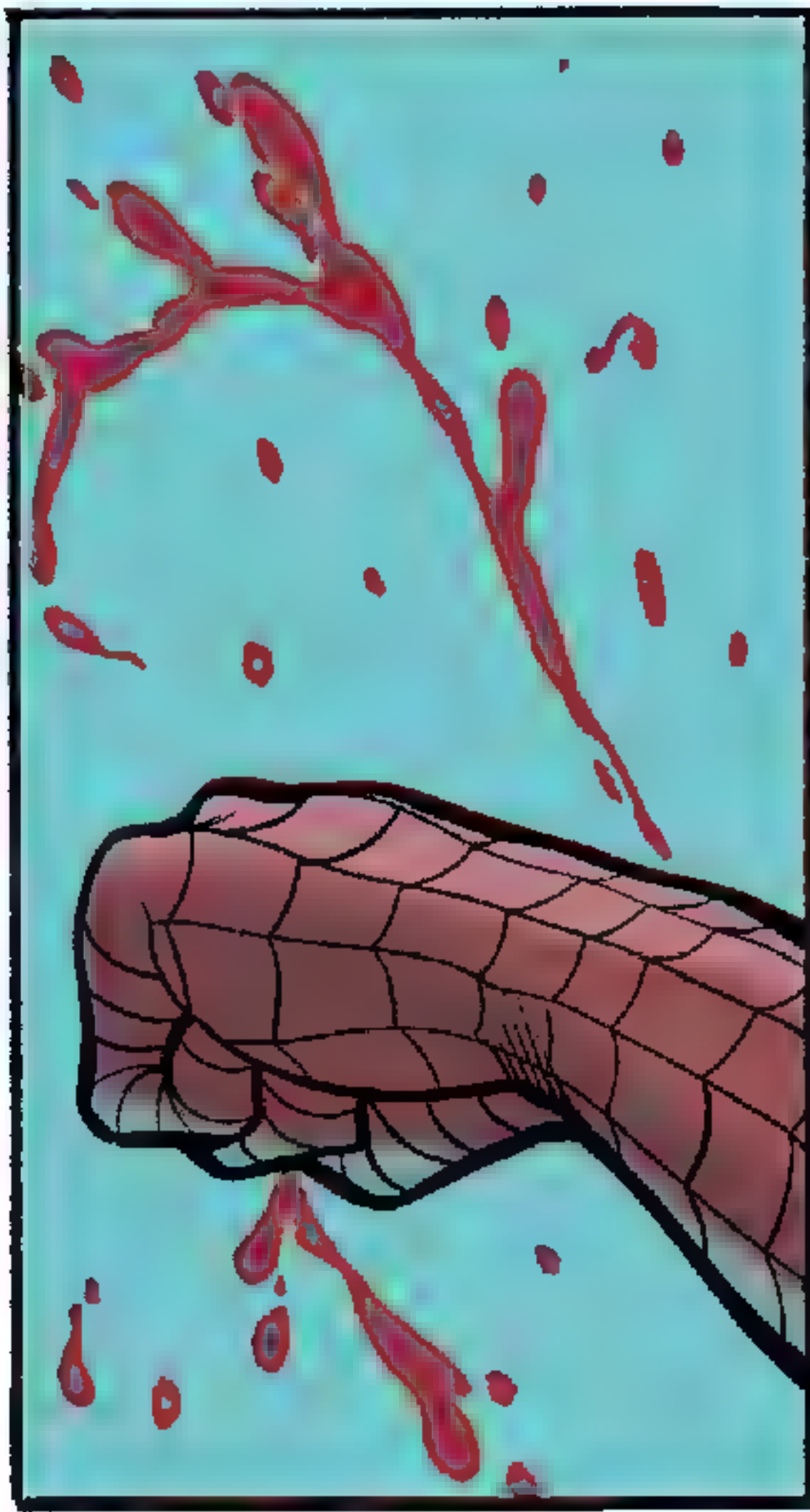


PEEK-A-BOO.











TERRY
DODD
RACHEL

ARRRRRRROOOOOOOOO

RYKER'S ISLAND





MARVEL
COMICS
presents

SPIDER-MAN
and the
BLACK CAT

in

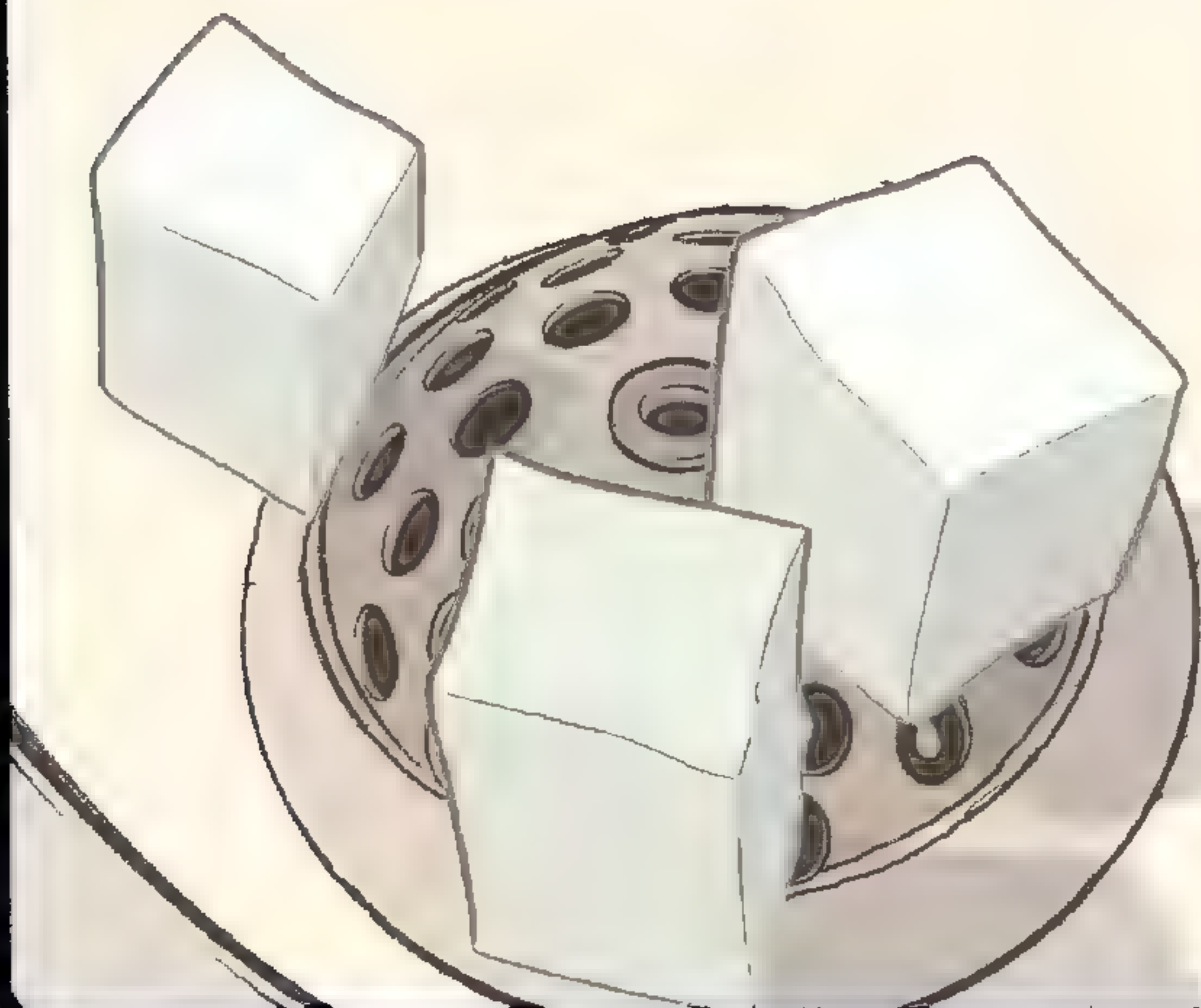
"The EVIL THAT MEN DO"

*Part
Five:*

TRICKLE DOWN



"YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T KNOW THIS, BUT WHEN I WAS A KID, THEY USED TO ALWAYS FILL URINALS WITH ICE."



"I COULD NEVER FIGURE OUT WHY, EXACTLY. I USED TO THINK IT WAS A GAME..."

"LIKE 'HEY, KIDS! SEE HOW MANY CUBES YOU CAN MELT BEFORE YOU'RE DONE!'"



"BUT WHEN I WAS TWELVE, MY BROTHER TAUGHT ME WHY THEY PUT ICE IN URINALS."

SEE GOOCH? I TOLD YOU I SAW DUM-DUM KLUM GOING INTO THE SOPHOMORE BATHROOM!

YOU OWE ME TEN BUCKS!

YOU KNOW THE ONLY THING I HATE MORE'N LOSING BETS, FROSTY?



PANSIES!

UHN!



HE'S A JEW, TOO.

WHO TOLD YOU YOU COULD USE OUR BATHROOM, YOU LITTLE JEW GAYLORD?

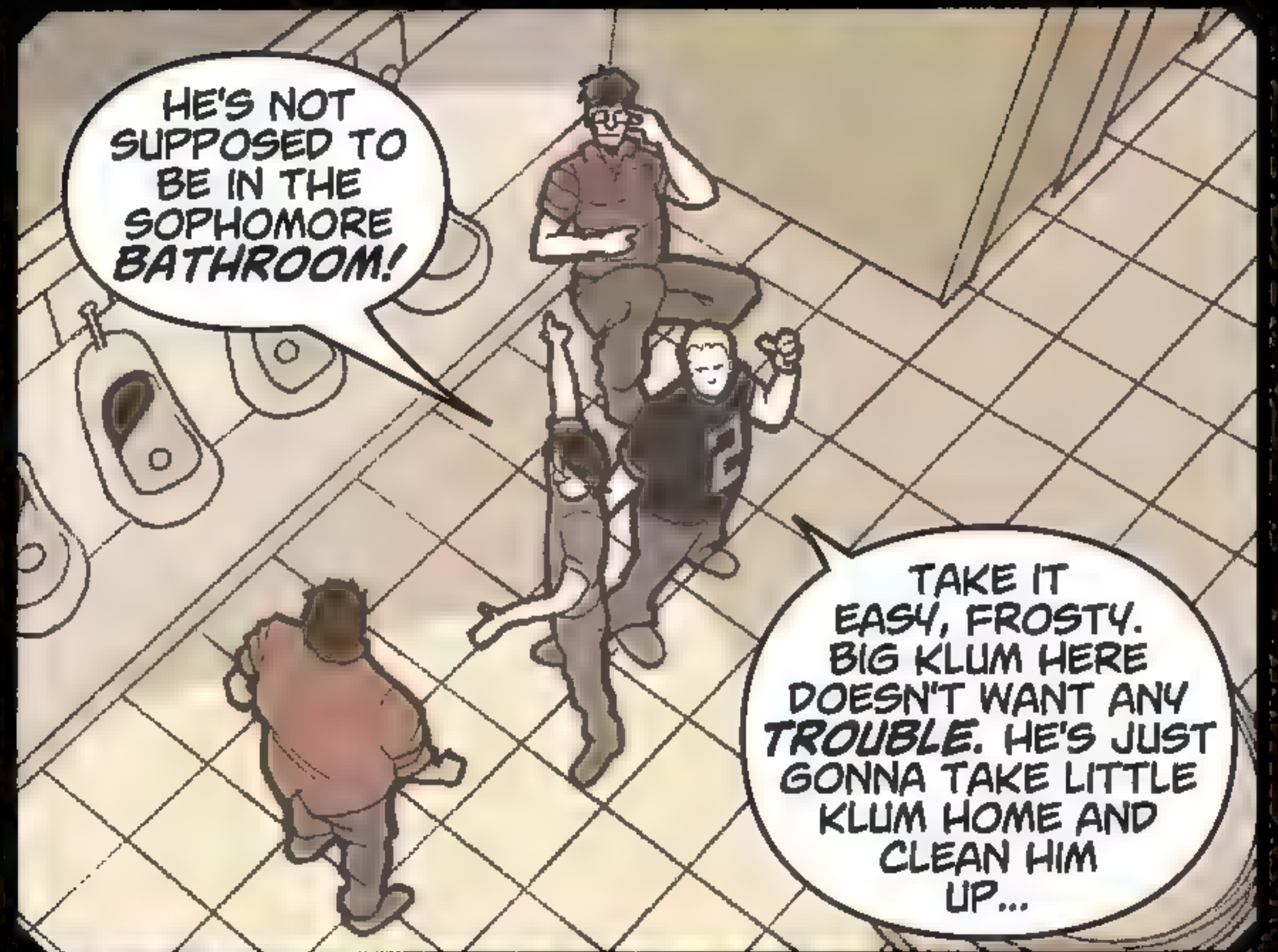
I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T...

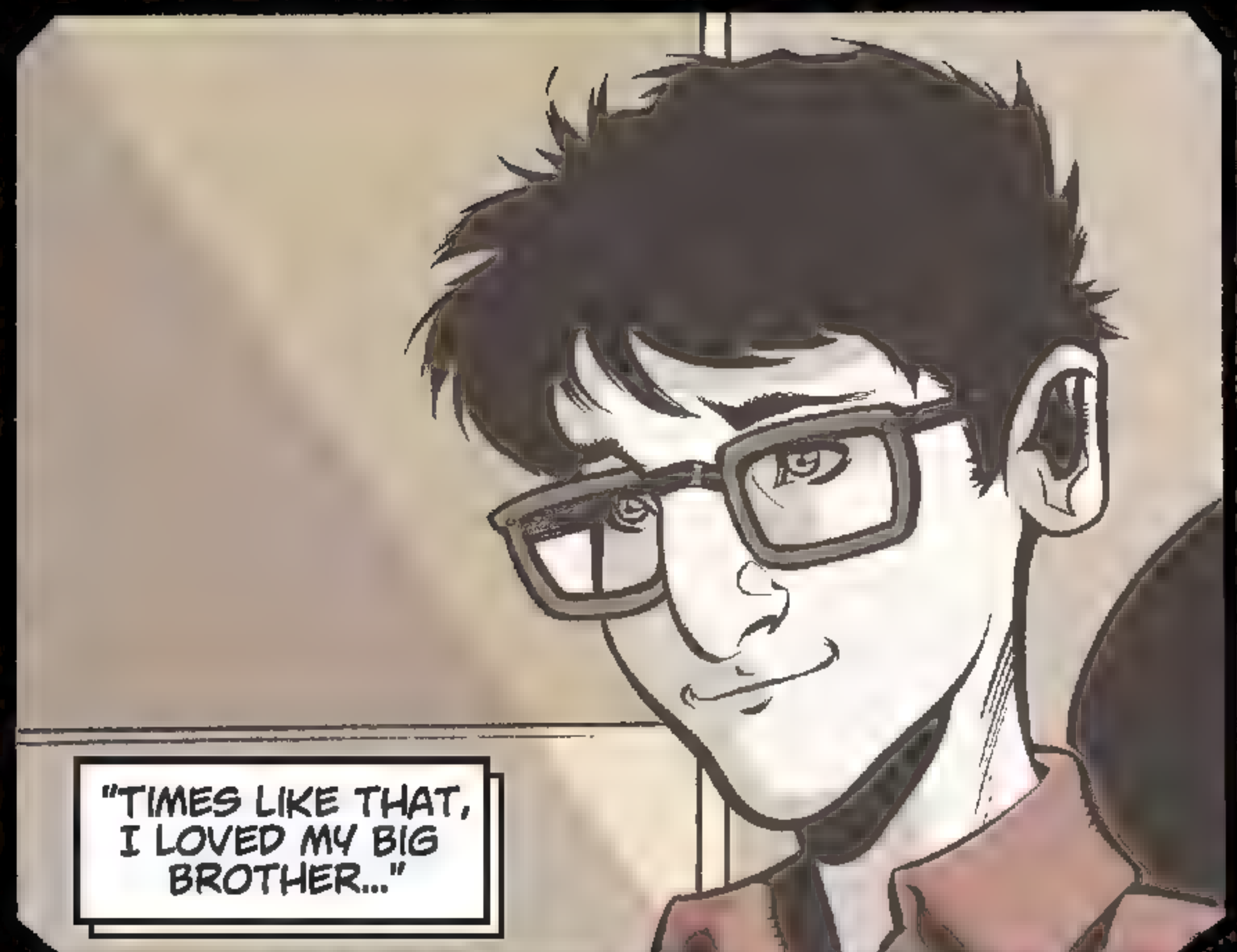
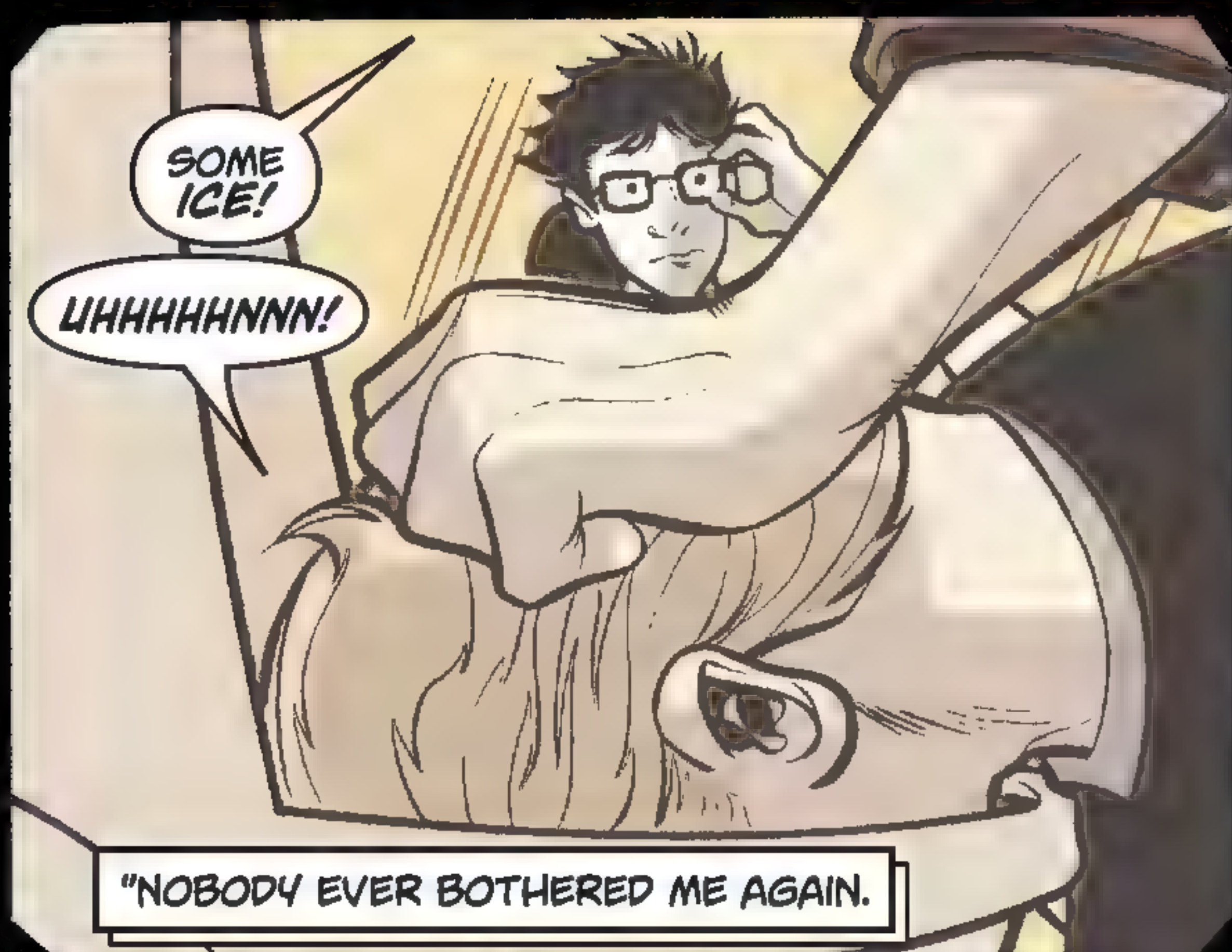


HOW MANY TIMES D'YA HAVE TO SLAP THIS SISSY AROUND BEFORE HE GETS THE MESSAGE, GOOCH?

Y'KNOW WHAT? IF HE WANTS TO GO WITH THE BIG BOYS, THEN LET'S SHOW HIM HOW THE BIG BOYS GO!







"OTHER TIMES?"

"NOT SO MUCH..."

I
DON'T WANNA,
GARRISON.

C'MON,
FRANCIS.
JUST DO IT
THIS ONE LAST
TIME.

I DON'T
LIKE DOING IT.
IT'S NOT
RIGHT.

I'M ALWAYS
HELPING YOU,
FRANCIS. WHAT
ABOUT WHAT I
DID TO GOOCH
HERBERT?

I SAID
THANK
YOU...

SO YOU
CAN'T JUST DO
THIS ONE THING
FOR ME TO RETURN
THE FAVOR? IT'LL
BE THE LAST TIME,
I SWEAR.

WE'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO DO
STUFF LIKE THAT,
GARRISON. WE'RE
BROTHERS.

AND DON'T
YOU LOVE YOUR
BROTHER?

YEAH,
BUT...

I'LL NEVER ASK
YOU TO DO IT AGAIN,
I PROMISE.

PLEASE,
FRANCIS.

"SEE--IT CAN'T BE
VICTIMIZATION IF
IT'S DONE WITH LOVE..."

GOOD
BOY...

CAN IT?

IF YOU DIDN'T
WANT IT TO HAPPEN,
THEN THERE IS NO LOVE
BEHIND IT, FRANCIS. IF
GARRISON LOVED YOU, HE
WOULDN'T HAVE MADE YOU
DO THINGS YOU DIDN'T
WANT TO DO.

I
SUPPOSE...

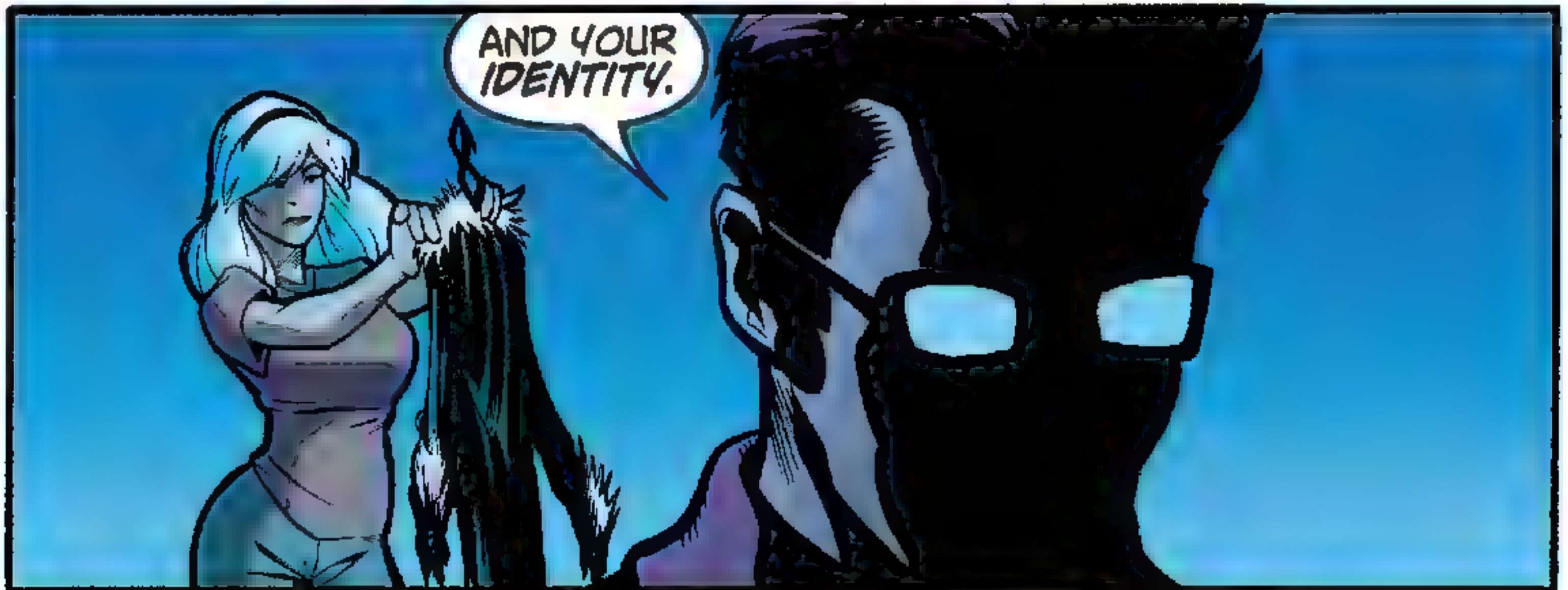
YOU'RE SURE
THIS IS WHERE YOU
WANT US TO BE
RIGHT NOW?

TELEPORTING US BOTH OUT OF
RYKER'S TOOK A LOT OUT OF ME.
I'VE NEVER DONE TWO PEOPLE
BEFORE--WHICH IS WHY
I THINK WE ONLY GOT
THIS FAR.

I CAN'T RISK
TRYING IT AGAIN.
WE MIGHT SHOW UP
ONLY...PARTIALLY...IN
THE NEXT PLACE.
Y'KNOW?

WHY?
IS THIS
BAD?

I JUST
FEEL A LITTLE...
EXPOSED UP
HERE.







SPEAK
OF THE
DEVIL...

...UND
THE DEVIL
APPEARS.

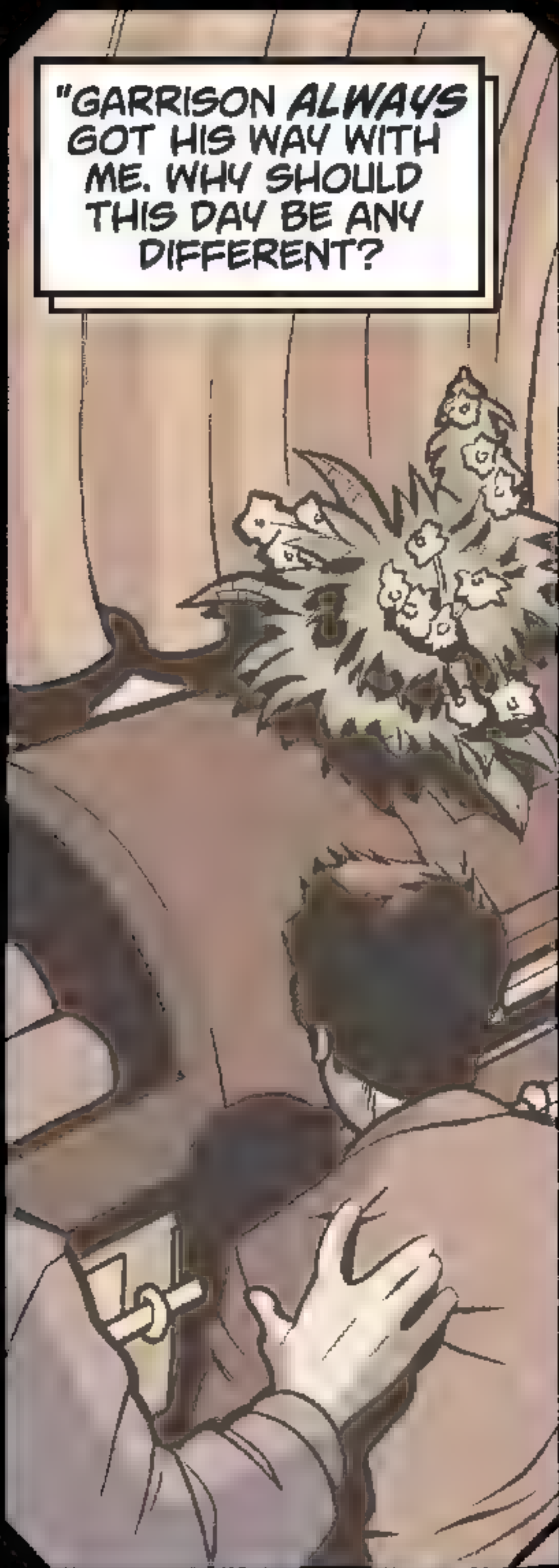
"TELEPORTING SCARES
THE HELL OUT OF ME."



"IT WAS AT MOM'S FUNERAL. I DIDN'T WANT TO LOOK AT THE BODY, BUT GARRISON INSISTED."

DON'T BE SUCH A *WUSSY*, FRANCIS. IT'S JUST MOM.

I DON'T WANT TO, GARRISON. PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME...



"GARRISON ALWAYS GOT HIS WAY WITH ME. WHY SHOULD THIS DAY BE ANY DIFFERENT?"



"SHE JUST LOOKED SO DIFFERENT. UNREAL, REALLY. I COULDN'T TAKE *SEEING* HER LIKE THAT..."



"I JUST THOUGHT ABOUT GETTING AWAY FROM THERE. THOUGHT AND THOUGHT SO HARD, UNTIL..."



"I WAS."

BAMF



I WOUND UP IN THIS MALL IN DALLAS I'D ONCE SEEN ON A TV SHOW. ISN'T THAT *STRANGE*? IT TOOK ME TWO DAYS TO WISH MYSELF BACK HOME. AT THAT POINT, GARRISON WAS ALL OVER ME WITH *QUESTIONS*.

LIKE HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN ABLE TO *DO* THAT? AND I MUST NEVER DO IT UNLESS HE *SAYS* SO. THAT KINDA THING.

BUT WHEN DID YOU FIND OUT YOU COULD MAKE PEOPLE *DO* THINGS YOU WANTED THEM TO DO?

THAT WAS THANKS TO GARRISON, AGAIN.

"WHEN GARRISON FIRST STARTED BUILDING HIS DRUG TRADE, HE TOOK ME WITH HIM TO ATLANTIC CITY..."

"...WHERE HE DECIDED I SHOULD LOSE MY VIRGINITY TO A PROFESSIONAL."

GOD, WOULD YOU MOVE OR SOMETHING?

I'M SORRY, I CAN'T...FIND THE...

I CAN'T DO THIS...

YOU'VE NEVER DONE IT BEFORE, HAVE YOU?

NOT... NOT LIKE THIS.

THEN LIKE HOW?

"SEE, ALL THOSE YEARS GARRISON FORCED ME TO..."

"WELL, IT HAD AN EFFECT ON ME..."

THE OTHER WAY.

OH, NO!
I DON'T GO IN FOR THAT!
YOU CAN FORGET IT, YA' FREAK-O PERV! YOU CAN JUST CHECK IN WITH THE JUNKIES UNDER THE BOARDWALK IF YOU WANT THAT KINDA THING!

"BUT I DIDN'T WANT HER TO GO. I WANTED HER TO STAY AND LET ME DO THE THINGS TO HER THAT GARRISON HAD DONE TO ME FOR YEARS.

"SO I USED MY MIND TO TELL HERS WHAT TO DO."

YOU'RE NOT LEAVING. NOT UNTIL YOU DO THE THINGS I WANT.

LIKE HELL I AM...

UHN!

NO! GET OUTTA MY HEAD!
NO!

"IT NEVER FELT LIKE I WAS DOING ANYTHING *WRONG*. I WASN'T *PHYSICALLY* FORCING HER TO DO ANYTHING. I DIDN'T SLAP HER AROUND OR HOLD A *GUN* TO HER HEAD. SHE DID IT ALL WILLINGLY."



"PHYSICALLY
WILLINGLY, AT LEAST."

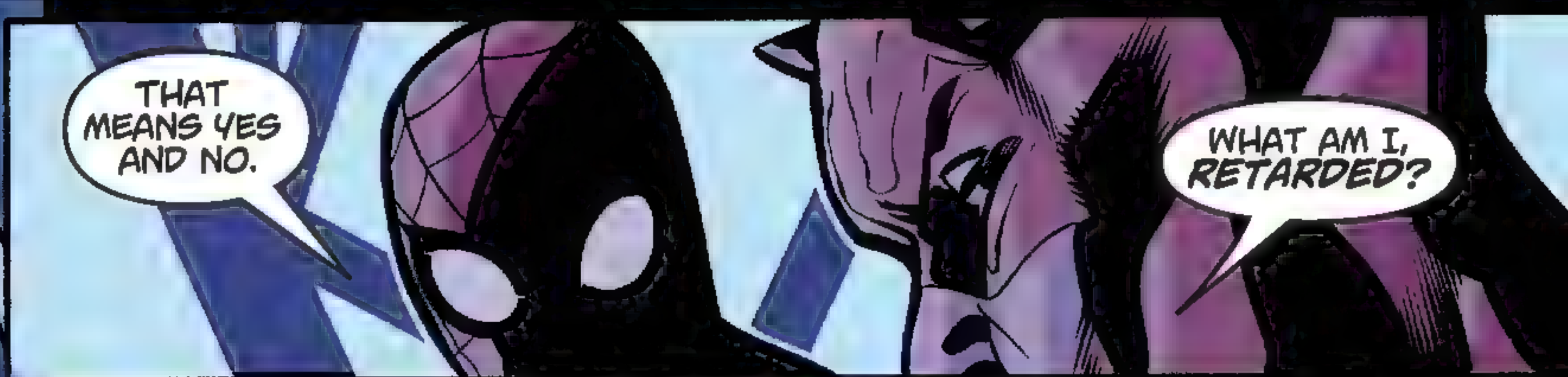
PLEASE,
NOOOOOO!!!



"I KNOW HOW
SHE FELT."

SO YOU'RE
SAYING OUR
TELEPORTER'S
GOTTA BE A
MUTANT?

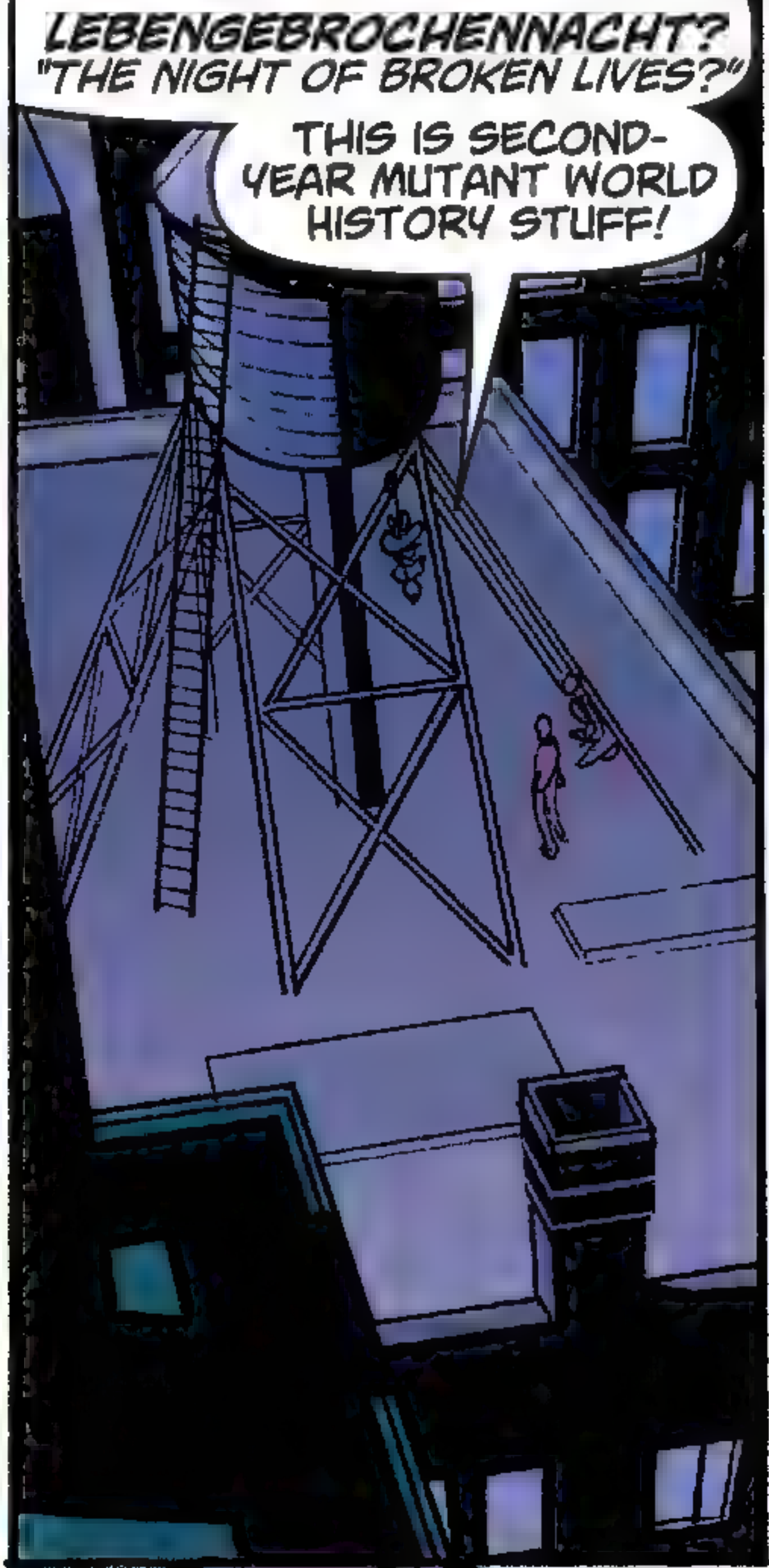
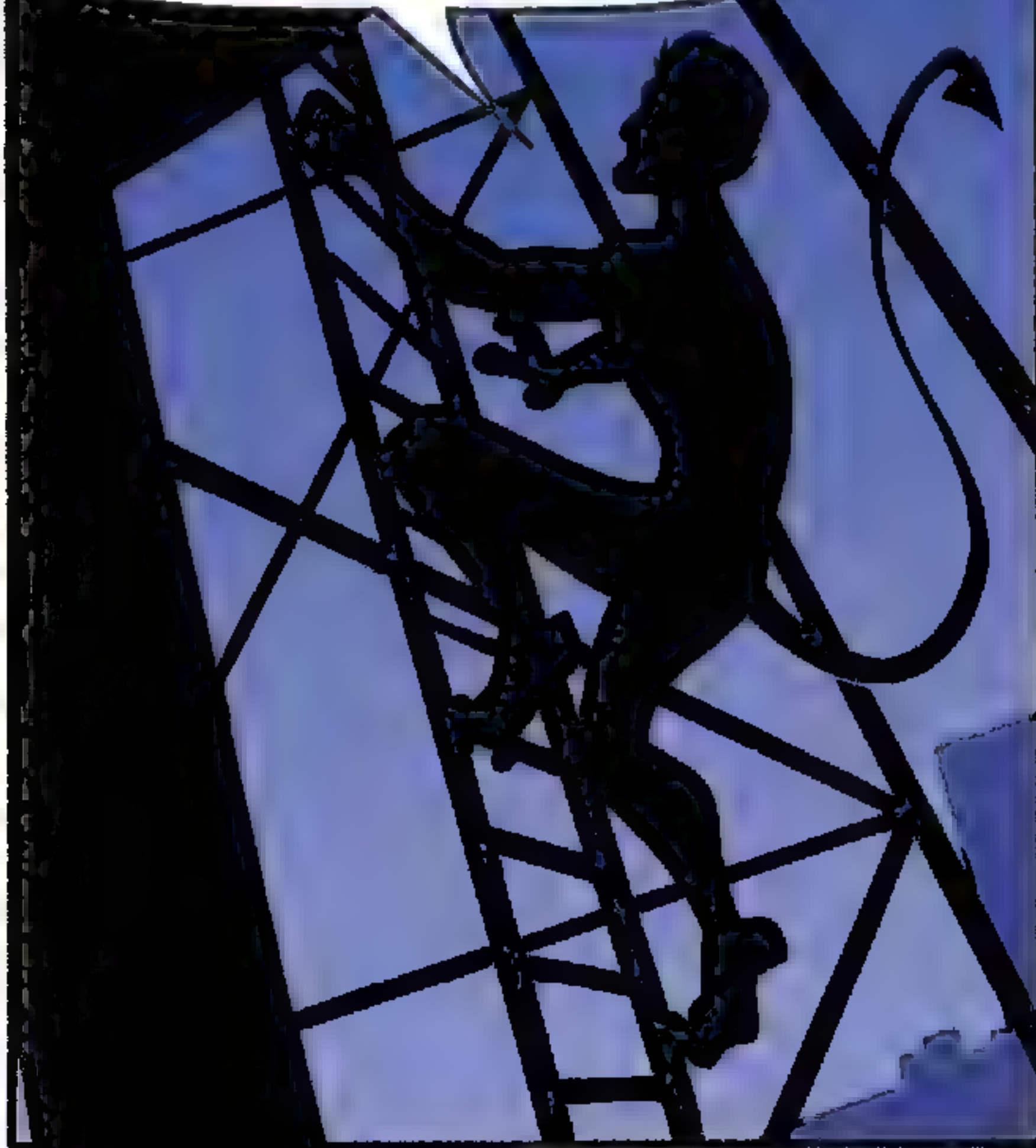
JAWOHL
UND NEIN.



THAT
MEANS YES
AND NO.

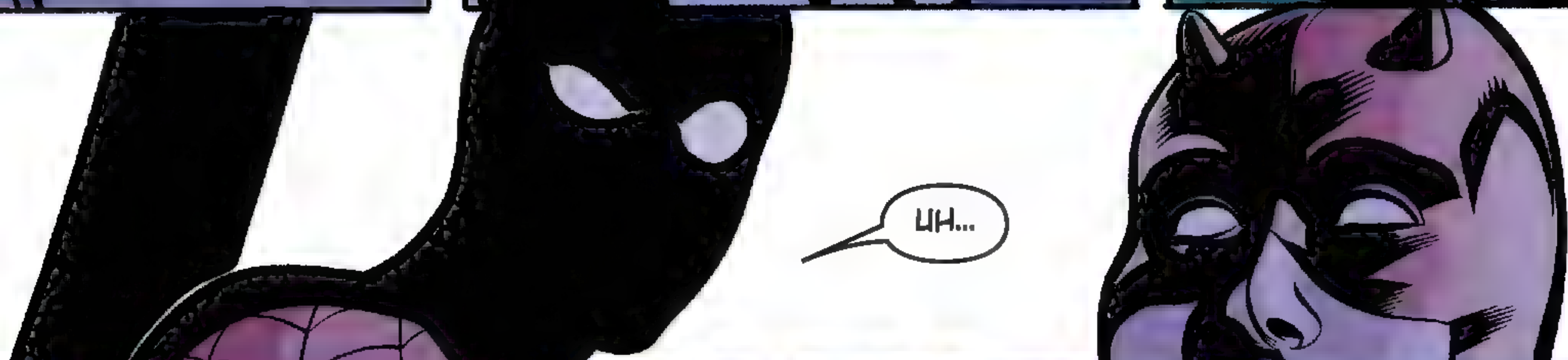
WHAT AM I,
RETARDED?

THERE ARE VERY FEW LEVEL ONE MUTANT
TELEPORTERS. I'VE ONLY EVER MET
TWO, BESIDES MYSELF.
HOWEVER, THERE ARE PLENTY OF
PEOPLE WITH TELEPORTATION ABILITIES
WHO AREN'T TECHNICALLY *MUTANTS*.
MOST WERE VICTIMS OF
LEBENGEBROCHENNACHT.

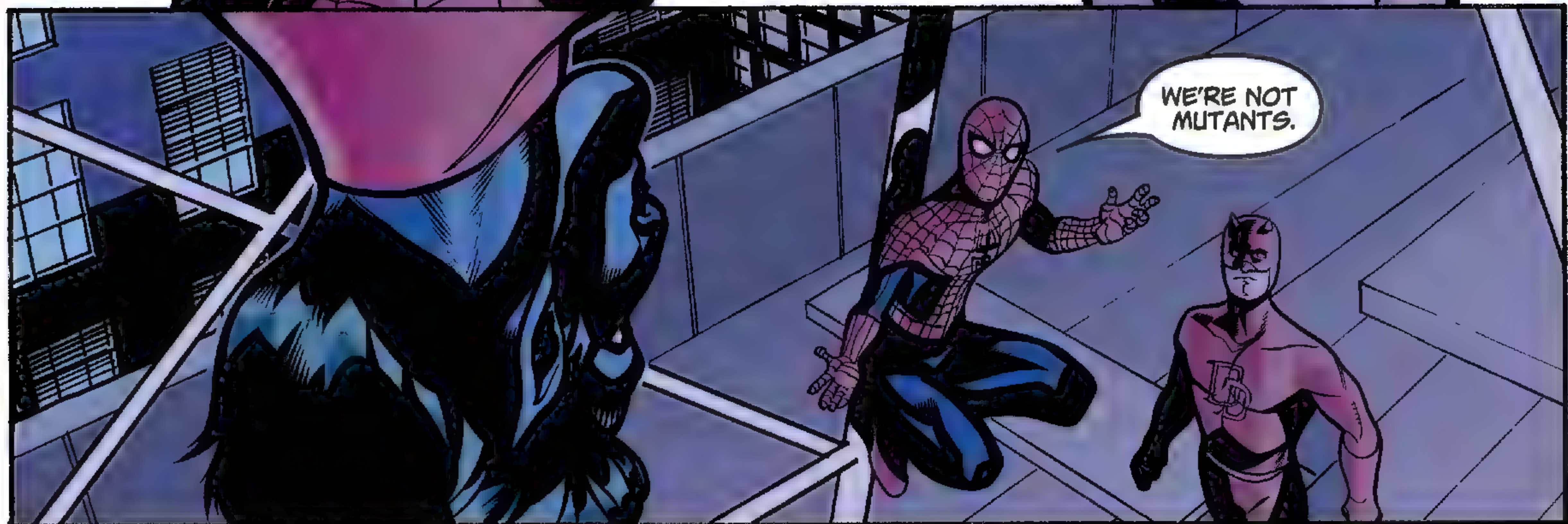


LEBENGEBROCHENNACHT?
"THE NIGHT OF BROKEN LIVES?"

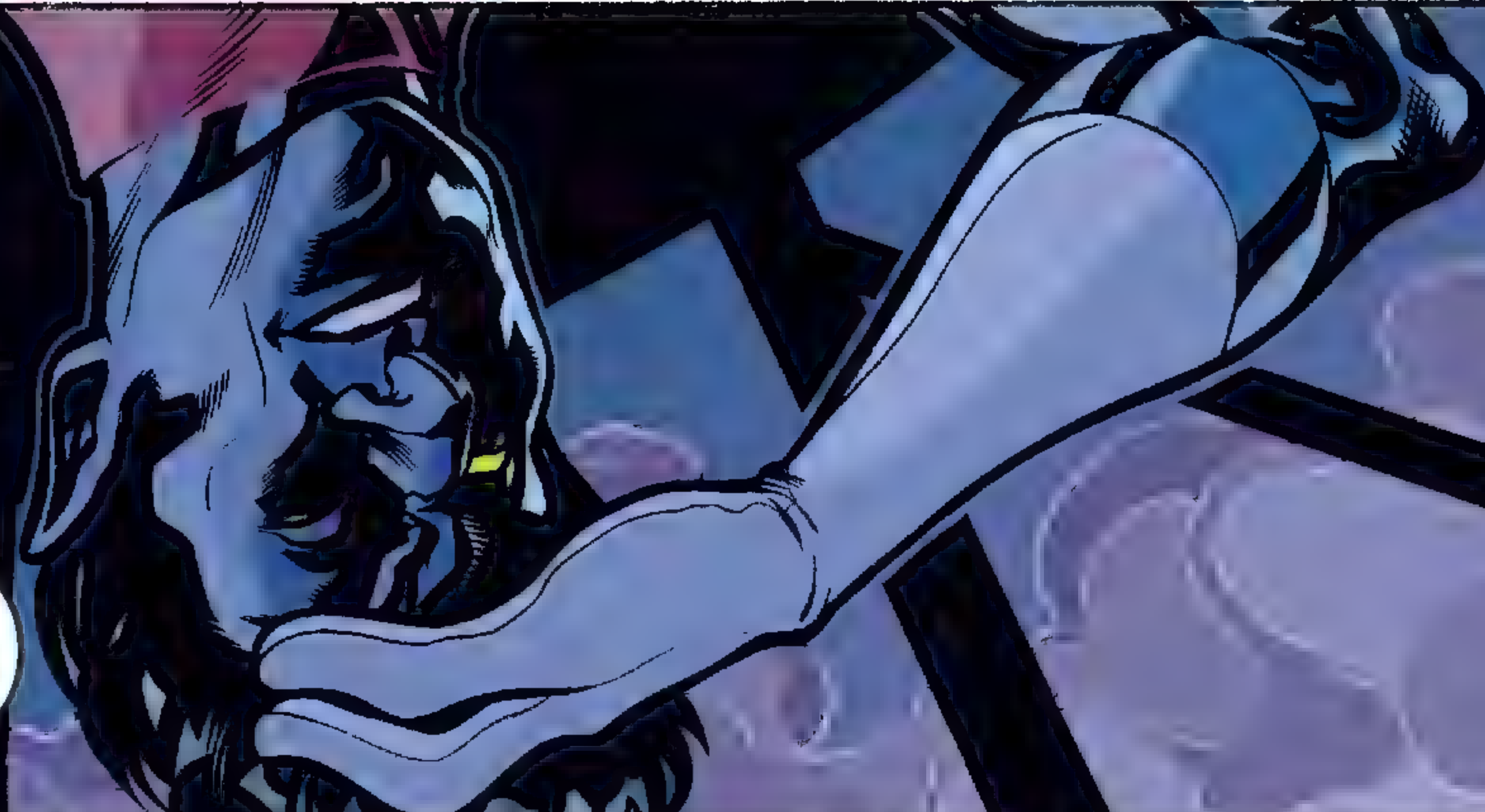
THIS IS SECOND-
YEAR MUTANT WORLD
HISTORY STUFF!



UH...



WE'RE NOT
MUTANTS.



MEIN GOTT.
I'M AMIDST
HEATHENS.

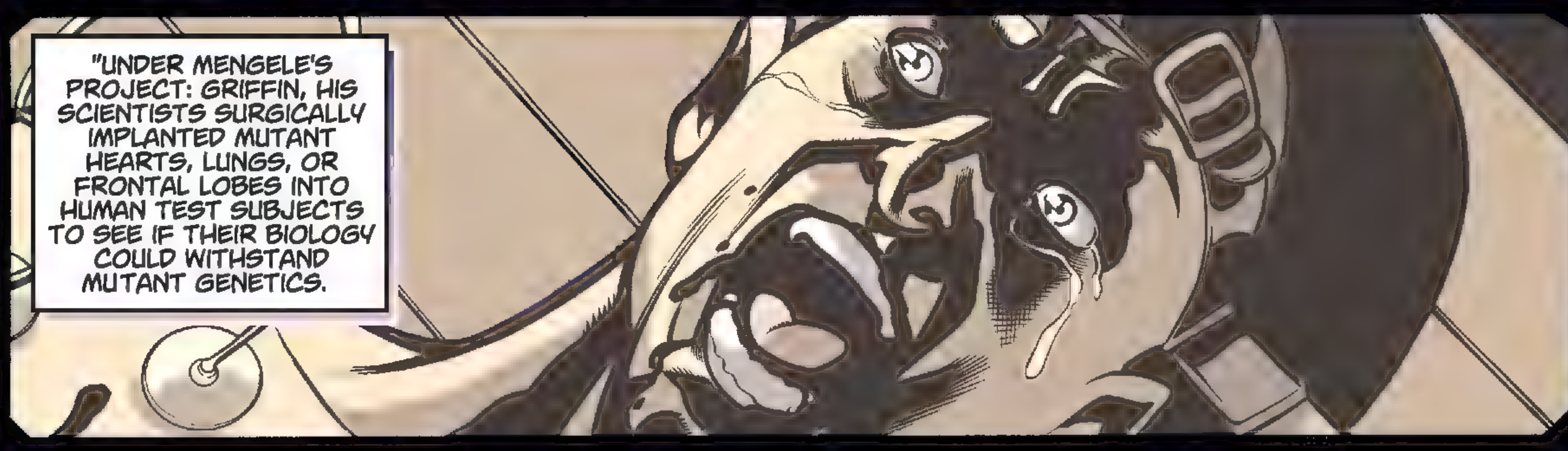
WE'RE FORCED
TO LEARN *YOUR*
HISTORY, BUT YOU
CAN'T BE *BOTHERED*
TO LEARN *OURS*.
TYPICAL.



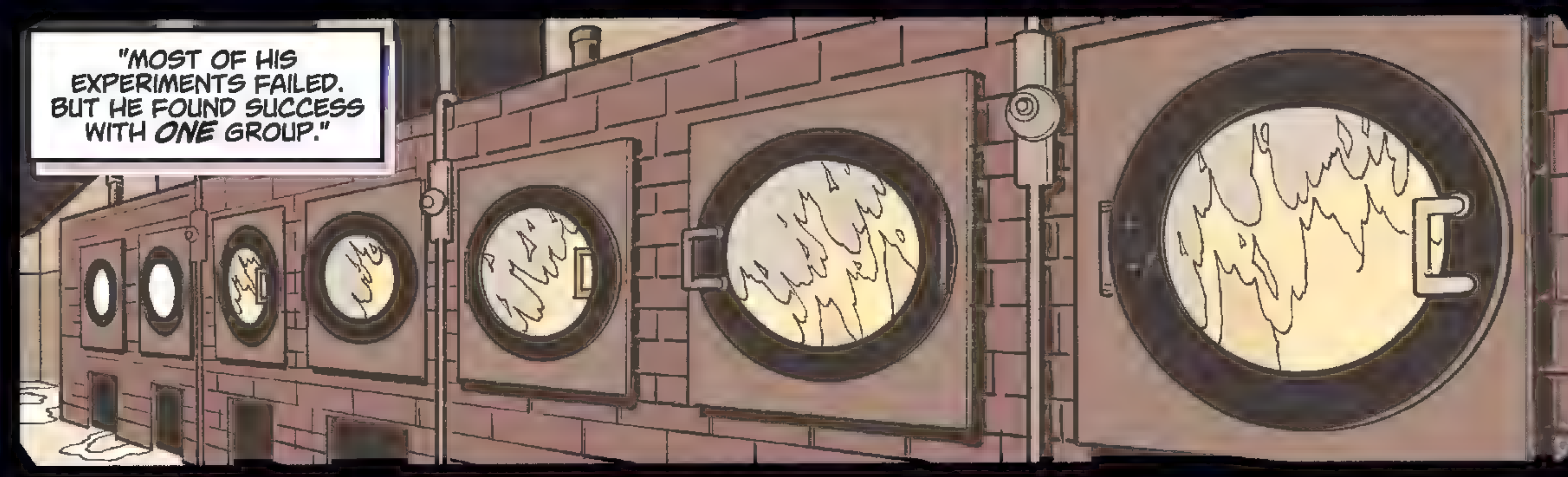
"LEBENGEBROCHENNACHT
WAS THE NIGHT THE
NAZIS BEGAN HUNTING
DOWN MUTANTS.



"JOSEF MENGELE, THE
ANGEL OF DEATH *HIMSELF*,
THEORIZED THAT MUTANT
ORGANS AND TISSUE
TRANSPLANTED INTO THE
HUMAN PHYSIOGNOMY
COULD HOLD THE KEY TO
A MASTER RACE.



"UNDER MENGELE'S
PROJECT: GRIFFIN, HIS
SCIENTISTS SURGICALLY
IMPLANTED MUTANT
HEARTS, LUNGS, OR
FRONTAL LOBES INTO
HUMAN TEST SUBJECTS
TO SEE IF THEIR BIOLOGY
COULD WITHSTAND
MUTANT GENETICS.



"MOST OF HIS
EXPERIMENTS FAILED.
BUT HE FOUND SUCCESS
WITH *ONE* GROUP."

"CHILDREN WERE THE IDEAL TEST SUBJECTS BECAUSE THEY BELIEVED THE LIES THEY WERE TOLD."

"IF YOU DO AS WE SAY, WE'LL RETURN YOU TO YOUR PARENTS.' THAT KIND OF THING."



"HE CALLED THAT GROUP OF TEST SUBJECTS 'WENIG TAKTREISENDERS'..."

"'LITTLE TIME TRAVELERS.'"

BAMF



"BUT HITLER DECIDED THAT THE CROSS-BREED REPRESENTED A THREAT TO THE WAR EFFORT-- THAT ONE WENIG TAKTREISENDER COULD EMPTY A CAMP, IF HE OR SHE GOT THE NOTION..."

"NOT TO MENTION TELEPORT INTO HITLER'S BEDROOM AND KILL HIM IN HIS SLEEP."



"SO MENGELE ORDERED THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEST SUBJECTS."



"AND HE WOULD'VE WIPED THEM ALL OUT..."

"...IF THE ALLIES HADN'T LIBERATED THE CAMP BEFORE HE WAS THROUGH."



SO THROUGHOUT GERMANY AND EASTERN EUROPE, THERE ARE GENERATIONS OF HYBRID HUMAN-MUTANTS WITH TELEPORTATION ABILITIES OF VARYING DEGREES.

AND THOSE DILUTED GENETICS ARE PASSED DOWN FROM CHILD TO CHILD, TAKING HOLD IN SOME, REMAINING DORMANT IN OTHERS.

SOME HAVE LEVEL FIVE ABILITIES-- MEANING THEY CAN TELEPORT SMALL OBJECTS OR INORGANIC MATTER.

SOME, LIKE THE MAN YOU'VE DESCRIBED, ARE LEVEL ONE: THEY CAN TELEPORT THEMSELVES AND ANOTHER BIOLOGIC.

BUT THAT STILL WOULDN'T EXPLAIN HOW HE WAS ABLE TO MAKE US FIGHT. CAN TELEPORTERS BE TELEPATHIC TOO?

I'VE NEVER MET ONE, BUT IT'S NOT THAT FAR A STRETCH TO MAKE...

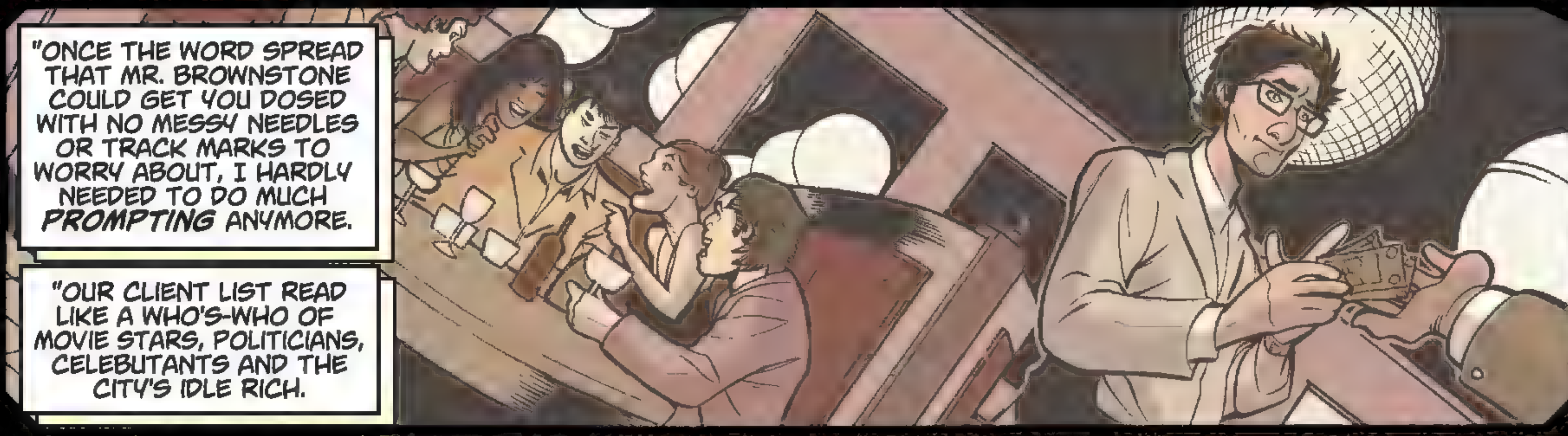




"WHAT IS TELEPATHY IF NOT THE TELEPORTATION OF IDEAS OR SUGGESTIONS?"

"WHEN I TOLD FRANCIS ABOUT WHAT I DID WITH THE PROSTITUTE, HE IMMEDIATELY RECONFIGURED HIS BUSINESS MODEL."

"THE PLAN WAS FOR ME TO USE MY 'PROMPT' TO GET RICH AND FAMOUS PEOPLE TO TRY GARRISON'S HEROIN, AND THEN HE'D TELEPORT FIXES DIRECTLY INTO THEIR BLOODSTREAMS."

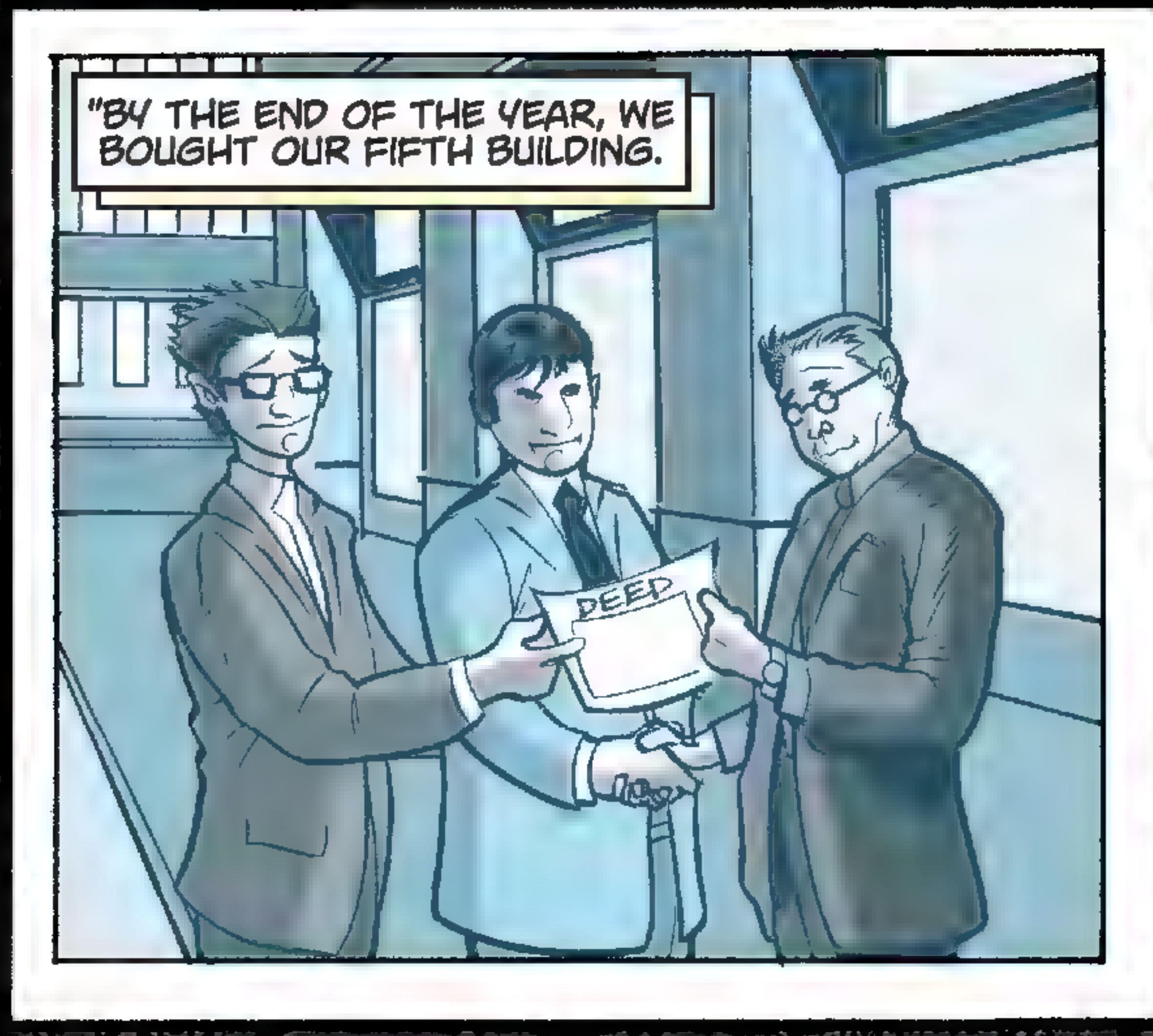


"ONCE THE WORD SPREAD THAT MR. BROWNSTONE COULD GET YOU DOSED WITH NO MESSY NEEDLES OR TRACK MARKS TO WORRY ABOUT, I HARDLY NEEDED TO DO MUCH PROMPTING ANYMORE."

"OUR CLIENT LIST READ LIKE A WHO'S-WHO OF MOVIE STARS, POLITICIANS, CELEBUTANTS AND THE CITY'S IDLE RICH."



"BY THE SIX-MONTH MARK, WE HAD ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY THE CLUB USED TO WORK OUT OF."



"BY THE END OF THE YEAR, WE BOUGHT OUR FIFTH BUILDING."



"WEALTH WILL BUY EVEN THE WORST CRIMINAL ACCESS."

"WE RUBBED ELBOWS WITH GOOD PEOPLE..."



"AND NOT SO GOOD PEOPLE."

"BY YEAR FIVE, WE WERE A LEGITIMATE ORGANIZATION ON THE SURFACE. FEW KNEW WE WERE FUELED BY THE DRUG TRADE."

"TWO BROTHERS FROM A NOTHING FAMILY HAD CONQUERED THE GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD. YOU WOULD'VE THOUGHT IT WAS CONQUEST *ENOUGH* FOR GARRISON..."

"I'D LEARN IT *WASN'T*..."

ABSOLUTELY, YOUR HONOR... NOT A PROBLEM AT ALL...TEN TONIGHT... ENJOY YOUR RIDE, SIR.

THAT MAKES, WHAT? *THREE* CIRCUIT COURT JUDGES IN OUR POCKET?

OSCORP IS LOW-BALLING THAT OFFER FOR THE BUILDING ON THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY.

NORMAN OSBORN CAN GO TO *HELL*. LIKE I *NEED* ANY MORE MONEY.

IF THAT'S THE CASE, THEN CAN YOU LET UP ON THIS TURF WAR WITH THE ORTEGAS? WHY'RE WE SUDDENLY GOING AFTER *THEIR* CLIENTELE?

IT'S STREET TRAFFIC, GARRISON. IT'S *BENEATH* US.

THAT'S WHERE I WANT THE ORTEGAS--*BENEATH* US. CRUSHED UNDER MY *HEEL*.

THEY'RE *KNOWN* TRAFFICKERS. THE DEA IS ALL OVER 'EM. THUS FAR, THE FEDS HAVE NEVER SO MUCH AS *BLINKED* AT US.

IF WE GET INTO IT WITH THE ORTEGAS, WE'RE GONNA DRAW HEAT FROM THE *NARCS*, AND OPEN UP A *REALLY* MESSY CAN OF WORMS.

YOU SHOULD *RELAX*, FRANCIS. YOU WORRY TOO MUCH.

YOU DON'T WORRY *ENOUGH*. YOU'RE GETTING TOO CAVALIER.

WHAT'RE YOU *DOING*?

IT'S A LITTLE TOO *BRIGHT* IN HERE.

"IT'D BEEN YEARS, BUT I KNEW WHAT HE WAS GOING TO SAY BEFORE HE EVEN SAID IT..."

I WANT YOU TO *DO* SOMETHING FOR ME, FRANCIS...

"HE DIDN'T EVEN *NEED* ME ANYMORE, LIKE HE DID WHEN I WAS A KID. HE WAS *PUSHER* TO THE STARS--HE COULD'VE HAD *ANYBODY*."

"BUT IT WAS NEVER ABOUT *SEX*. HE JUST WANTED TO REMIND ME WHO WAS IN *CHARGE*."

GARRISON... PLEASE DON'T...

SHHHHHH...

THAT'S A *GOOD* BOY...

CLIK

WHIRRRRRRRRRRR

WHIRRRRRRRRRRR

WHIRRRRRRRRRRR

CLIK



WHY DIDN'T YOU "PROMPT" HIM TO STOP?

GARRISON WAS THE ONLY PERSON MY PROMPTING NEVER WORKED ON. MAYBE IT WAS BECAUSE WE WERE BROTHERS, BUT HE WAS IMMUNE TO IT.

HE'D ALREADY RUINED MY CHILDHOOD. BUT DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE VIOLATED AS AN ADULT?

THAT'S WHY I INTERVENED THAT NIGHT.

"HE WAS DOING THAT THING HE DID WITH THE HEROIN WHENEVER HIS BASE, FILTHY NEED CLOUDED HIS JUDGEMENT. HE WAS DOSING YOU SO HE COULD HAVE HIS WAY WITH YOUR BODY.

"LIKE HE DID WITH THAT SCHOOLBOY-- THE ONE HUNTER TODD BROUGHT AROUND.

"LIKE HE DID WITH TRICIA LANE.



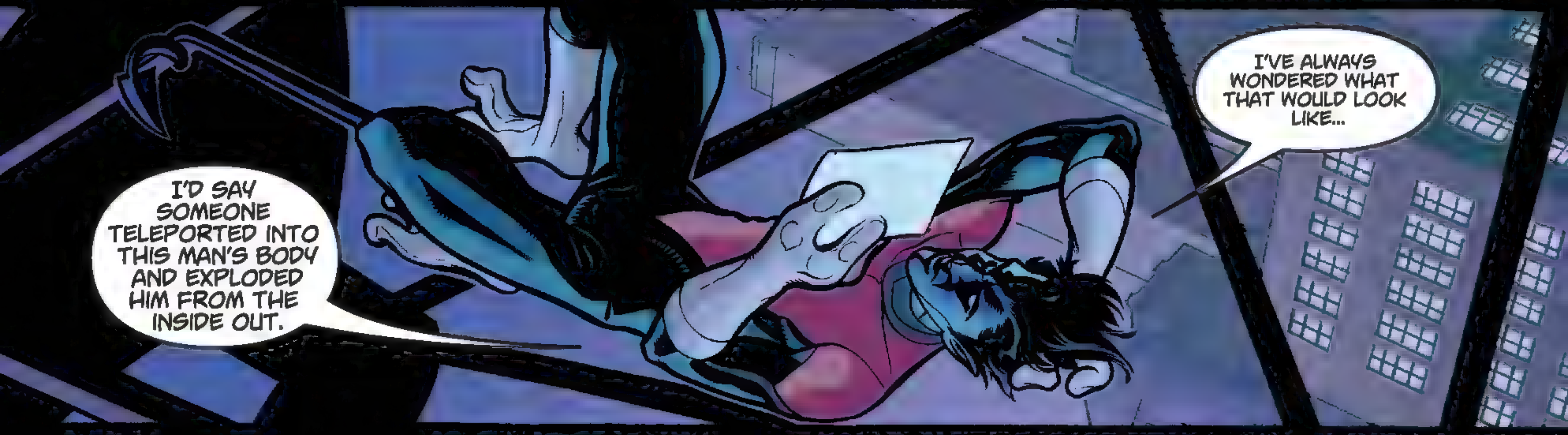
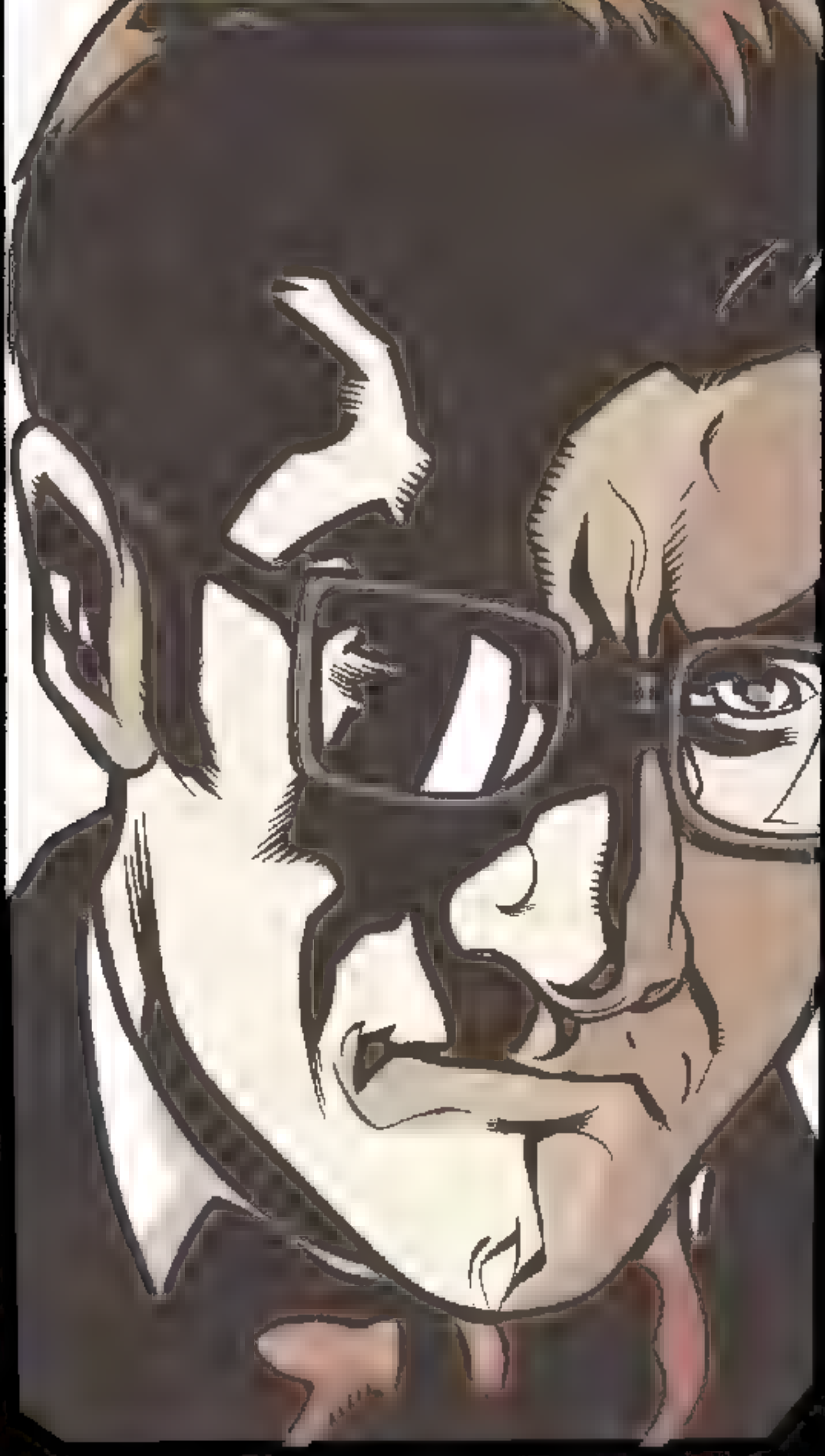
"I LOOKED AT YOU UNDER HIM, AND I SAW MYSELF. ALL THOSE YEARS, FORCED TO DO THINGS I DIDN'T WANT TO. THINGS I FOUND REPELLENT.



"I THOUGHT ABOUT HOW RECKLESS HE'D BECOME--WITH THE DRUG TRADE AND HIS SEXUAL APPETITES. HOW THE MURDERS HE COMMITTED WOULD EVENTUALLY EXPOSE OUR ABILITIES...AND MAYBE WORSE SECRETS I WAS TOO ASHAMED FOR THE WORLD TO LEARN.

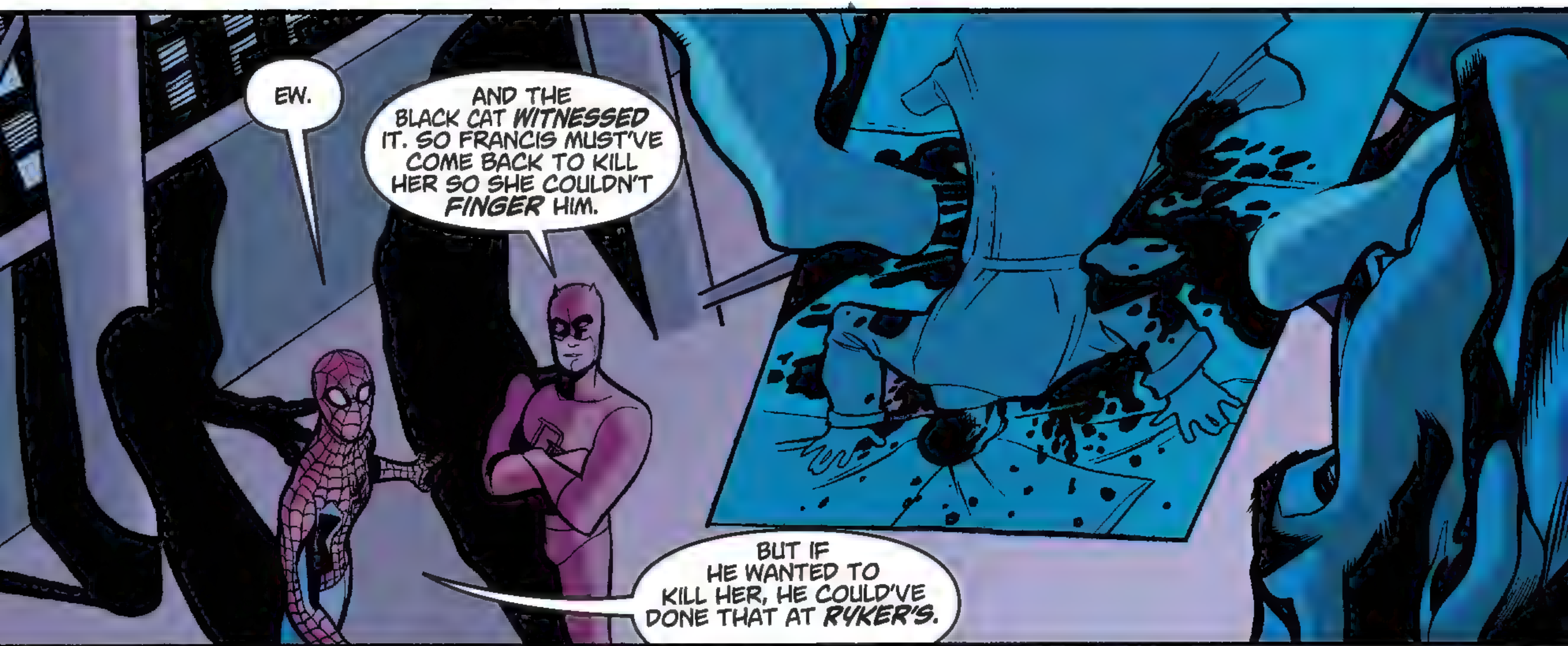
"I WAS TIRED OF IT ALL. VERY TIRED.

"SO I DID THE ONLY THING I COULD THINK TO DO IN THAT MOMENT..."



I'D SAY SOMEONE TELEPORTED INTO THIS MAN'S BODY AND EXPLODED HIM FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

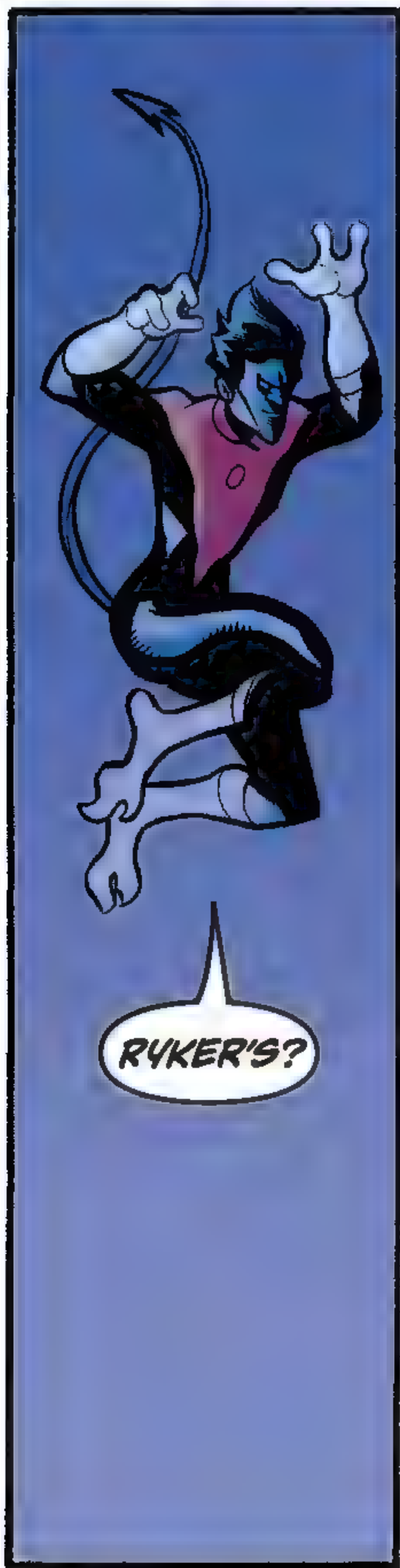
I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT THAT WOULD LOOK LIKE...



EW.

AND THE BLACK CAT WITNESSED IT. SO FRANCIS MUST'VE COME BACK TO KILL HER SO SHE COULDN'T FINGER HIM.

BUT IF HE WANTED TO KILL HER, HE COULD'VE DONE THAT AT RYKER'S.



RYKER'S?



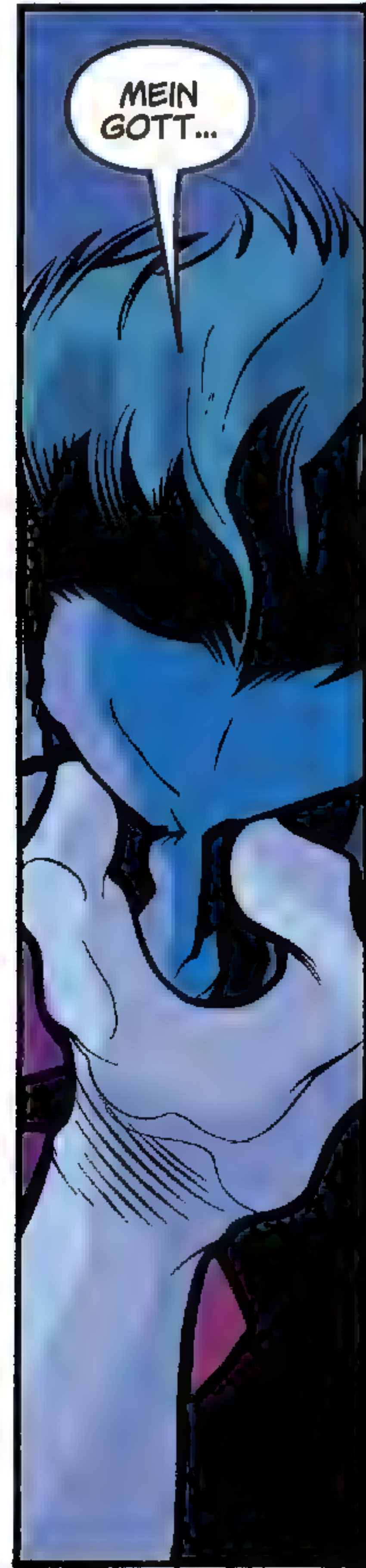
THE PRISON RYKER'S?



YEAH-- RYKER'S ISLAND.

THIS FRAÜLEIN YOU SPEAK OF--SHE WAS AT RYKER'S ISLAND?

UNTIL SHE WAS ABDUCTED BY THE TELEPORTER LAST NIGHT.



MEIN GOTT...

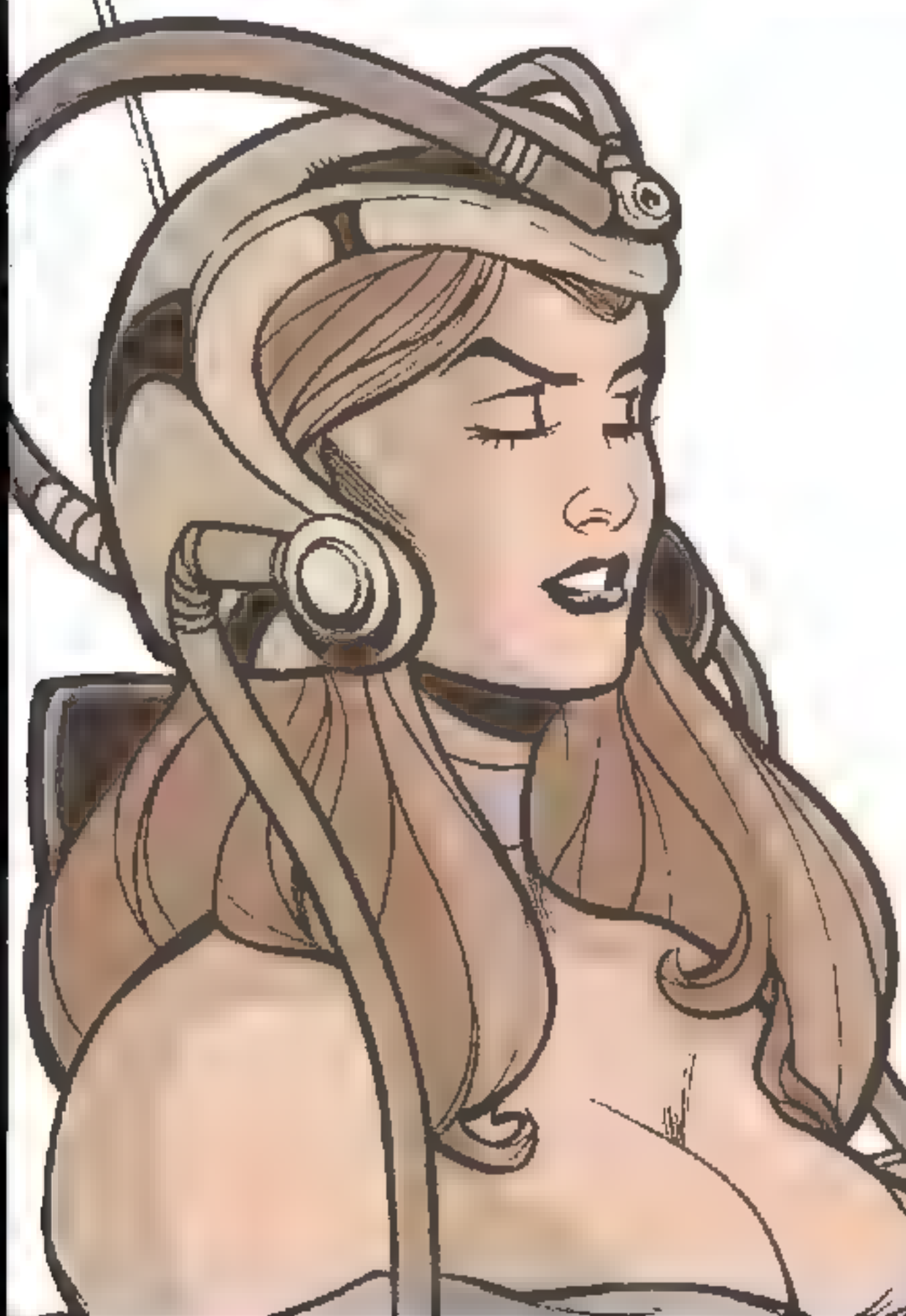
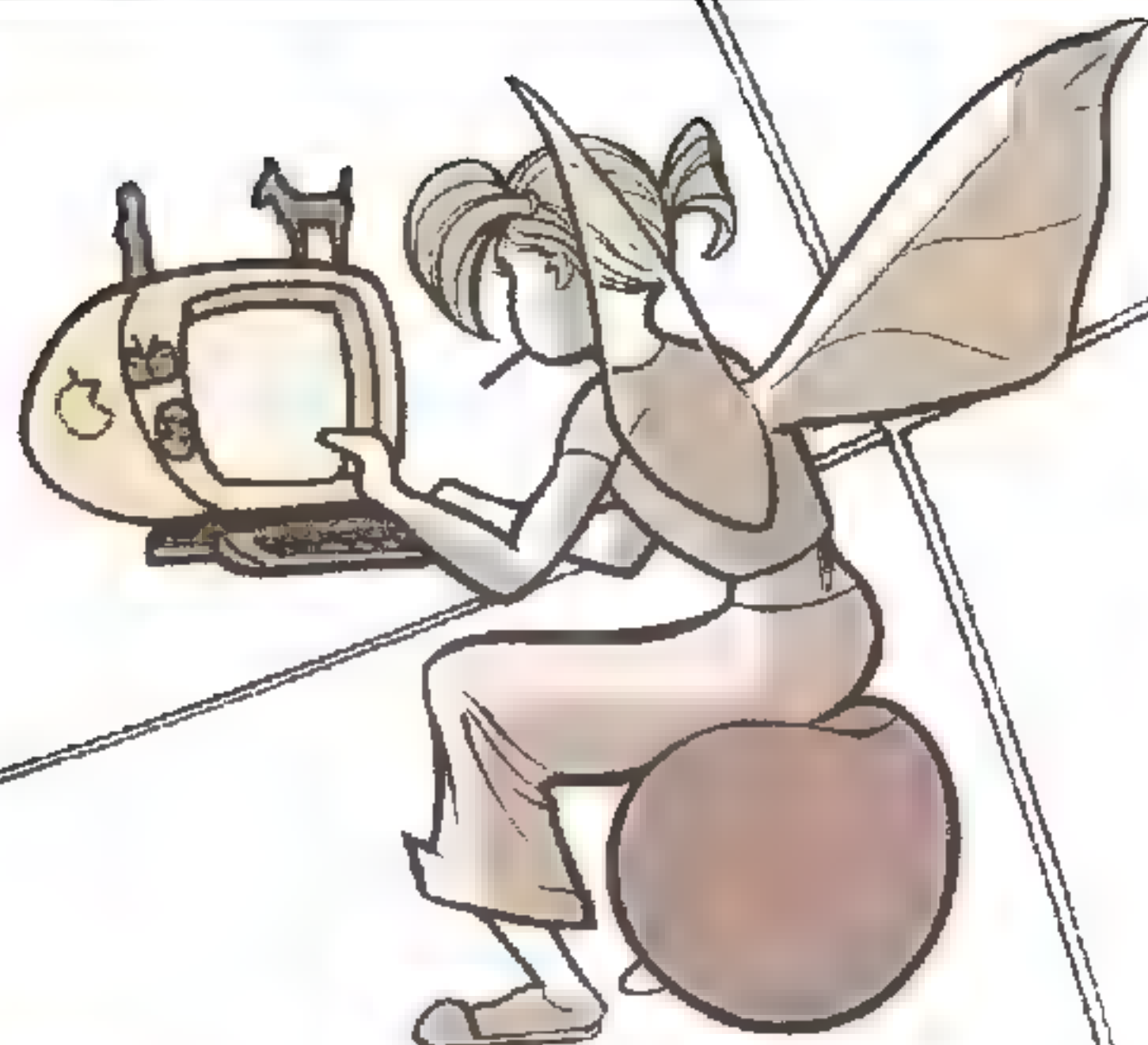


AT THE XAVIER INSTITUTE, THERE IS A COMPUTER CALLED CEREBRA...

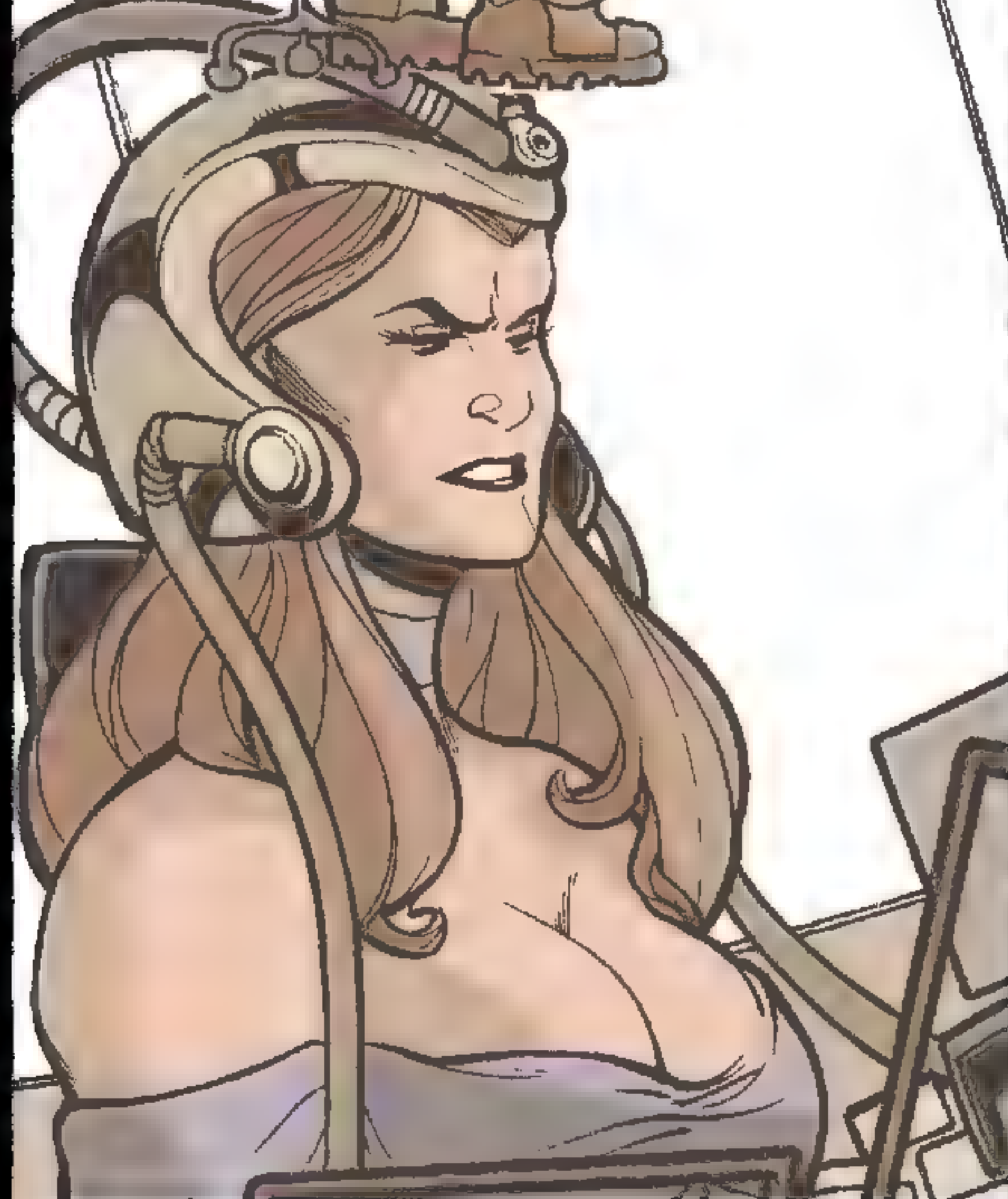
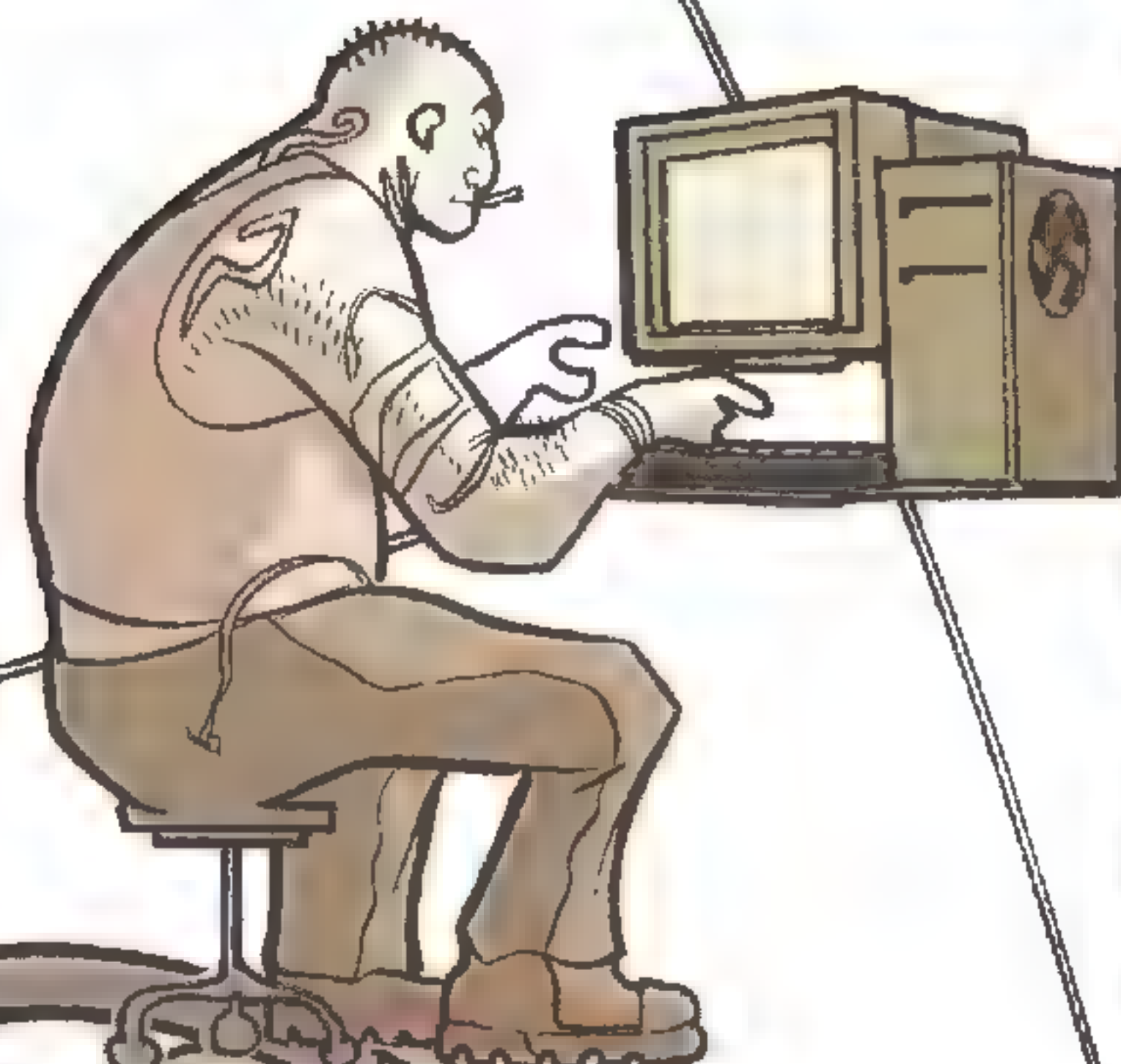
"ONE OF ITS MANY TASKS IS TO SCAN EVERY COMPUTER NETWORK IN THE WORLD FOR SIGNS OF **MUTANT-RELATED ACTIVITY**."

"**GATHERINGS** AT SECRET MUTANT MESSAGE BOARDS."

"**QUERIES** ENTERED INTO SEARCH ENGINES ABOUT **MUTANT ABILITIES**."



"SOMETIMES, IT'S A YOUNG MUTANT, TRYING TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THEIR NEW **TALENTS**. **THESE** QUERIES ARE **TRACED** AND THE **QUERIES** ARE EXTENDED **INVITATIONS** TO THE INSTITUTE."



"BUT MORE OFTEN, CERE BRO FINDS **MUTANT-HATERS** LOOKING FOR LIKE-MINDED **UNENLIGHTENED** INDIVIDUALS."

ANTI-MUTANT "CHATTER," AS IT WERE.

THOSE QUERIES ARE TRACED TO THE I.P. ADDRESSES, SO WE CAN IDENTIFY POSSIBLE THREATS AND QUELL THEM BEFORE THEY DEVELOP INTO SOMETHING WORSE.

I RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM THE INSTITUTE YESTERDAY-- A HEADS-UP FROM EMMA FROST.

SHE SAID CERE BRA PULLED A SEARCH ENGINE REQUEST OFF THE WEB THAT WAS ENTERED FROM A TERMINAL IN RYKER'S ISLAND.

SOMEONE WAS LOOKING UP THE KNOWN LIMITATION ABILITIES OF TELEPORTERS CARRYING PASSENGERS.



SHE **KNEW** HE WAS COMING FOR HER! AND SHE WANTED TO KNOW HOW FAR THEY'D GET!

WHICH MEANS THEY MAY STILL BE HERE IN THE CITY!
BUT **WHERE?**

THE QUEENSBORO BRIDGE...

SHHHHHH...
IT'S OKAY, FRANCIS.
YOU JUST LET ALL
OF IT GO NOW...

I DIDN'T
WANT TO DO IT,
BUT HE WOULD'VE
KILLED YOU! LIKE
HE KILLED THE
OTHERS!

I KNOW,
FRANCIS. AND
I CAN'T THANK
YOU ENOUGH.

MY GOD!
I'VE KILLED MY OWN
BROTHER...

LOOK AT ME.

HE WAS A
MONSTER, FRANCIS.
ALL YOUR LIFE, YOU DID
WHAT YOU HAD TO DO TO
SURVIVE. AND THAT NIGHT,
YOU DID WHAT YOU HAD
TO DO TO STOP HIM
FROM RUINING THE LIFE
OF SOMEONE
ELSE.

THAT'S WHY
WE HAVE TO GO
TO THE POLICE
AND TELL THEM
EVERYTHING.

NO! THEY'LL THROW
ME IN JAIL! OR
WORSE! I'VE HEARD
HOW THEY TREAT
MUTANTS!

THEY'LL
GIVE ME
THE DEATH
PENALTY!

I
WON'T LET
THEM.

YOU'RE SICK,
FRANCIS, AND WE'RE
GOING TO GET YOU THE
HELP YOU NEED. WHEN
THE COURT HEARS YOUR
STORY, THEY'LL
REALIZE THAT.

BMF

UHN!

I
CAN'T...
I...

BMF

YOU'RE TOO
WEAK TO TELEPORT
AGAIN SO SOON,
FRANCIS. YOU HAVE
TO TRUST ME. I CAN
HELP YOU.

BMF

BMF



LISTEN TO ME: YOU WERE TRAPPED IN A CYCLE OF ABUSE THAT YOU HAD NO CONTROL OVER. BUT NOW YOU'RE FREE OF THAT ABUSE, AND YOU CAN LEAVE IT BEHIND.

THE COURTS WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU DID, AND WITH THERAPY...

NO! I WON'T TELL ANYONE ELSE ABOUT WHAT HE DID TO ME! IT'S HUMILIATING! THEY'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND! THEY'LL LAUGH AT ME!



THE ONLY WAY YOU'RE EVER GONNA BE WHOLE AGAIN IS TO DEAL WITH WHAT YOU'VE DONE, FRANCIS-- AND WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO YOU.

YOU CAN'T KNOW THE SHAME! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO GO THROUGH WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH!

YES I DO, FRANCIS.



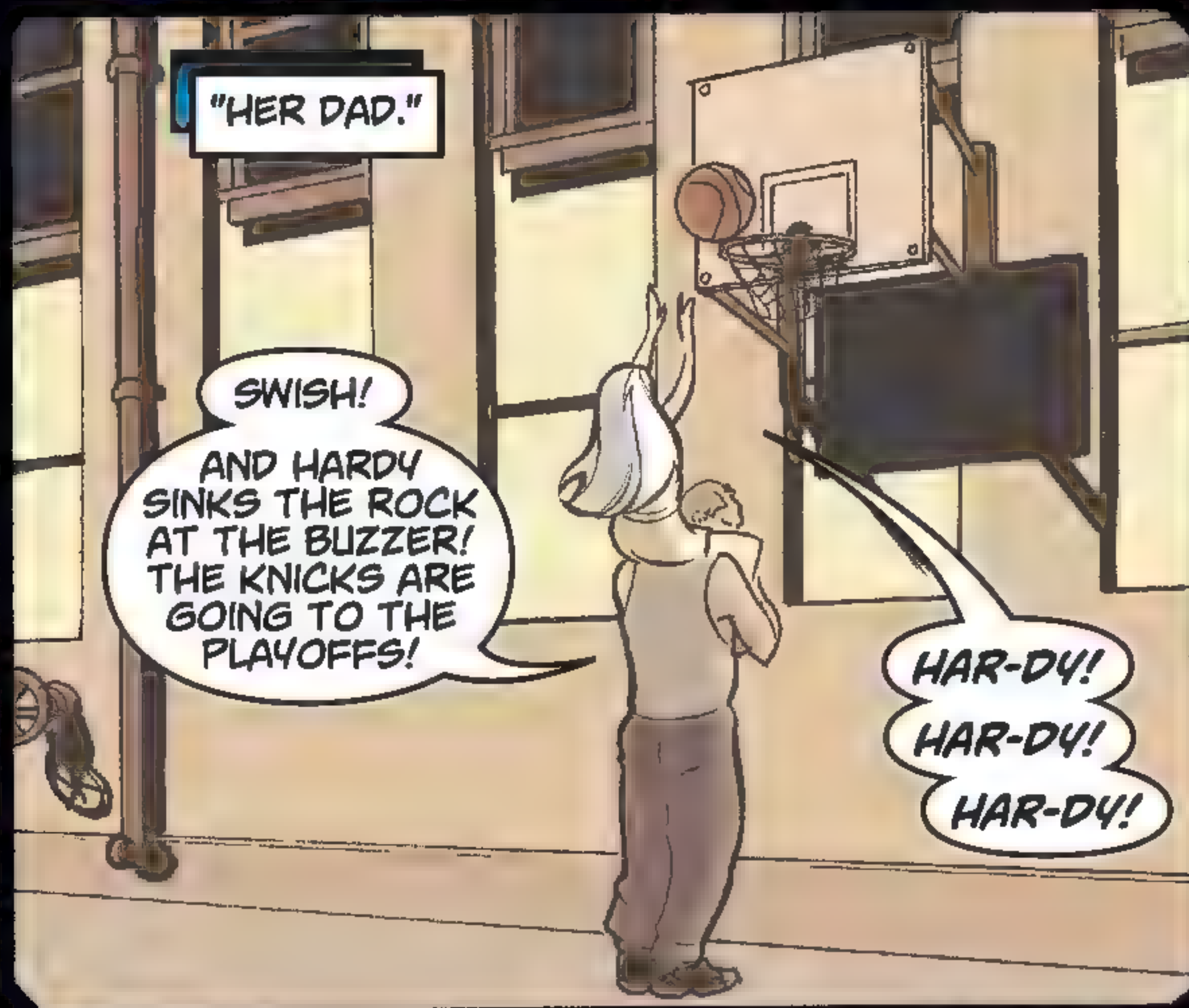
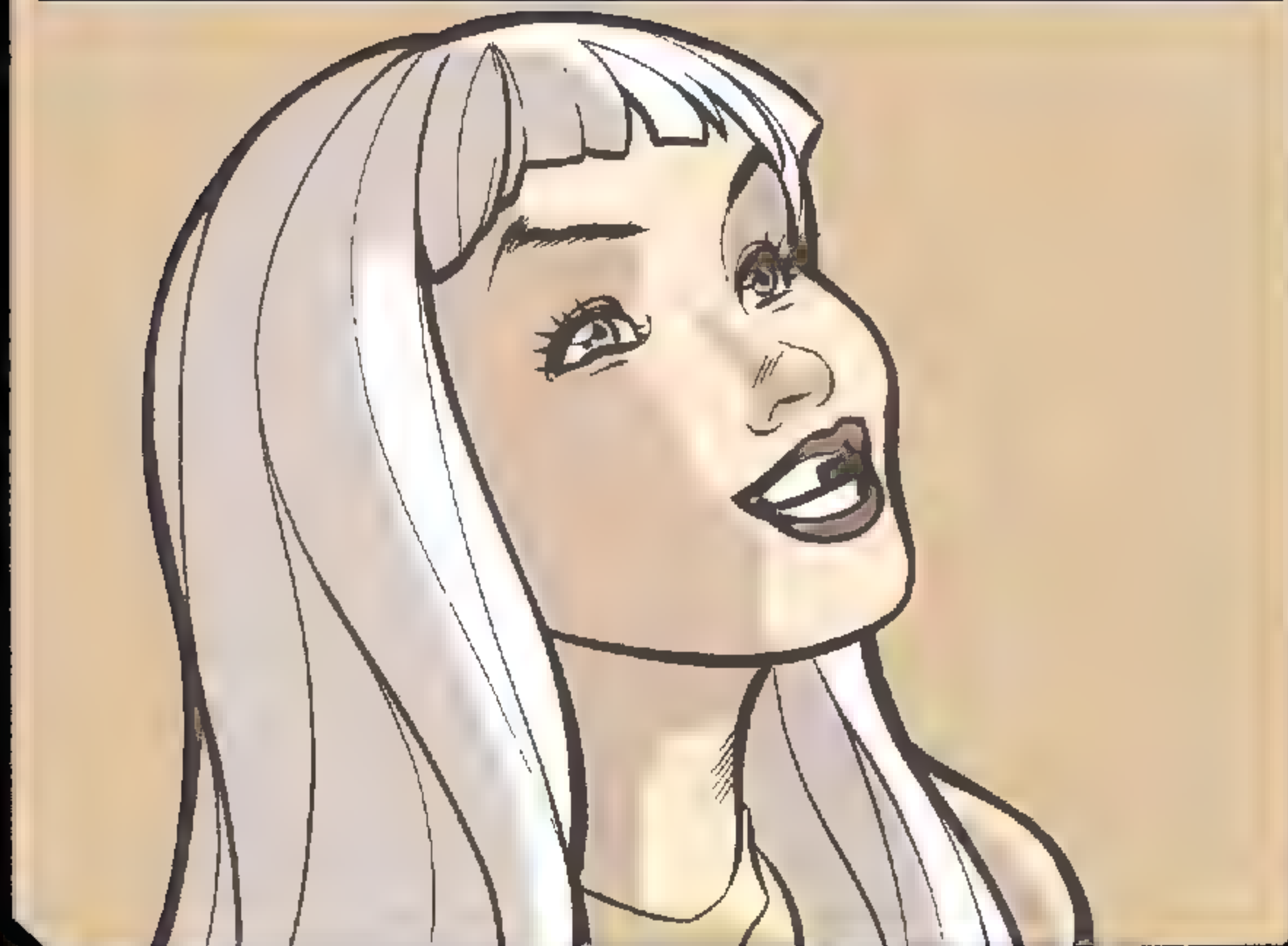
HOW?! HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY KNOW?!



BECAUSE I'VE BEEN RAPED, TOO.



"THEY SAY THE MODEL FOR EVERY RELATIONSHIP A WOMAN HAS WITH A MAN IS PREDICATED ON THE RELATIONSHIP SHE SHARES WITH THE FIRST MAN SHE EVER LOVES..."

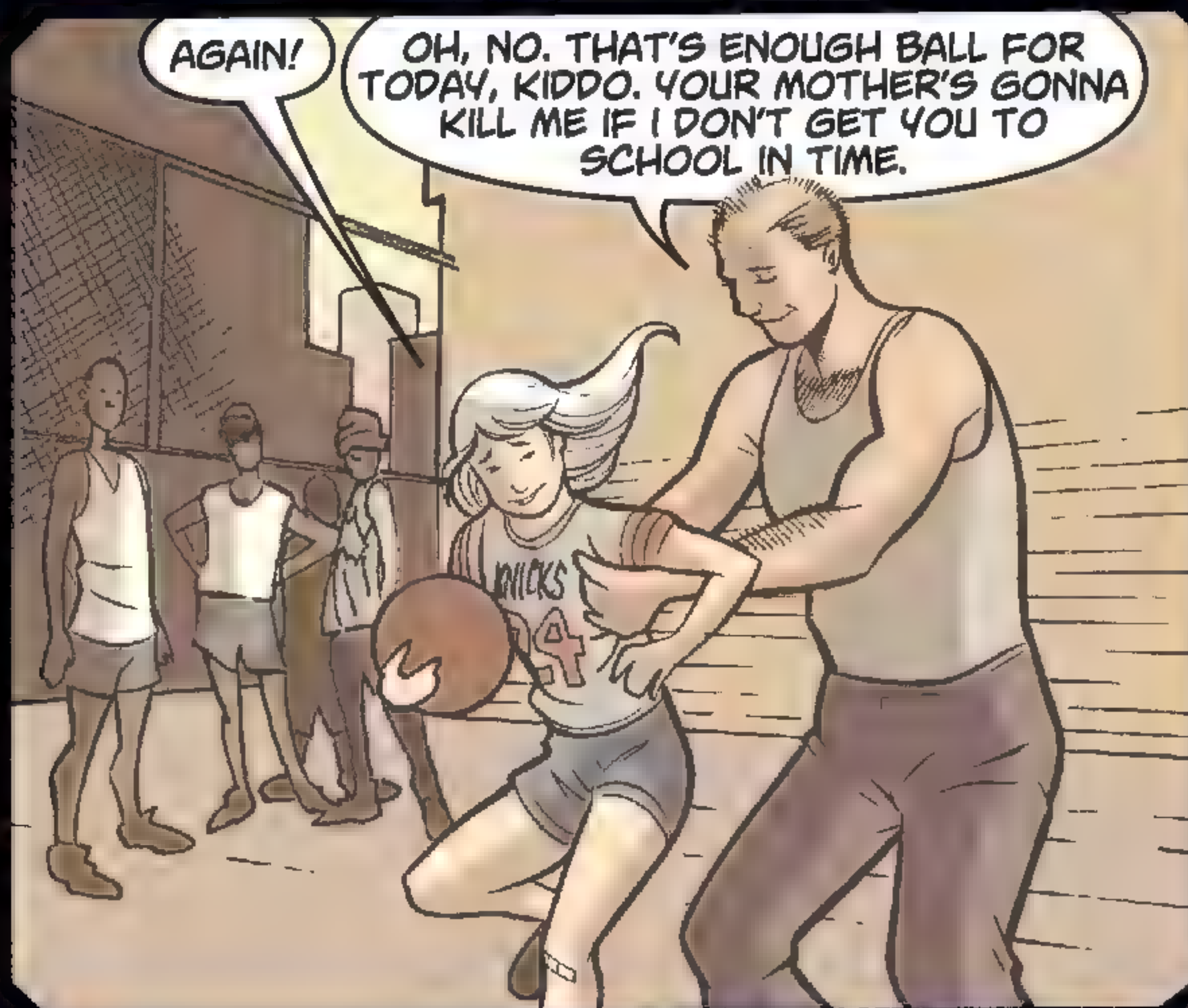


"HER DAD."

SWISH!

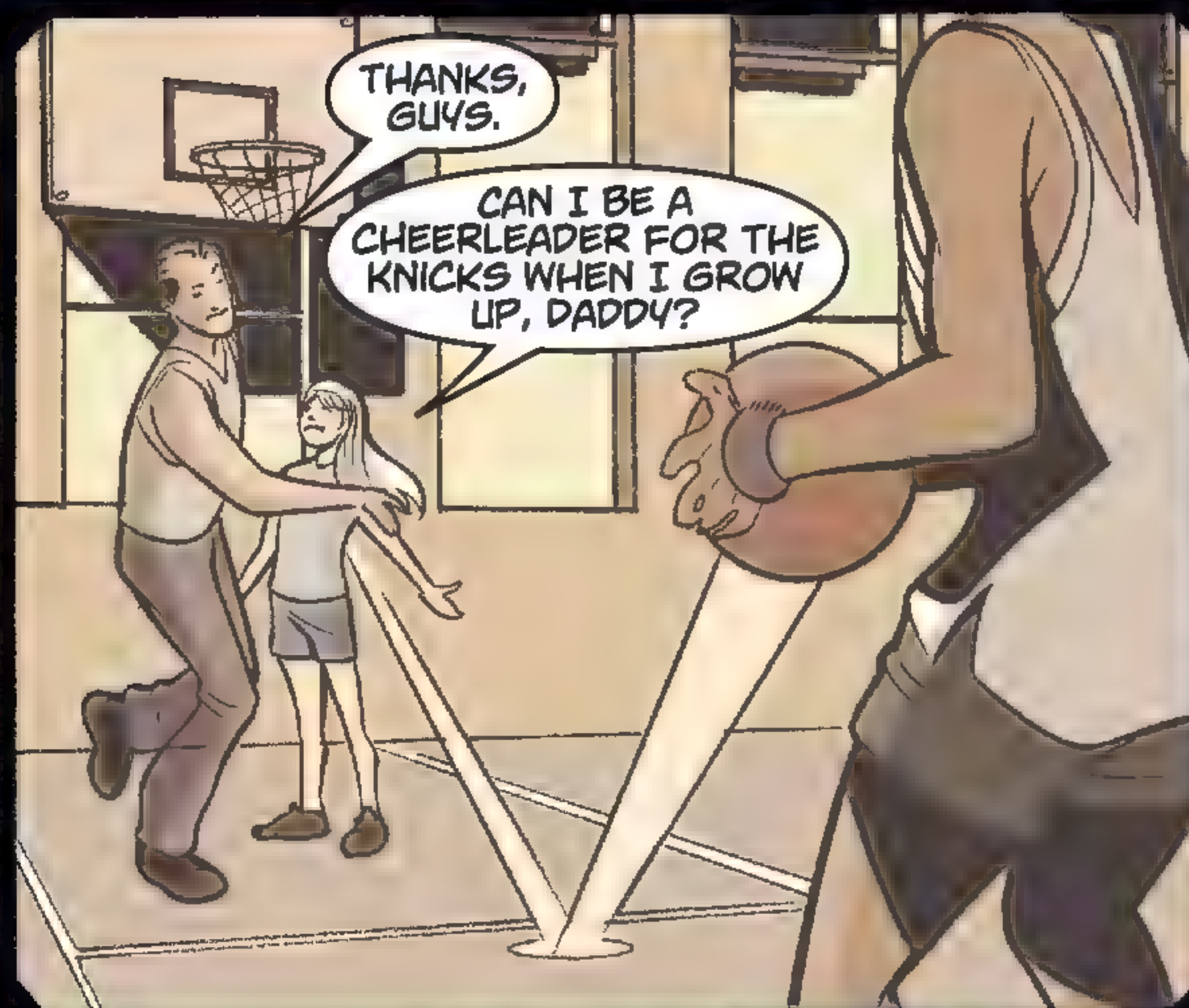
AND HARDY SINKS THE ROCK AT THE BUZZER! THE KNICKS ARE GOING TO THE PLAYOFFS!

HAR-DY!
HAR-DY!
HAR-DY!



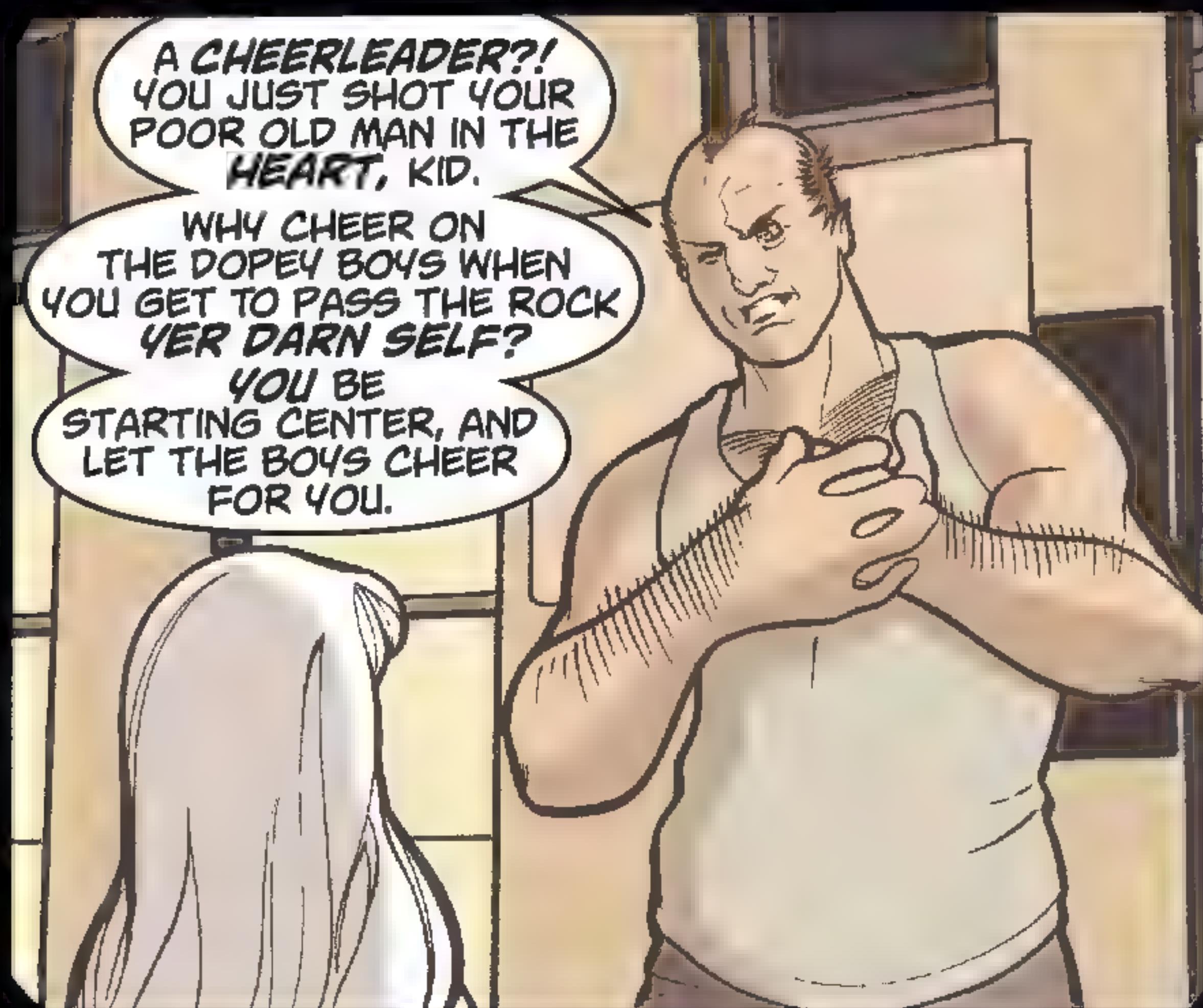
AGAIN!

OH, NO. THAT'S ENOUGH BALL FOR TODAY, KIDDO. YOUR MOTHER'S GONNA KILL ME IF I DON'T GET YOU TO SCHOOL IN TIME.



THANKS, GUYS.

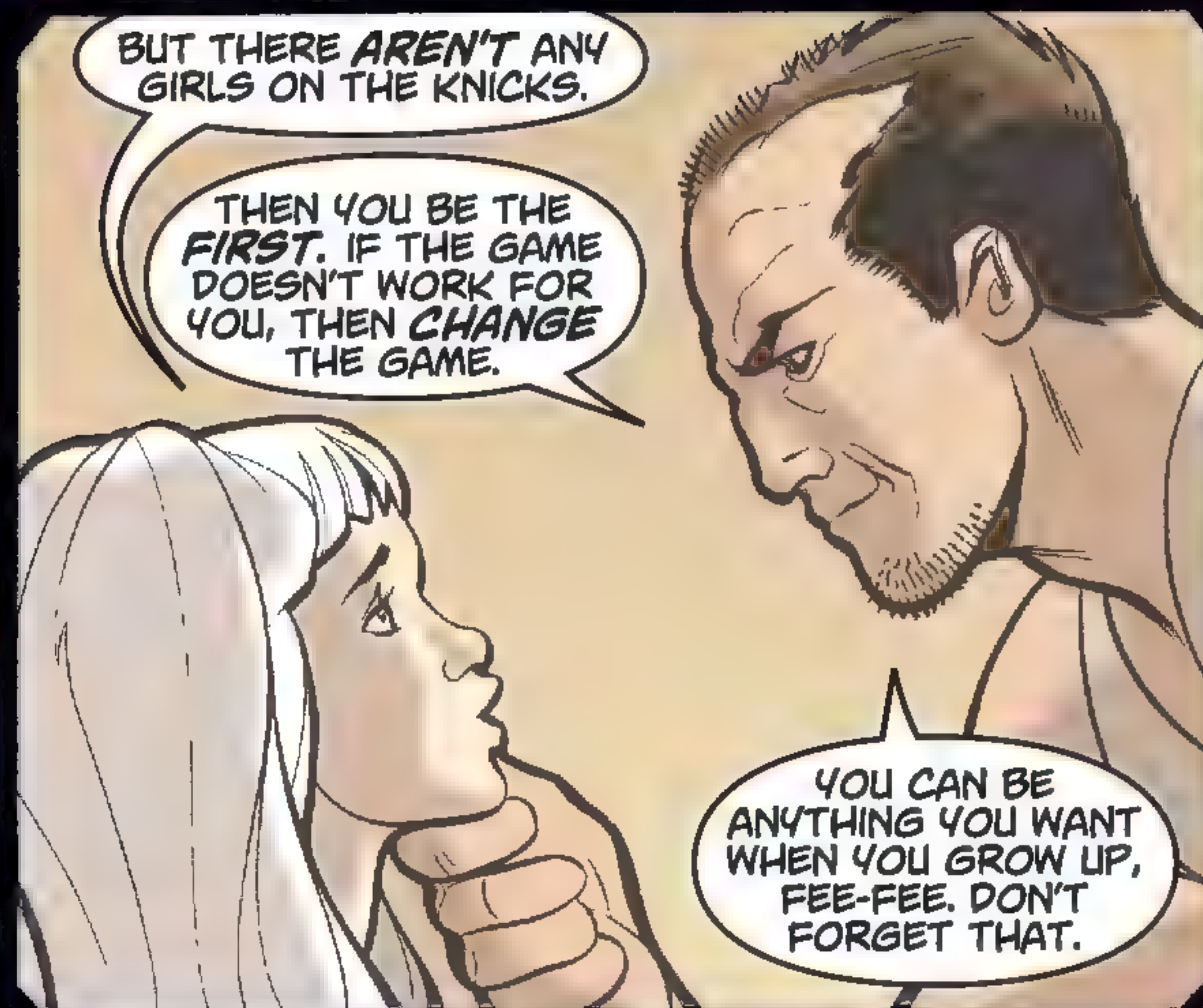
CAN I BE A CHEERLEADER FOR THE KNICKS WHEN I GROW UP, DADDY?



A CHEERLEADER?! YOU JUST SHOT YOUR POOR OLD MAN IN THE HEART, KID.

WHY CHEER ON THE DOPEY BOYS WHEN YOU GET TO PASS THE ROCK YER DARN SELF?

YOU BE STARTING CENTER, AND LET THE BOYS CHEER FOR YOU.



BUT THERE AREN'T ANY GIRLS ON THE KNICKS.

THEN YOU BE THE FIRST. IF THE GAME DOESN'T WORK FOR YOU, THEN CHANGE THE GAME.

YOU CAN BE ANYTHING YOU WANT WHEN YOU GROW UP, FEE-FEE. DON'T FORGET THAT.



JUST SINK MORE'N CARTWRIGHT, AND I'LL BE A HAPPY MAN.

'KAY.

"COURSE, THE ONLY COURTS IN MY FUTURE WERE OF THE LEGAL VARIETY.

"WHEN I GREW UP, I WANTED TO BE JUST LIKE MY DAD, AND SINCE HE WAS A CAT BURGLAR..."

"WELL, LET'S
JUST SAY THE APPLE
DIDN'T FALL FAR FROM
THE TREE."

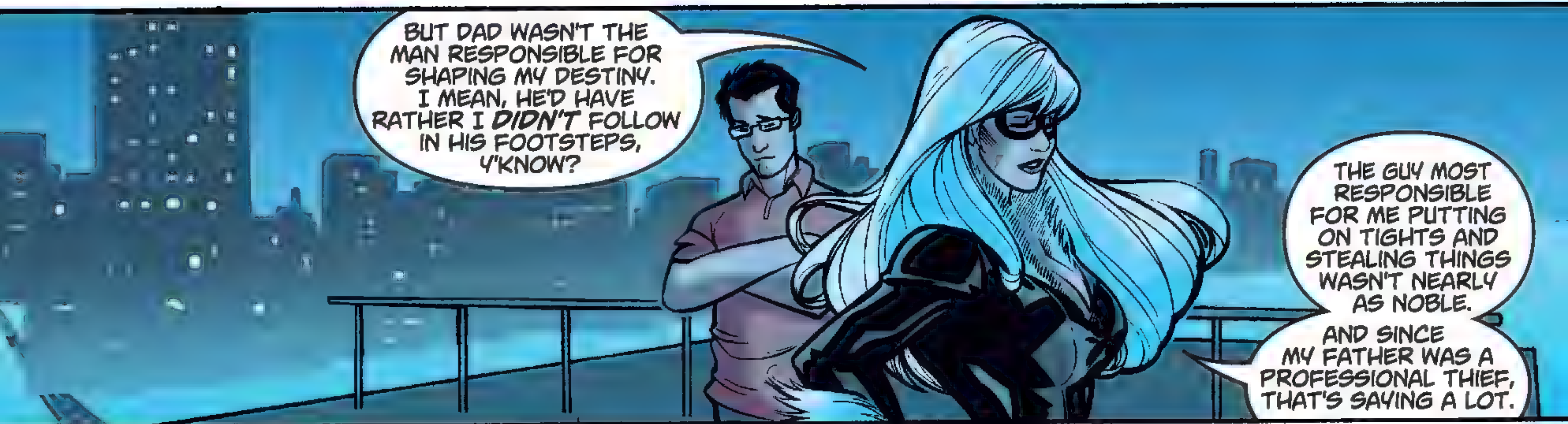
MARVEL
COMICS
presents
and the

SPIDER-MAN BLACKCAT

"The
**EVIL THAT
MEN DO**"



Part
Series
ONE IN FOUR



BUT DAD WASN'T THE
MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR
SHAPING MY DESTINY.
I MEAN, HE'D HAVE
RATHER I *DIDN'T* FOLLOW
IN HIS FOOTSTEPS,
Y'KNOW?

THE GUY MOST
RESPONSIBLE
FOR ME PUTTING
ON TIGHTS AND
STEALING THINGS
WASN'T NEARLY
AS NOBLE.

AND SINCE
MY FATHER WAS A
PROFESSIONAL THIEF,
THAT'S SAYING A LOT.



"I MET HIM WHEN I
WAS A FRESHMAN
AT ESU."

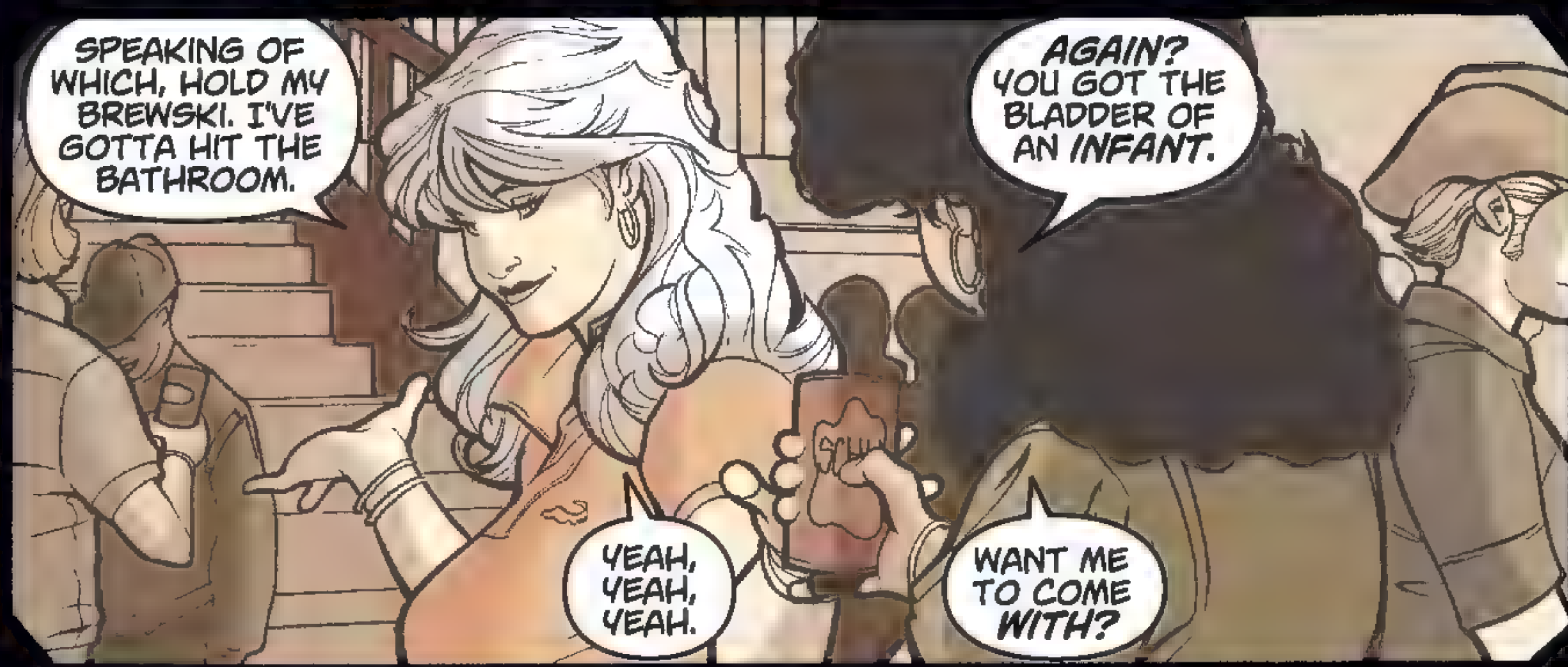


I FEEL SO
BLOATED.

YOU'RE CRAZY.
YOU HAVE AN AMAZING
BODY. EVERY GUY HERE
WOULD KILL TO SLEEP
WITH YOU, LEESH.

NOT IF I KEEP
DOWNING BEERS.
YOU KNOW HOW MANY
CALORIES THESE
THINGS ARE LOADED
WITH?

I DRINK ANY MORE
OF THESE AND THAT
FRESHMAN FIFTEEN'S
GONNA TURN INTO THE
FRESHMAN FIFTY.

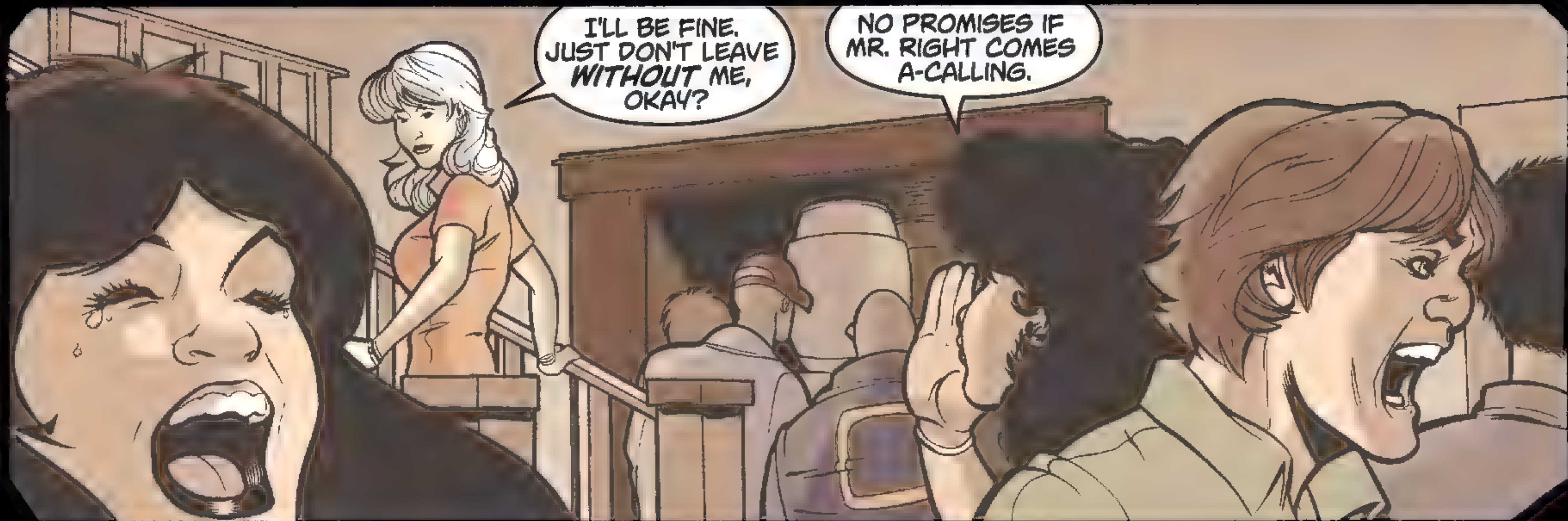


SPEAKING OF
WHICH, HOLD MY
BREWSKI. I'VE
GOTTA HIT THE
BATHROOM.

AGAIN?
YOU GOT THE
BLADDER OF
AN INFANT.

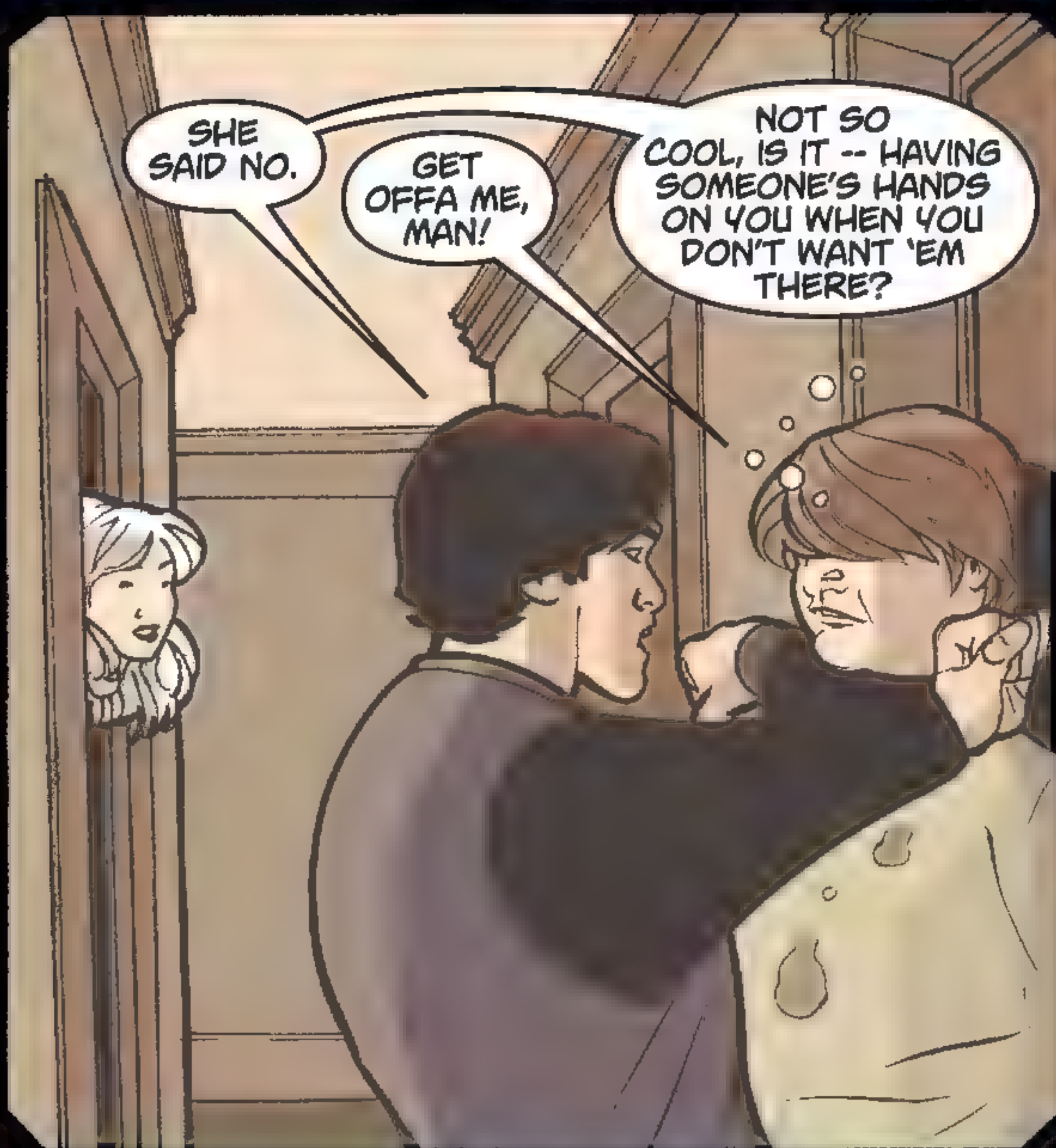
YEAH,
YEAH,
YEAH.

WANT ME
TO COME
WITH?



I'LL BE FINE.
JUST DON'T LEAVE
WITHOUT ME,
OKAY?

NO PROMISES IF
MR. RIGHT COMES
A-CALLING.





SORRY 'BOUT THAT. HE CAN BE KIND OF A JERK WHEN HE'S DRUNK.

SOMETHING TELLS ME HE'S NOT MUCH BETTER WHEN HE'S SOBER.

THEN, TOO. BUT DON'T JUDGE ALL US BETAS BY HIM. WE'RE PRETTY HARMLESS.



YOU'LL HAVE TO UNDERSTAND IF I DON'T WANNA TAKE YOUR WORD ON THAT RIGHT NOW.

FAIR ENOUGH.

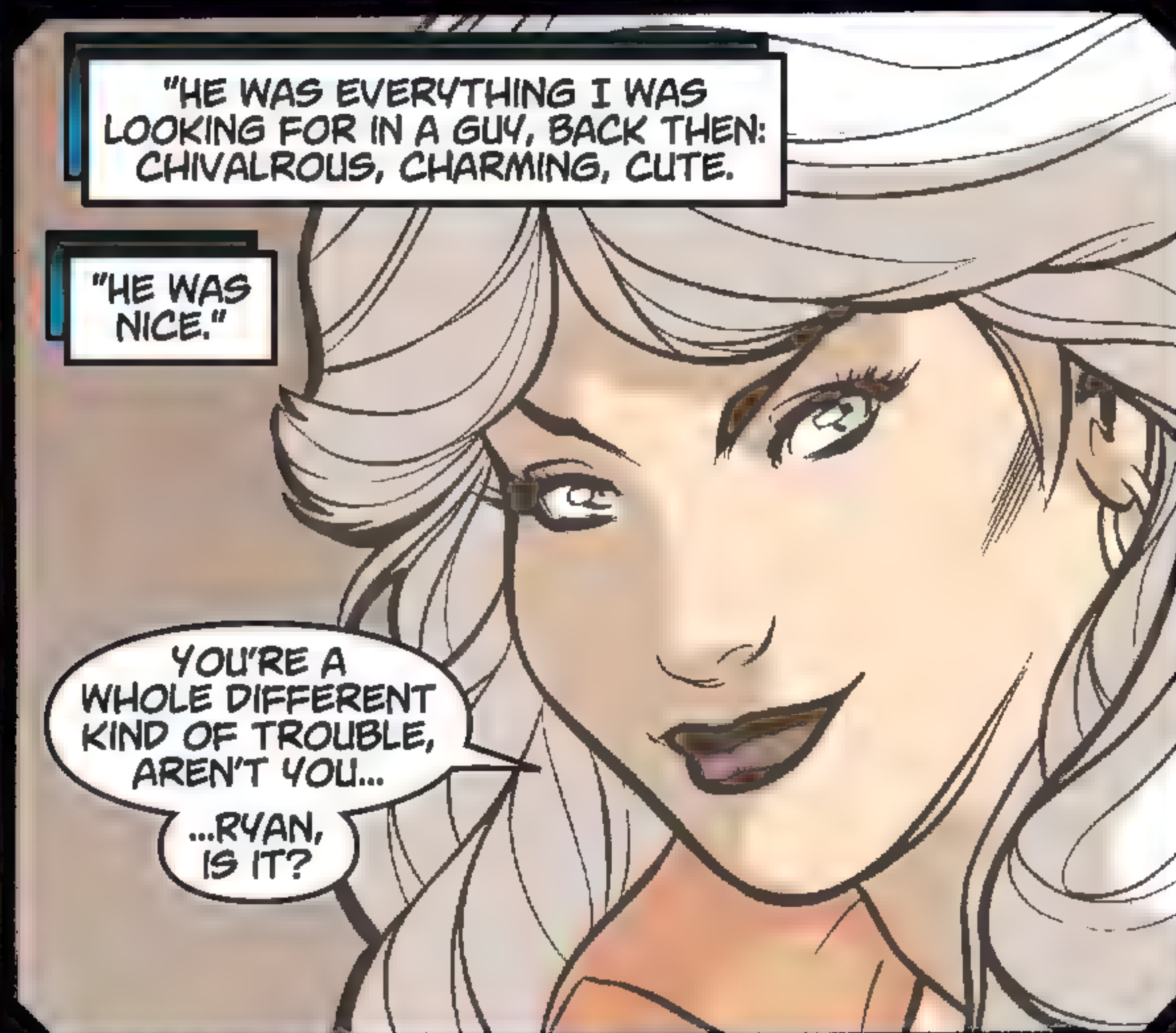
BUT HOW ABOUT I PROVE IT TO YOU IN THE WAY OF AN ESCORT BACK TO YOUR DORM.



THESE'LL STAY RIGHT IN HERE, IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER?

I'M GOOD, THANKS.

C'MON -- I KINDA FEEL LIKE YOU'RE MY RESPONSIBILITY NOW. LEAST I CAN DO IS MAKE SURE YOU GET OUT OF HERE IN ONE PIECE.



"HE WAS EVERYTHING I WAS LOOKING FOR IN A GUY, BACK THEN: CHIVALROUS, CHARMING, CUTE.

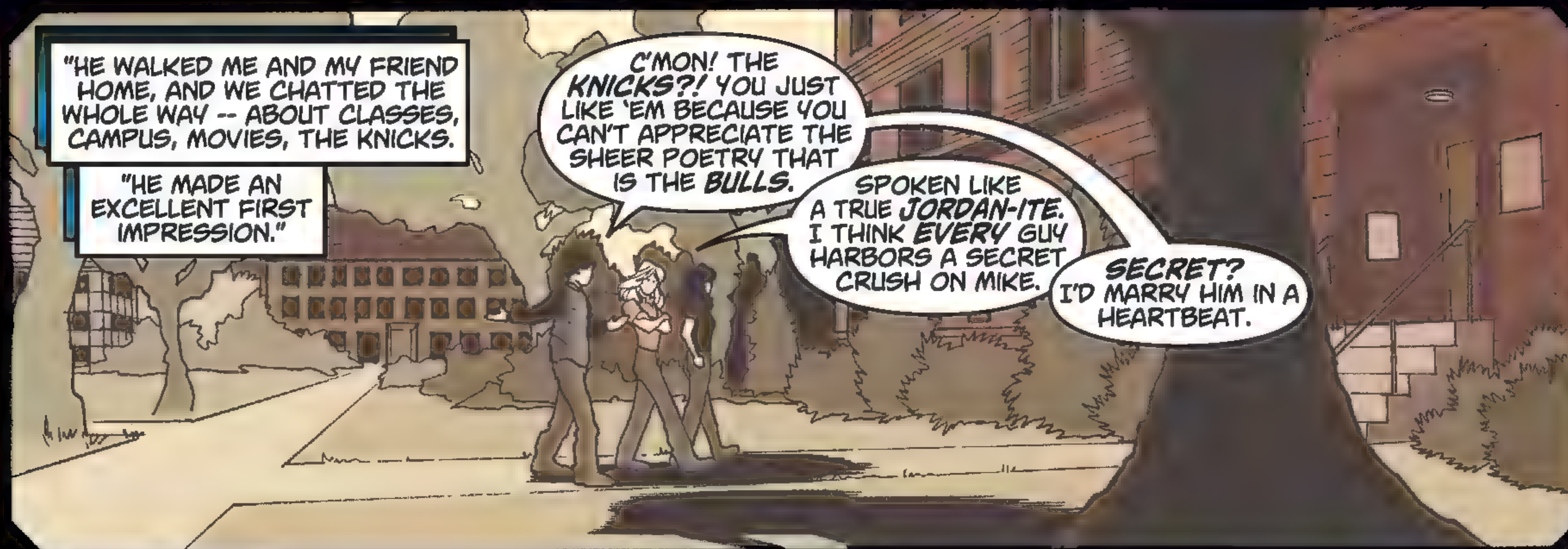
"HE WAS NICE."

YOU'RE A WHOLE DIFFERENT KIND OF TROUBLE, AREN'T YOU...

...RYAN, IS IT?



RYAN IT IS. TROUBLE I'M NOT.



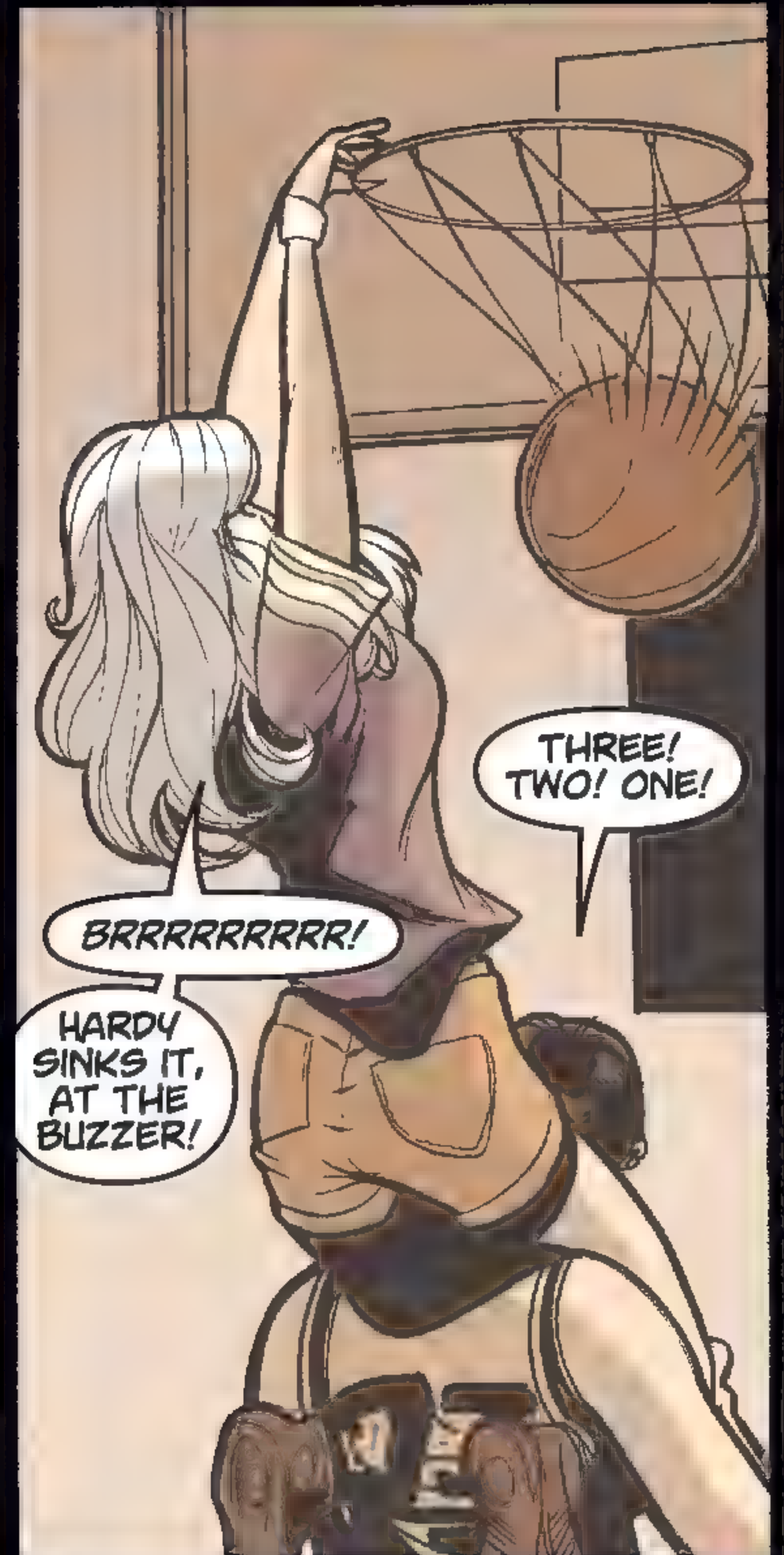
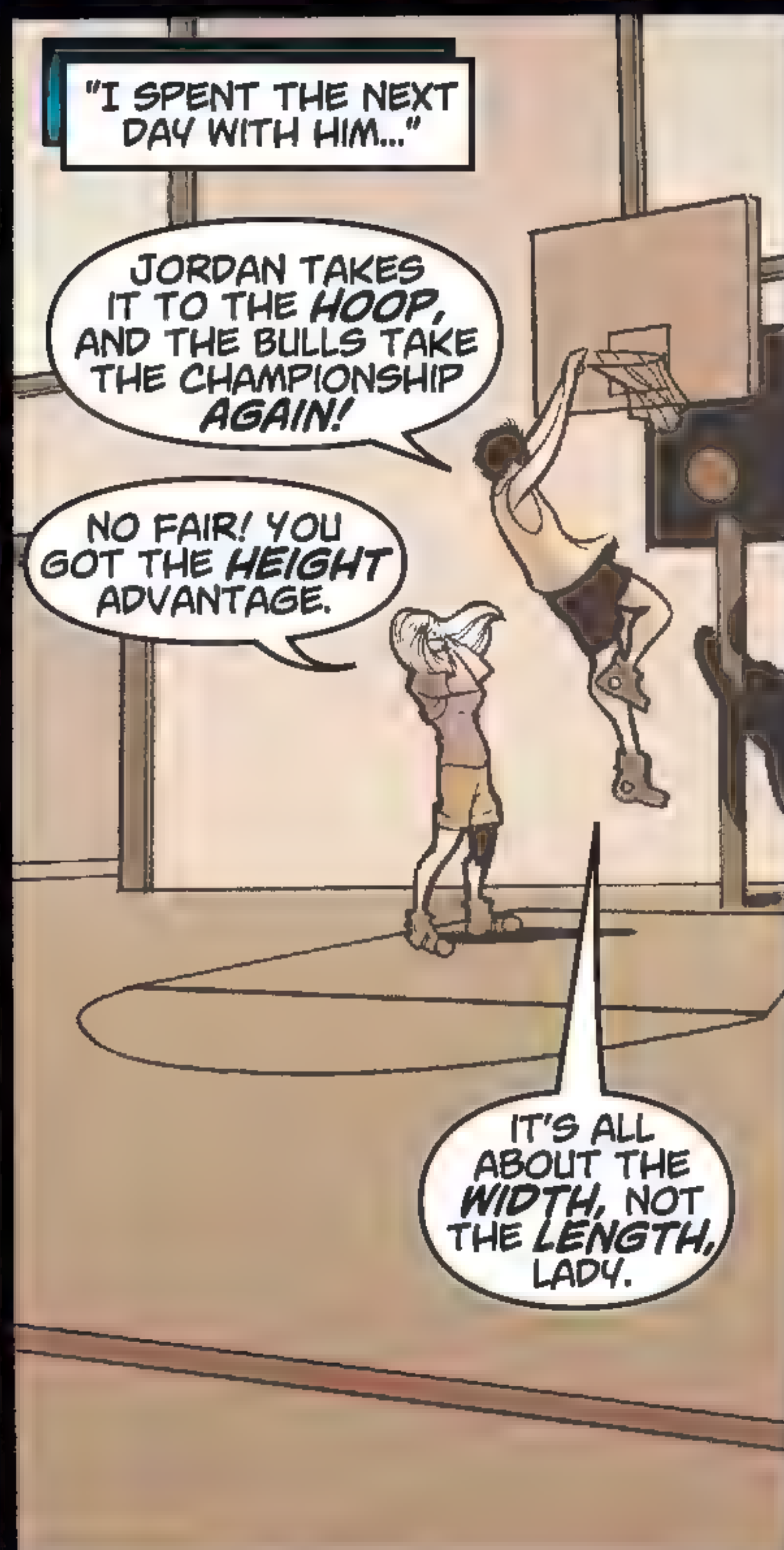
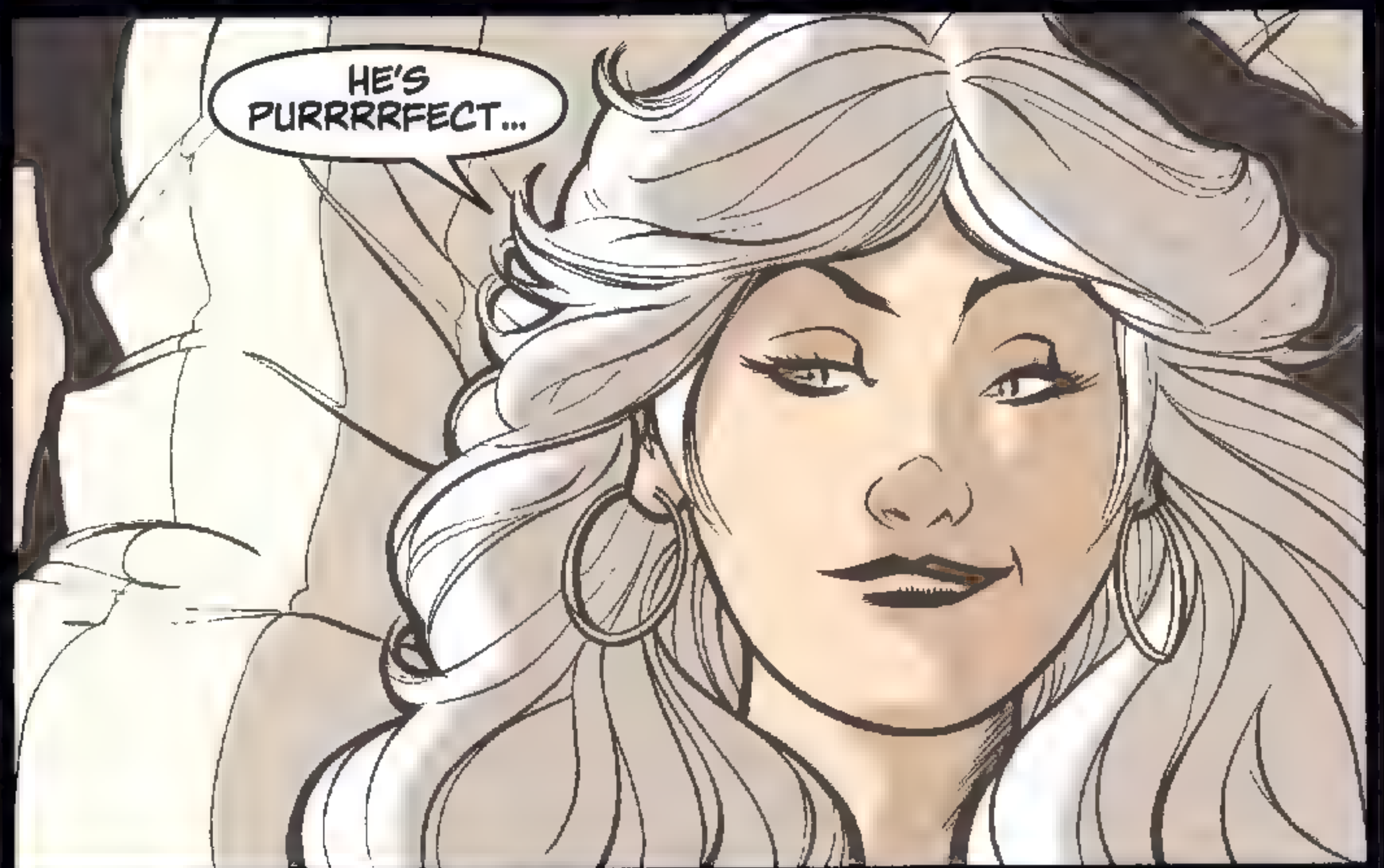
"HE WALKED ME AND MY FRIEND HOME, AND WE CHATTED THE WHOLE WAY -- ABOUT CLASSES, CAMPUS, MOVIES, THE KNICKS.

"HE MADE AN EXCELLENT FIRST IMPRESSION."

C'MON! THE **KNICKS**?! YOU JUST LIKE 'EM BECAUSE YOU CAN'T APPRECIATE THE SHEER POETRY THAT IS THE **BULLS**.

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE **JORDAN-ITE**. I THINK **EVERY** GUY HARBORS A SECRET CRUSH ON MIKE.

SECRET? I'D MARRY HIM IN A HEARTBEAT.





"THEN I SPENT THE REST OF THE WEEK WITH HIM. GOING TO THE MOVIES..."



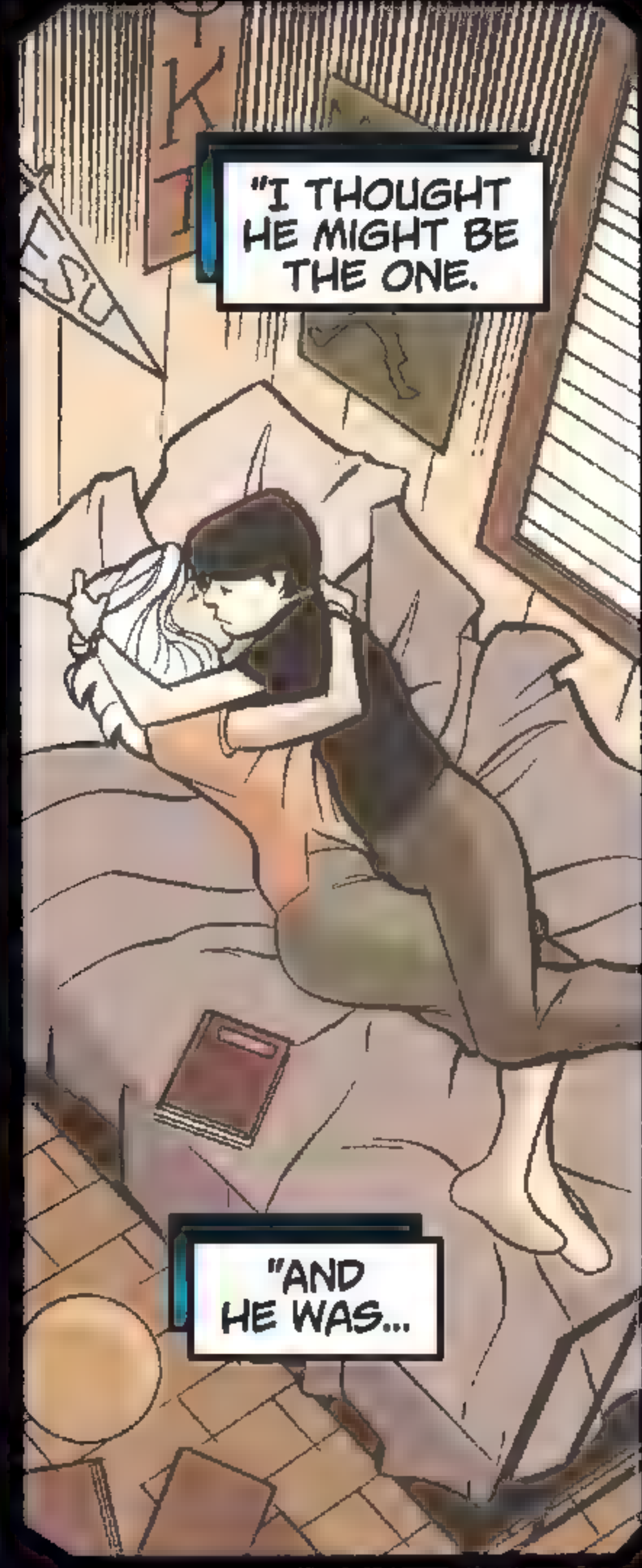
"HITTING THE BOOKS..."



"GOING OUT TO EAT..."

SUCH A GENTLEMAN.

AND I'D CALL YOU SUCH A LADY, IF YOU HADN'T SCARFED ALL THE FRIES, YA' HOG.



"I THOUGHT HE MIGHT BE THE ONE."

"AND HE WAS..."



"I JUST DIDN'T REALIZE WHICH ONE..."

YOU'RE SO CUTE.

IF I HAD A NICKEL FOR EVERY GIRL WHO TOLD ME THAT...

YOU'D HAVE A NICKEL TOTAL?

PRETTY MUCH.



WELL, NICKEL-RICH -- I'VE GOTTA GO. I'VE GOT THE PHILOSOPHY EXAM IN THE MORNING.

C'MONNN... JUST STAY A LITTLE LONGER.

I STAY ANY LONGER, AND I'M GONNA DO SOMETHING I MIGHT REGRET.

WHAT IF I PROMISED YOU YOU WOULDN'T REGRET IT?

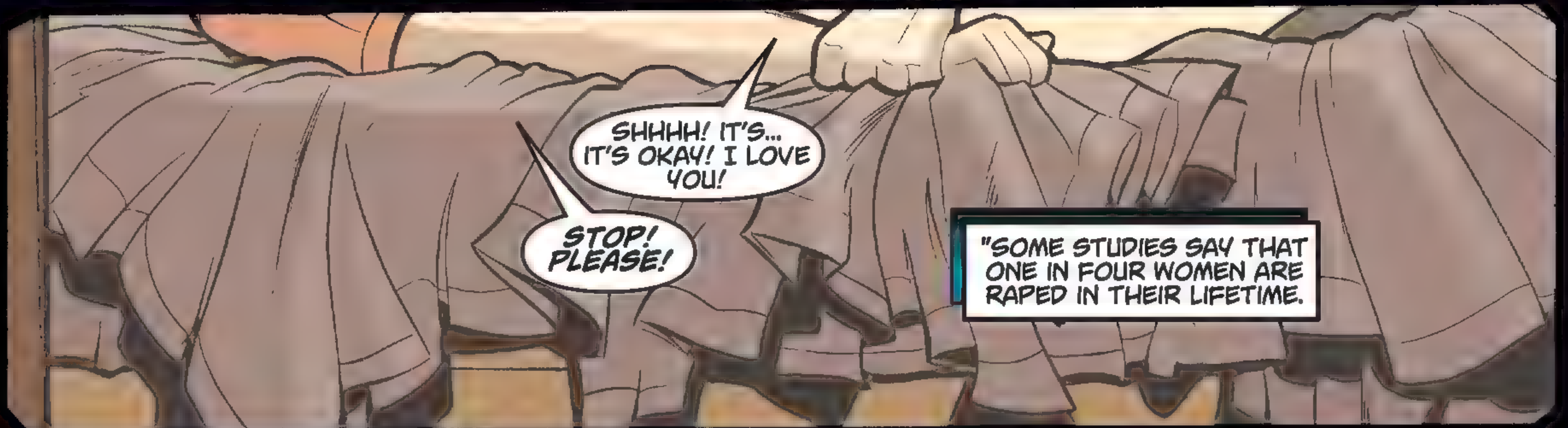
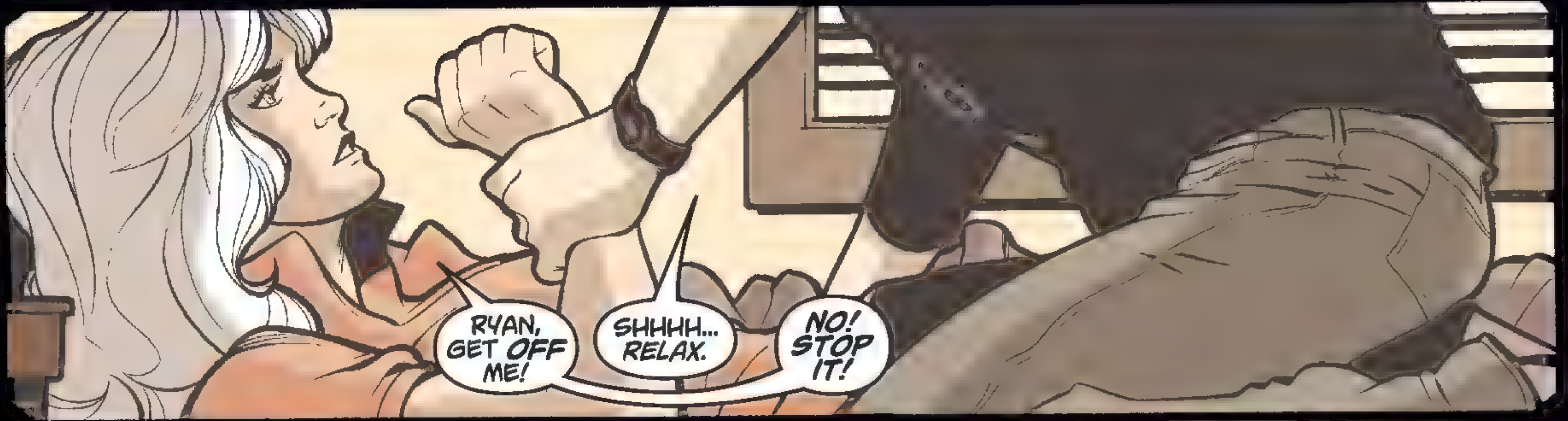
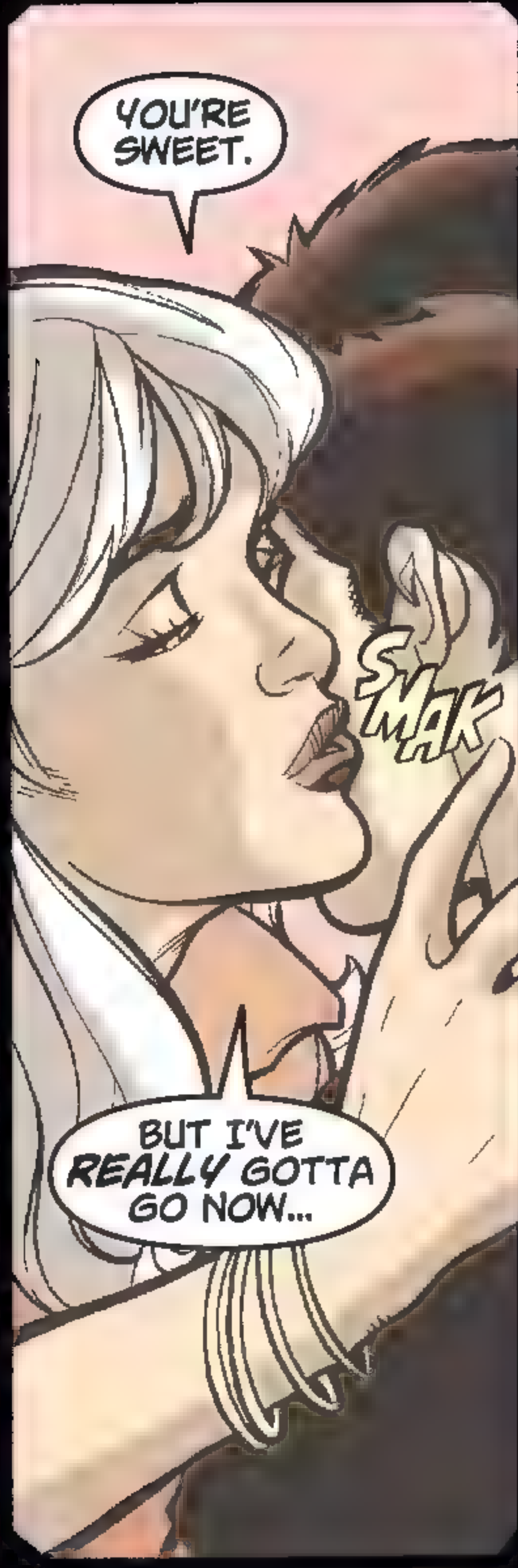
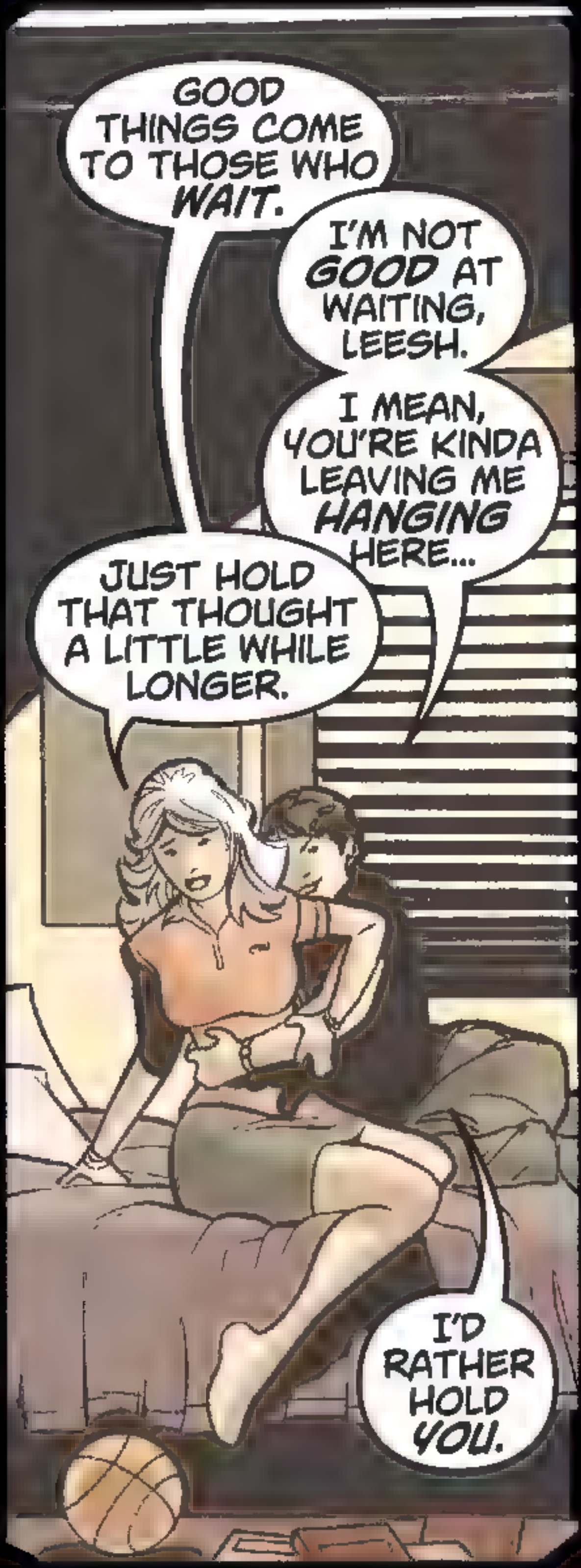


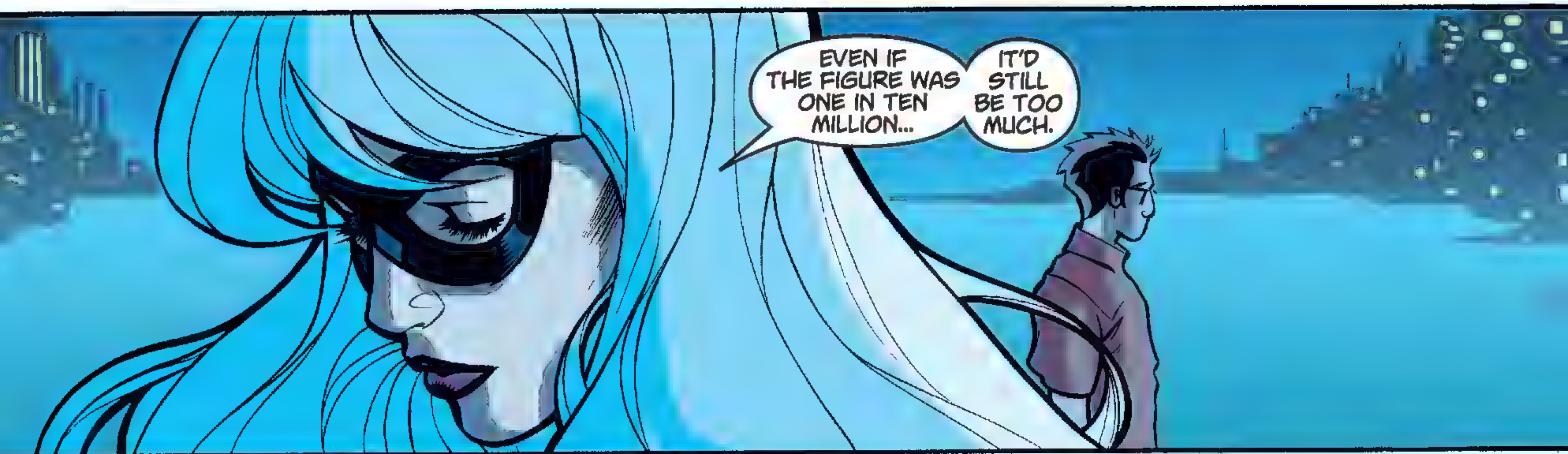
NOW IF I HAD A NICKEL FOR EVERY GUY WHO EVER SAID THAT...

BUT I MEAN IT. I'M GOOD.

WE'LL SEE. JUST NOT TONIGHT, 'KAY?

LEESH...





EVEN IF THE FIGURE WAS ONE IN TEN MILLION...

IT'D STILL BE TOO MUCH.



"I SPENT THE REST OF THE WEEK IN A DAZE."

LEESH?
ARE YOU OKAY?



"I WAS TOO ASHAMED TO TELL ANYBODY."

"LIKE AN IDIOT, I THOUGHT IT WAS SOMEHOW MY FAULT."

LEESH?



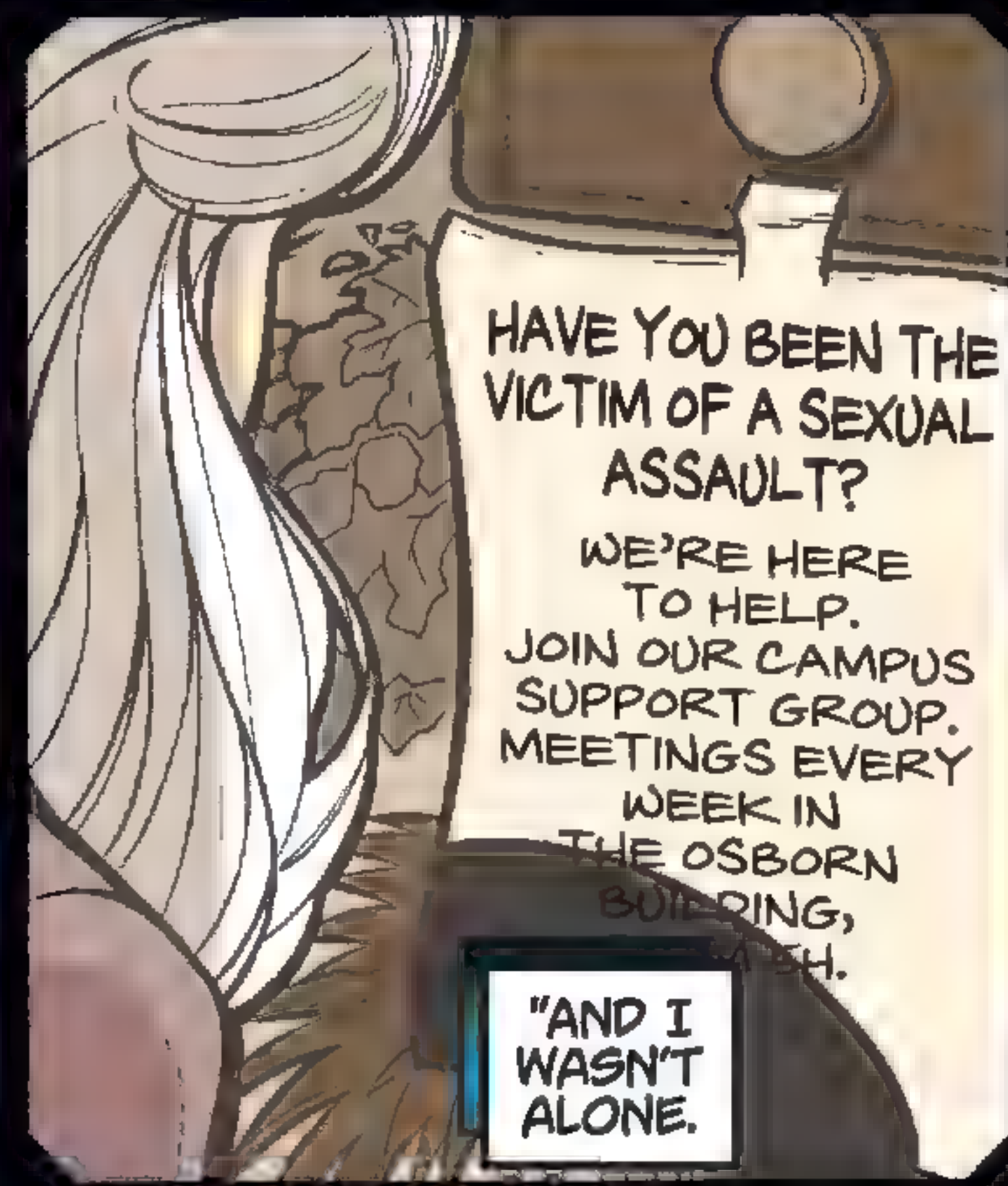
"I NEVER REPORTED IT. I NEVER TOLD ANYONE."



"HE TOOK SOMETHING FROM ME THAT NIGHT -- AND IT WASN'T JUST MY VIRGINITY."

"HE TOOK WHO I SAW MYSELF AS."

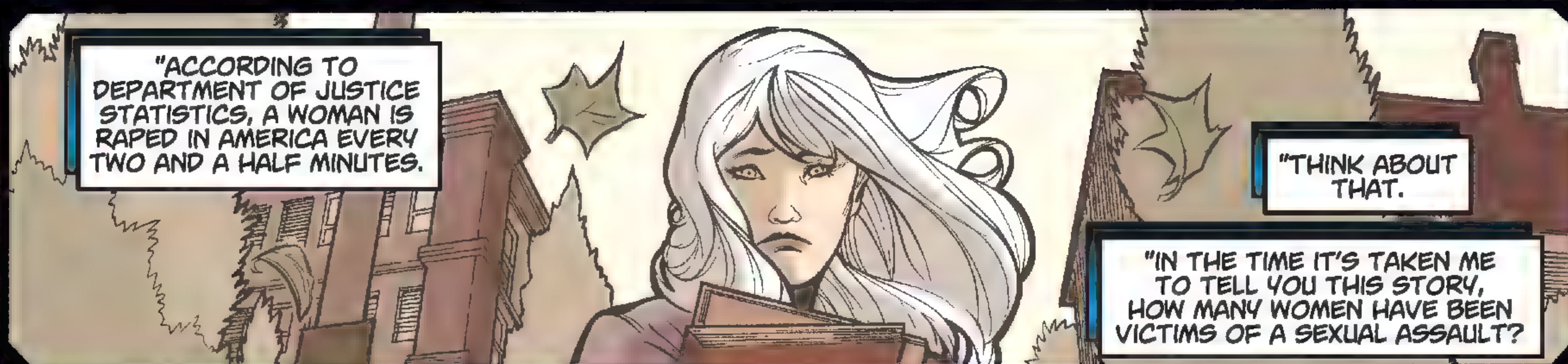
"HE TOOK MY IDENTITY."



HAVE YOU BEEN THE VICTIM OF A SEXUAL ASSAULT?

WE'RE HERE TO HELP. JOIN OUR CAMPUS SUPPORT GROUP. MEETINGS EVERY WEEK IN THE OSBORN BUILDING, 1234 5TH.

"AND I WASN'T ALONE."



"ACCORDING TO DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE STATISTICS, A WOMAN IS RAPED IN AMERICA EVERY TWO AND A HALF MINUTES."

"THINK ABOUT THAT."

"IN THE TIME IT'S TAKEN ME TO TELL YOU THIS STORY, HOW MANY WOMEN HAVE BEEN VICTIMS OF A SEXUAL ASSAULT?"



"THAT'S WHEN IT HIT ME..."

"I WOULDN'T LET WHAT HAPPENED TO ME BECOME JUST ANOTHER STATISTIC."

EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY GYMNASIUM

"IN A SELFISH
MOMENT, THAT MAN
STOLE MY LIFE
FROM ME..."

"I TOLD HIM NO,
AND HE DIDN'T CARE."

"HE DIDN'T
LISTEN."

"IT WAS
A HATE
CRIME."

"AND IT GAVE BIRTH
TO A HATRED THAT
DEMANDED JUSTICE."

"BLOOD CALLED
FOR BLOOD."

"THE SOLUTION
WAS SIMPLE, THEN..."

"I WAS GONNA KILL
MY ATTACKER."

"I'D REFUSED ALL OF HIS
SUBSEQUENT CALLS TO MY
DORM ROOM, AND I HADN'T
SEEN HIM SINCE THAT NIGHT.
I DIDN'T WANT TO THINK OF
HIM AS A PERSON ANYMORE--
JUST AN AGGRESSOR.

"I'D TRAINED FOR MONTHS.
I'D STUDIED MULTIPLE
FIGHTING STYLES, AND
I KNEW WHICH BLOWS WOULD
BE THE DEADLIEST.



"I DIDN'T CARE WHAT
HAPPENED TO
ME AFTERWARDS--
PROSECUTION, JAIL.

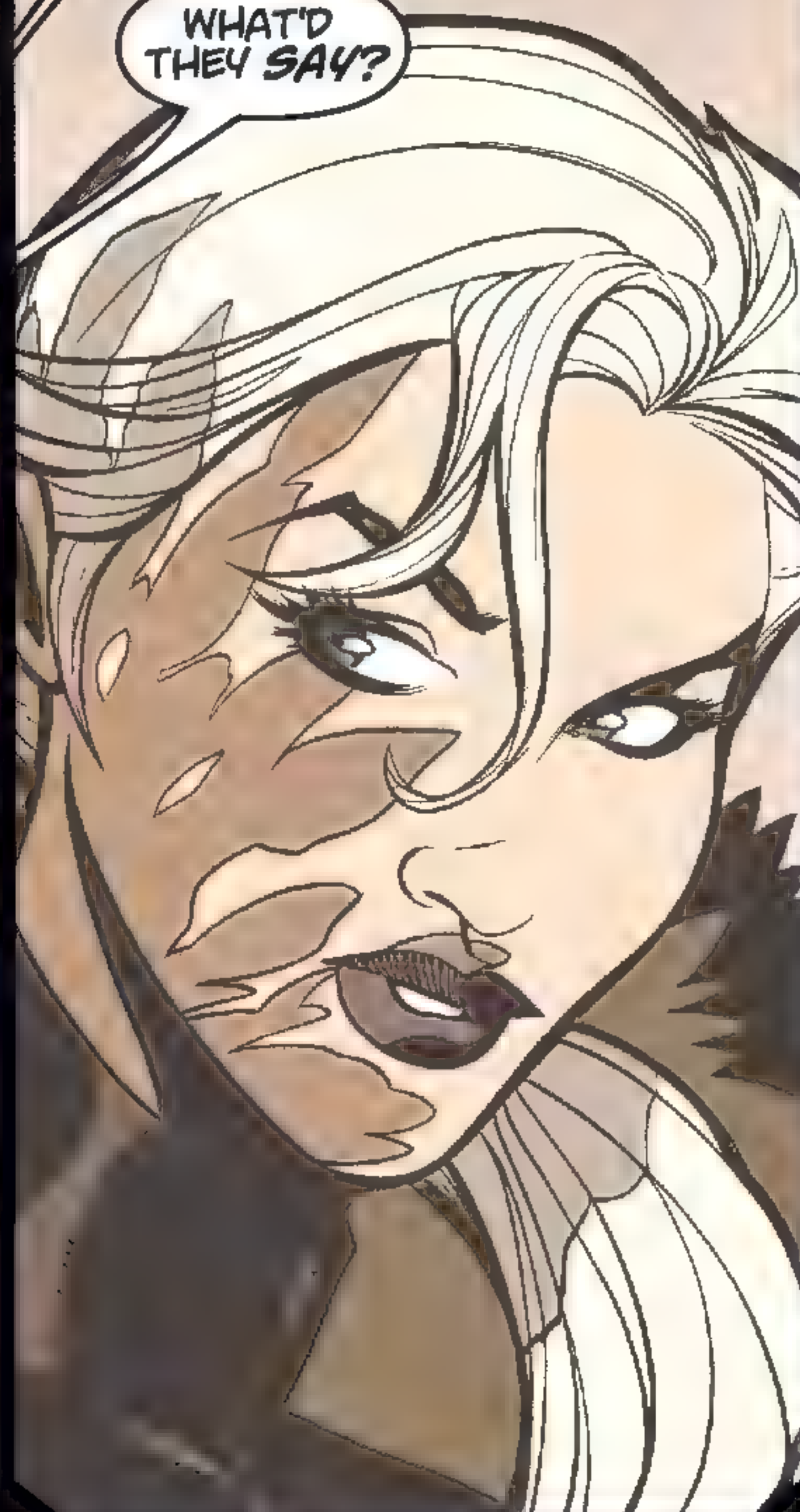


"ALL I WANTED
WAS TO RIGHT
MY WRONG.

"BUT THE UNIVERSE
BEAT ME TO IT."

START
THE CAR, MAN!
HURRY!

WHAT'D
THEY SAY?



THEY HIT
A DIVIDER OR
SOMETHING!

WHO
WAS IN THE
CAR?!

ROB, TIMBO,
SOUKEL AND RYAN!
WE'VE GOTTA GET TO
ST. LUKE'S NOW!

JEE-ZUS
I HOPE
THEY'RE
GONNA BE
ALRIGHT!



"THEY WEREN'T."



"ALL THAT
TRAINING AND
PREPARATION--
FOR NOTHING.

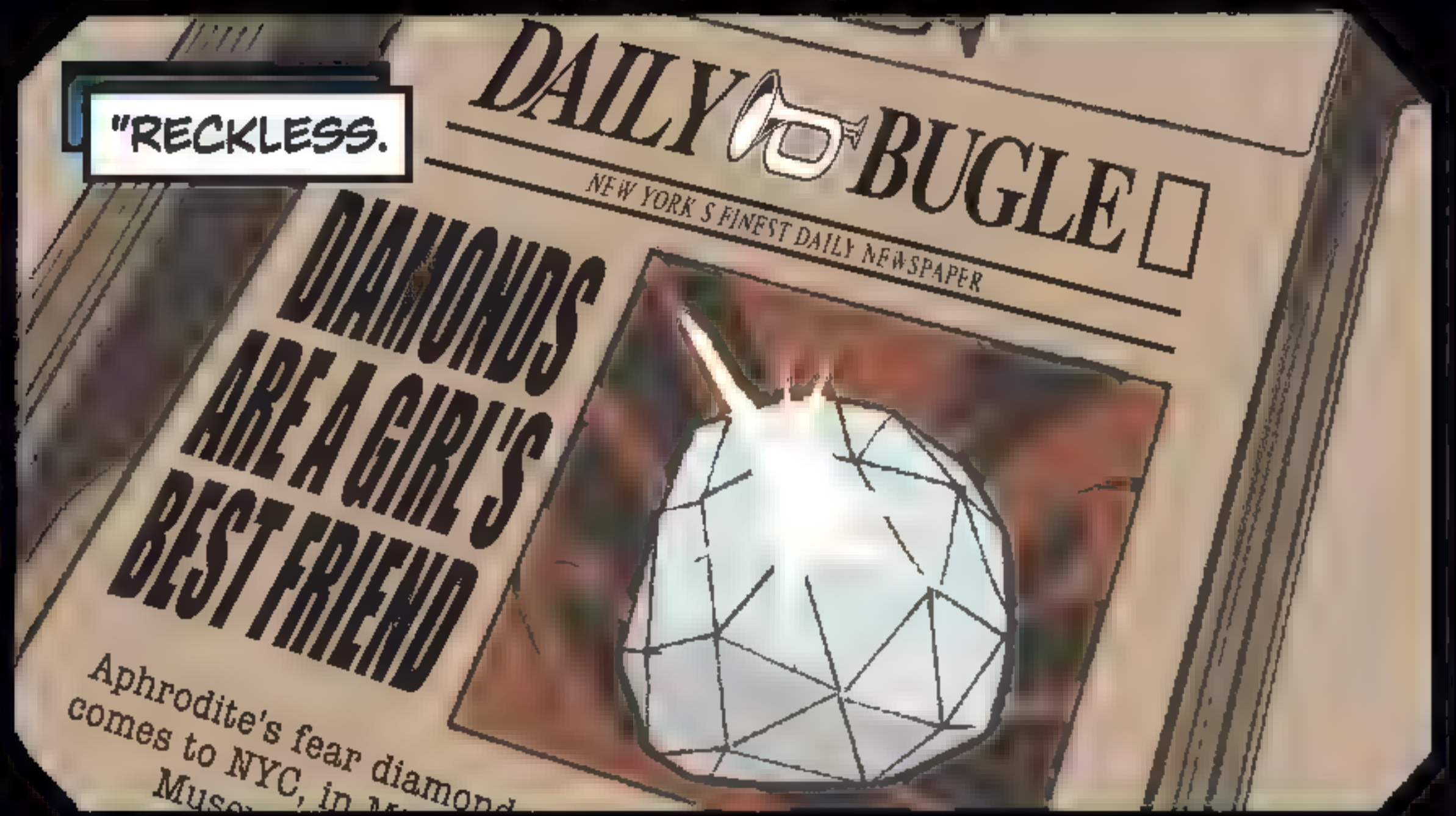
"I WAS SO
FURIOUS. I WAS
A GUN, READY
TO GO OFF, BUT
I HAD NO MORE
TARGET."





"HE STOLE MY LIFE, AND I WANTED TO STEAL HIS. AND NOW I'D NEVER GET THAT CHANCE."

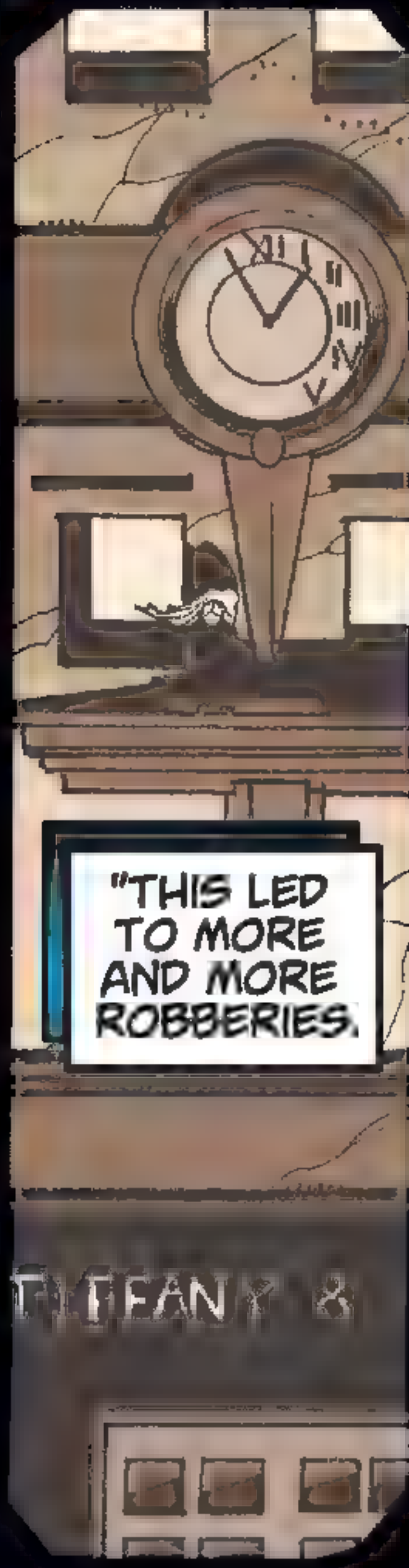
"IT LEFT ME FEELING..."



"RECKLESS."



"THAT NIGHT, I STOLE MY FIRST DIAMOND."



"THIS LED TO MORE AND MORE ROBBERIES."

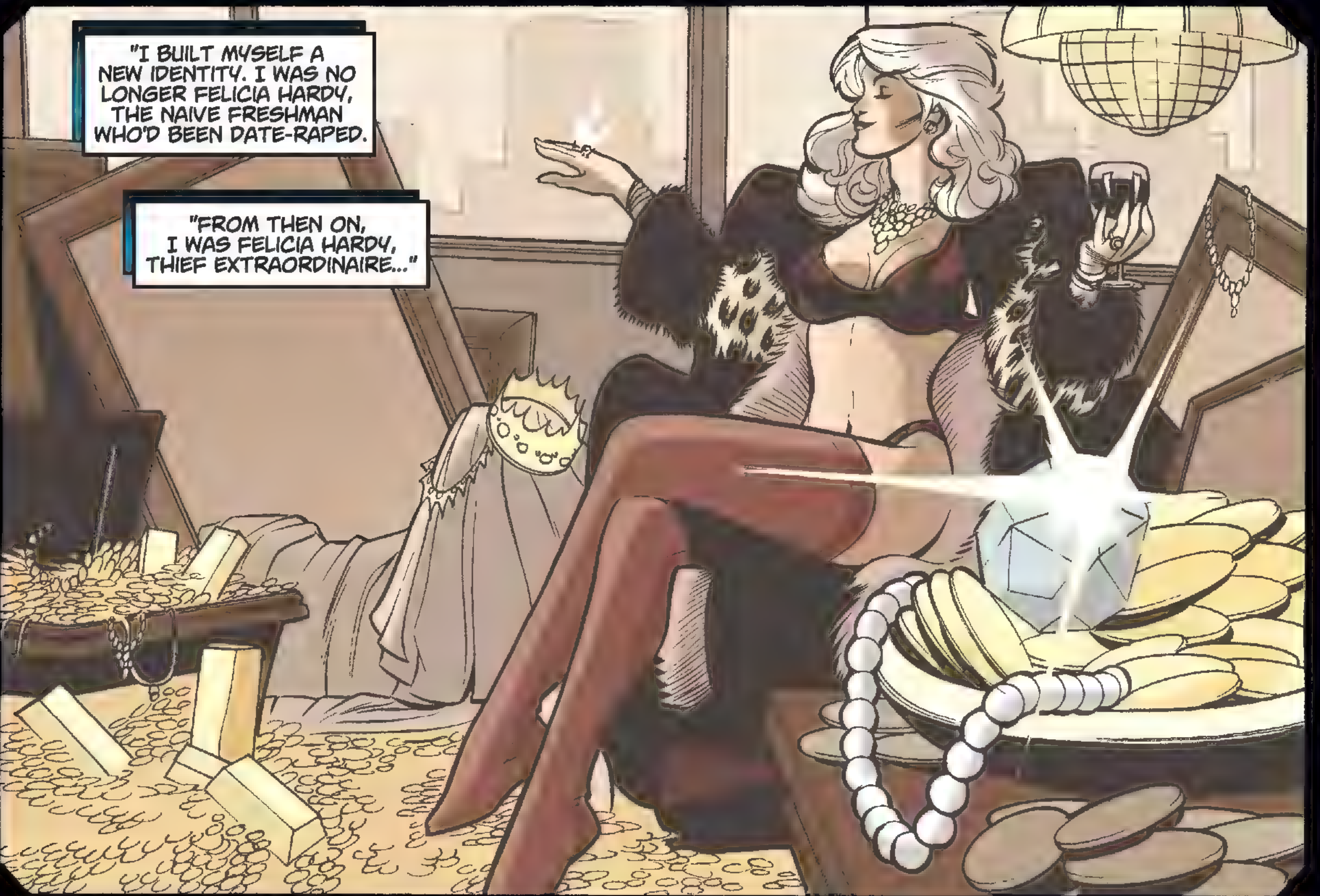


"AND SOON, I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED WITH RYAN ANYMORE."

"I JUSTIFIED IT TO MYSELF."

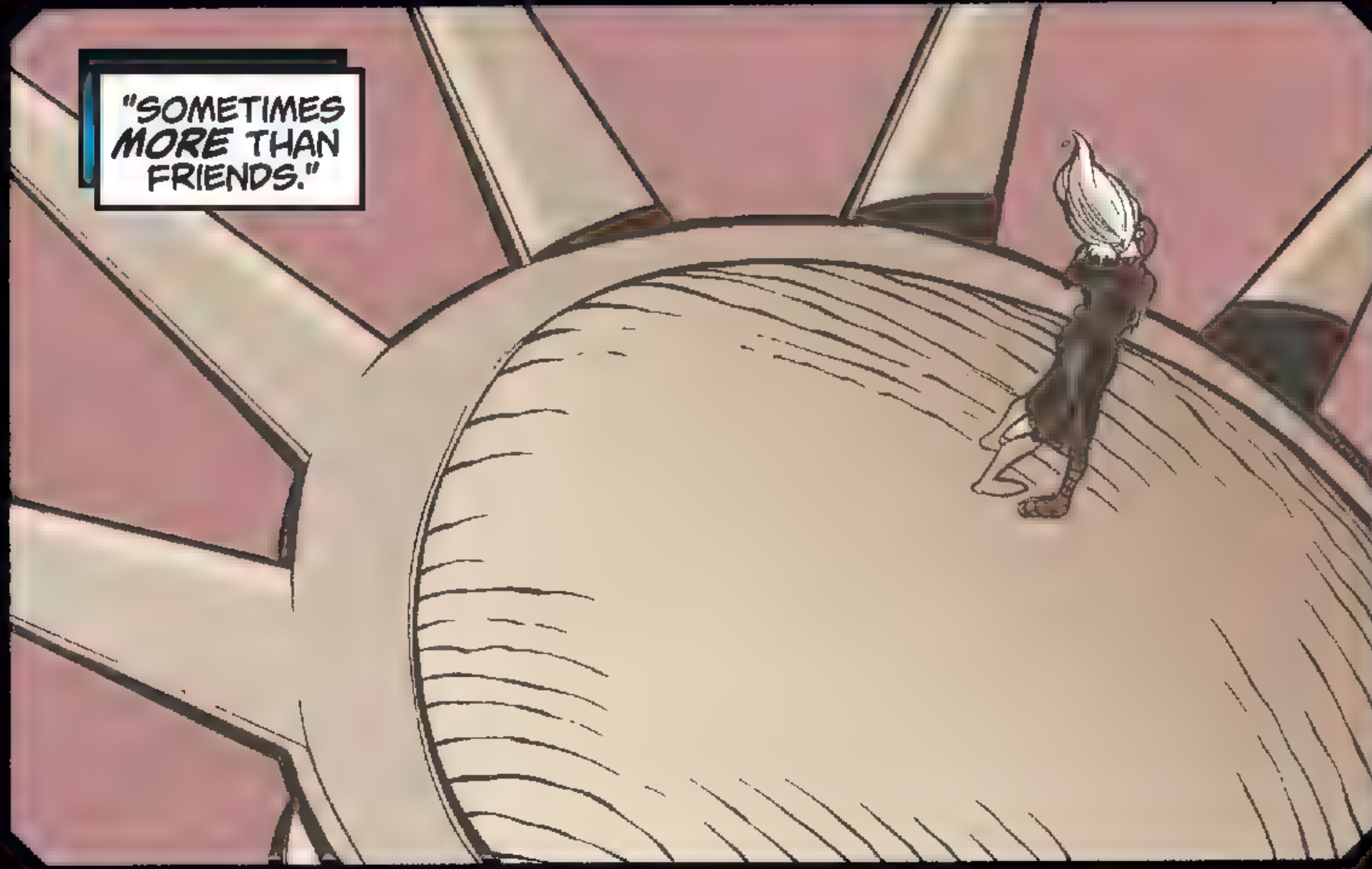
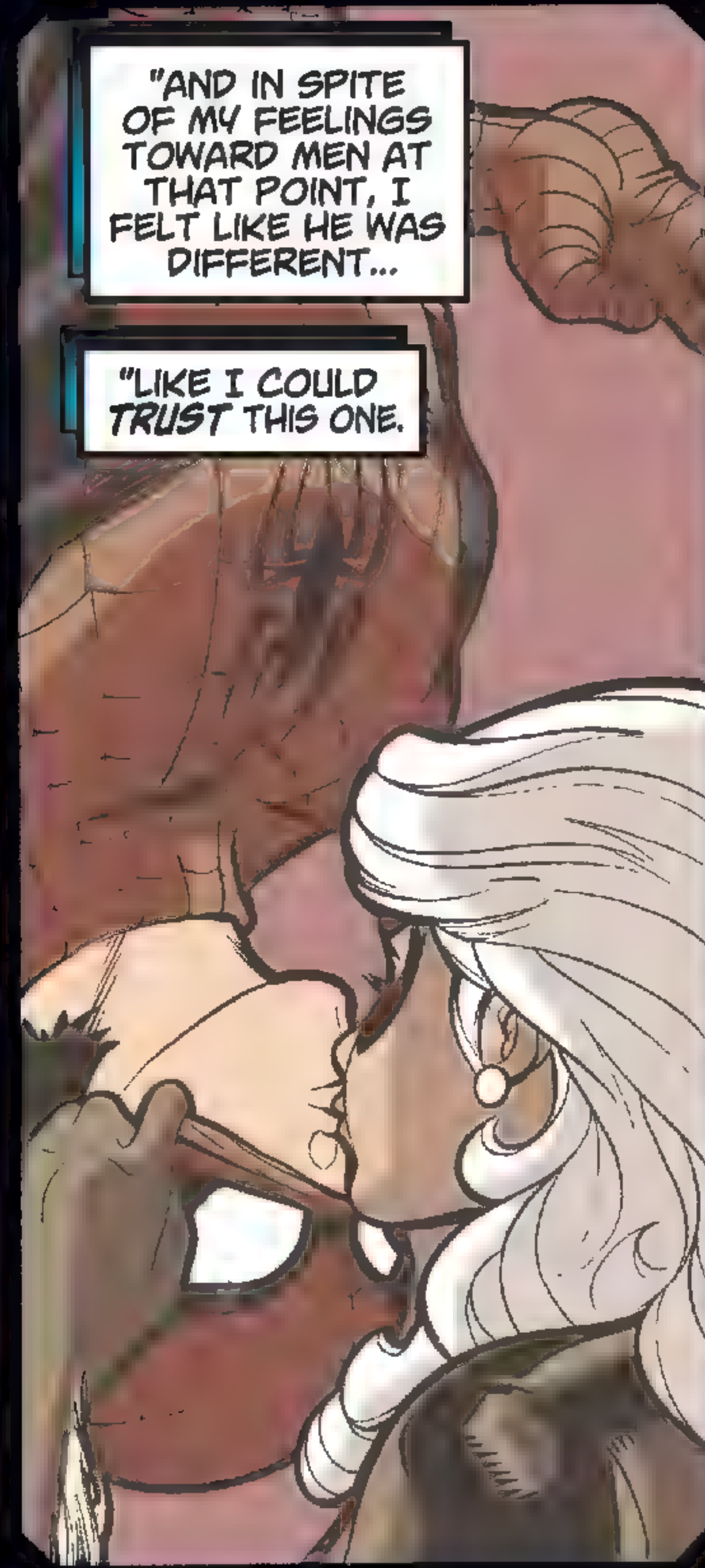
"SOMETHING WAS STOLEN FROM ME..."

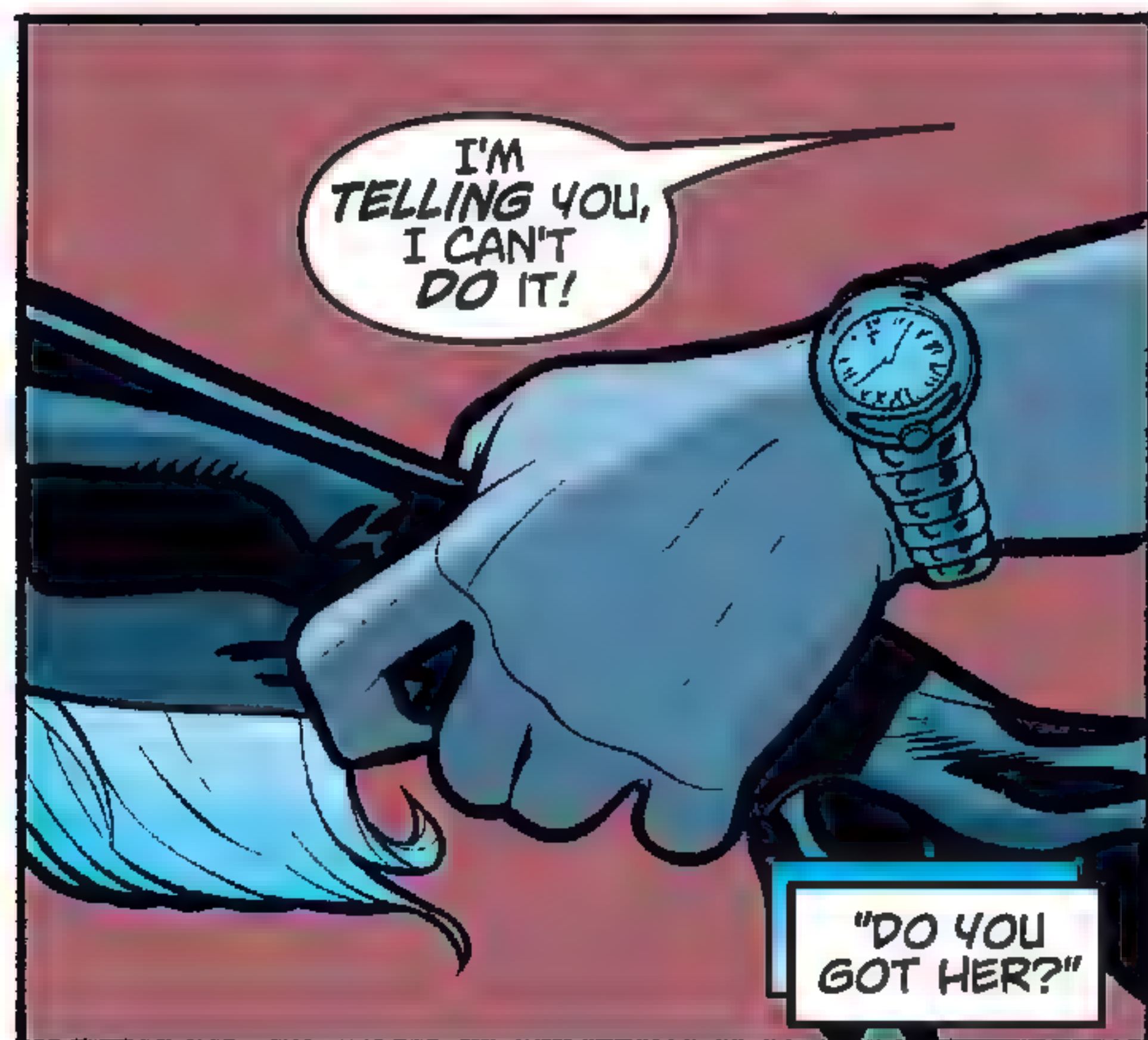
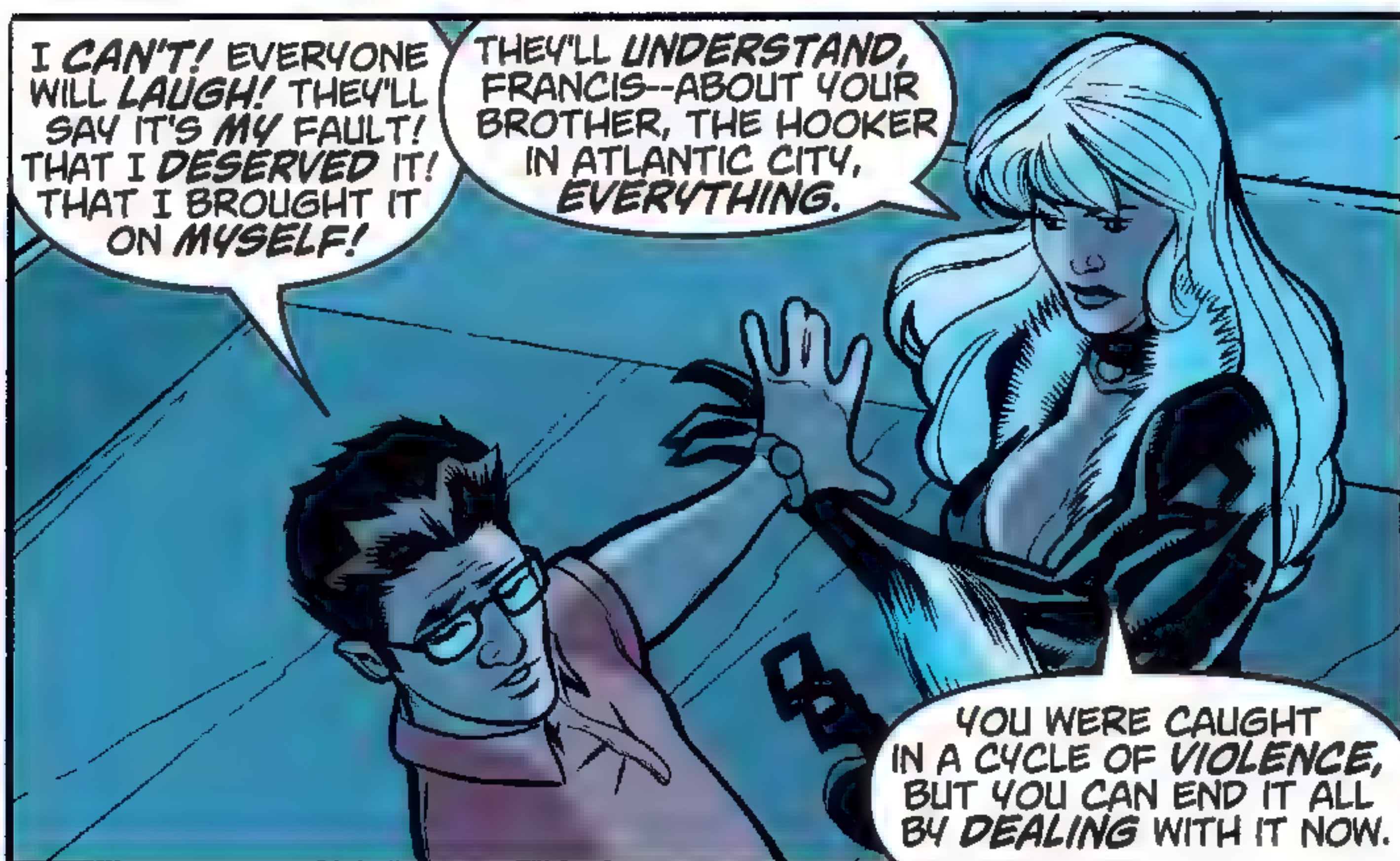
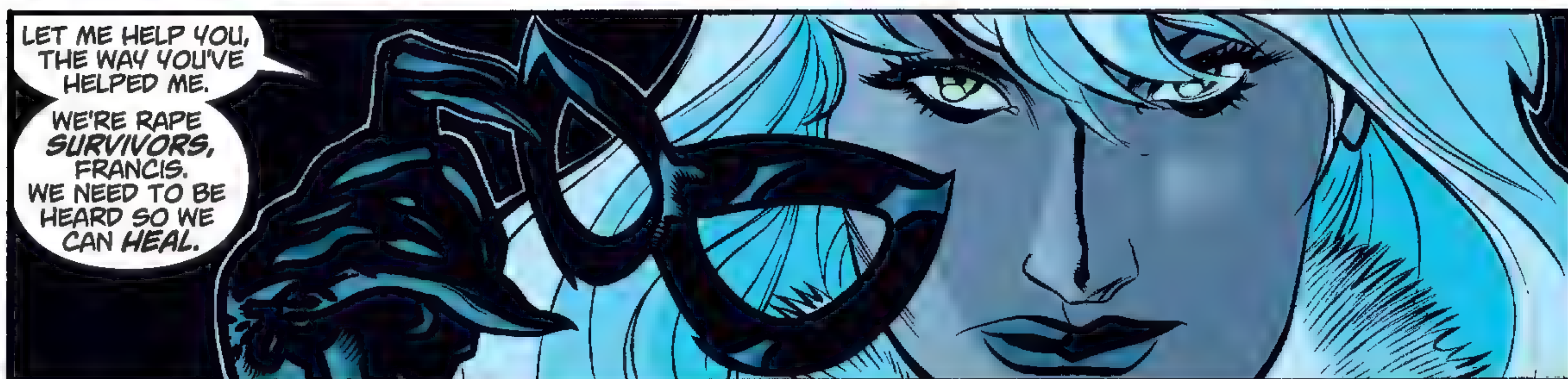
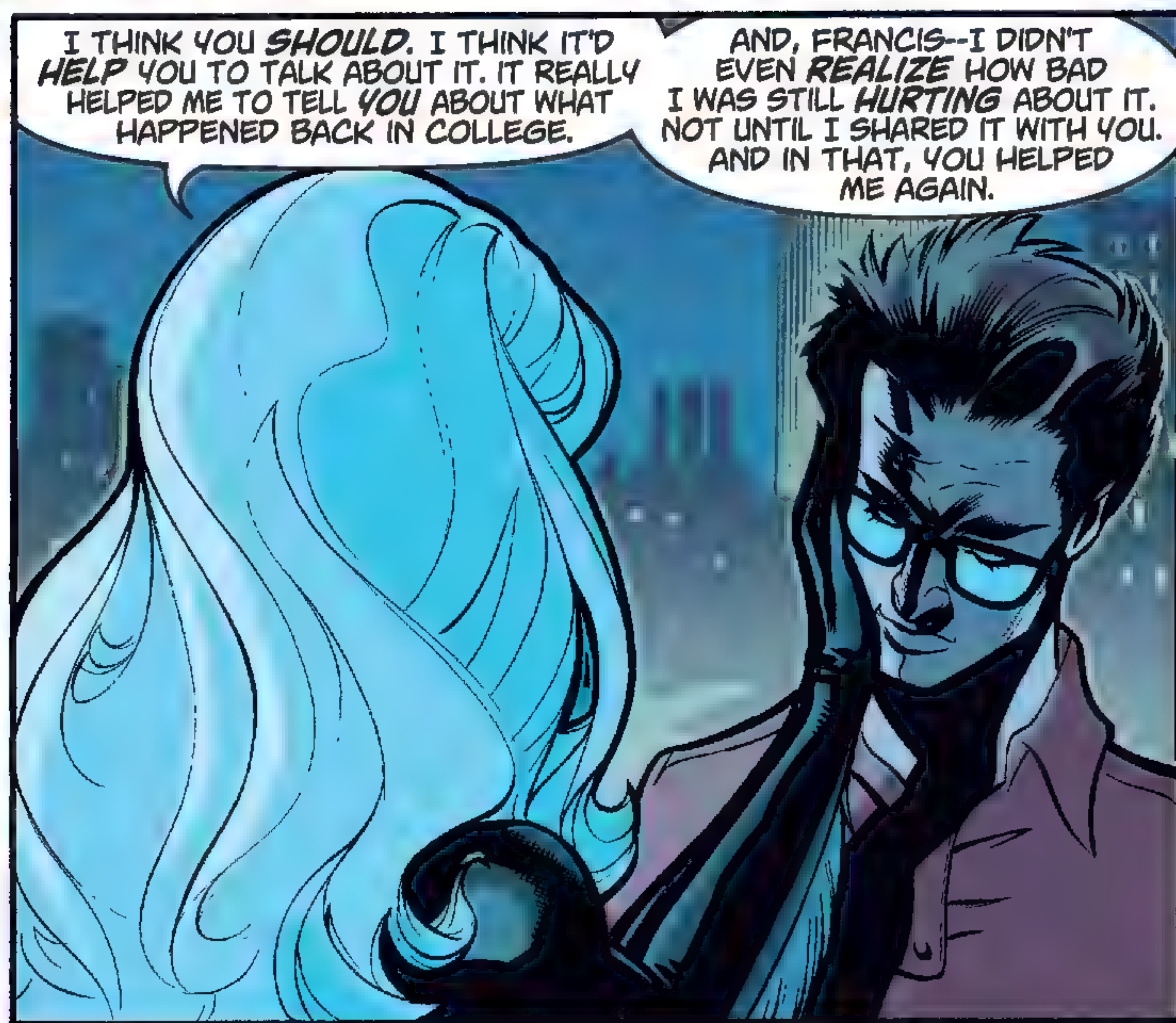
"SO I STARTED STEALING BACK."



"I BUILT MYSELF A NEW IDENTITY. I WAS NO LONGER FELICIA HARDY, THE NAIVE FRESHMAN WHO'D BEEN DATE-RAPED."

"FROM THEN ON, I WAS FELICIA HARDY, THIEF EXTRAORDINAIRE..."







CAN YOU SENSE HER YET?

I'M PICKING UP HER HEARTBEAT'S SIGNATURE, BUT IT'S ALL MUDDLED BY THE DIN OF THE CI...



WAIT! I'VE GOT HER!

AND HER HEART'S RACING.



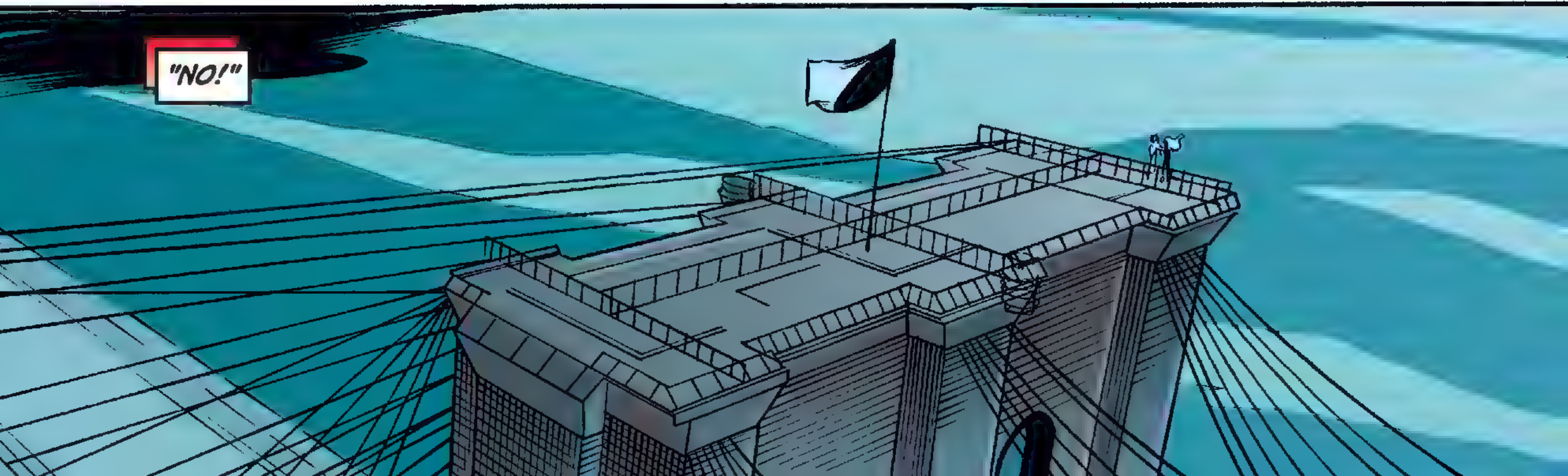
WHERE?! WHICH WAY?!

NORTH. BY THE RIVER.

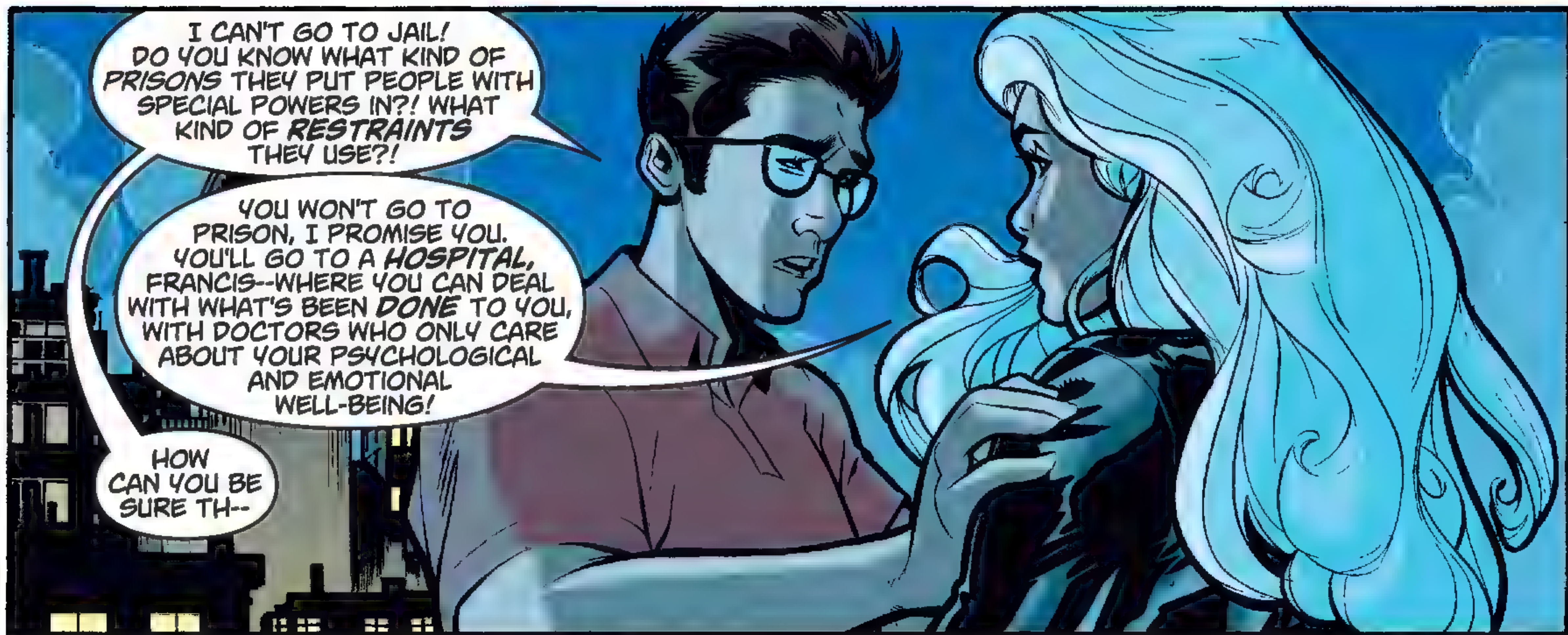
WHERE BY THE RIVER?! THE DOCKS? THE...?!

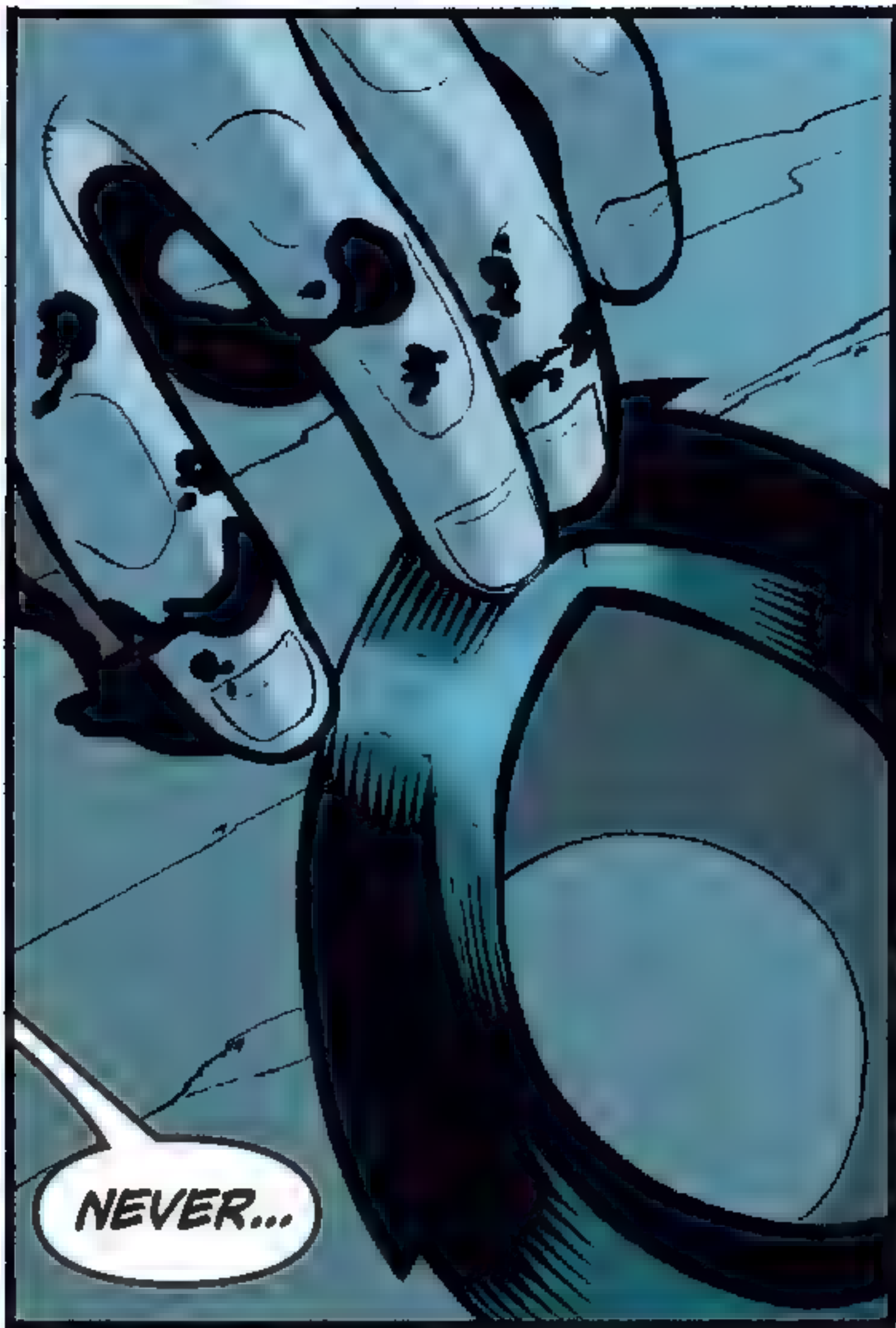


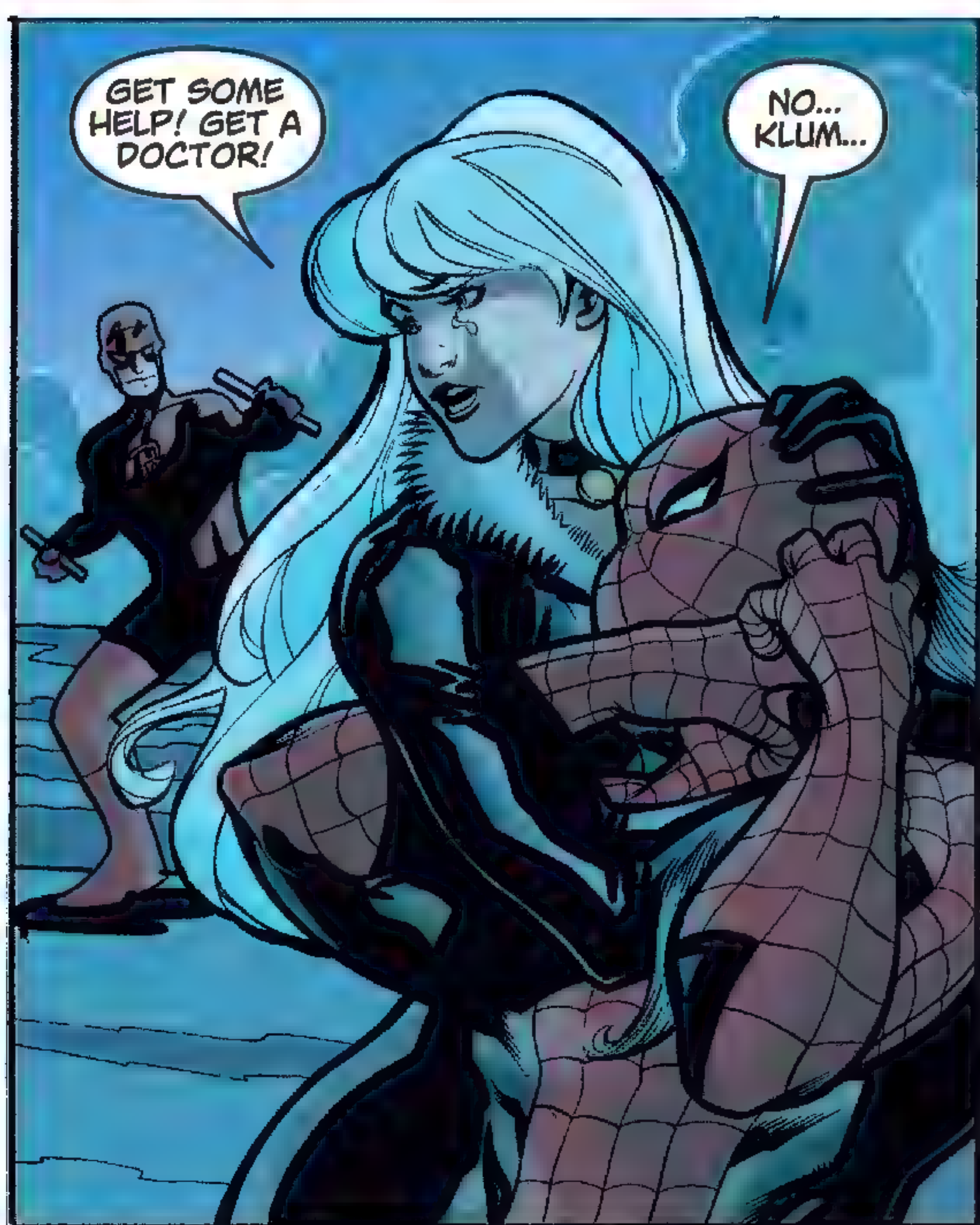
NO...

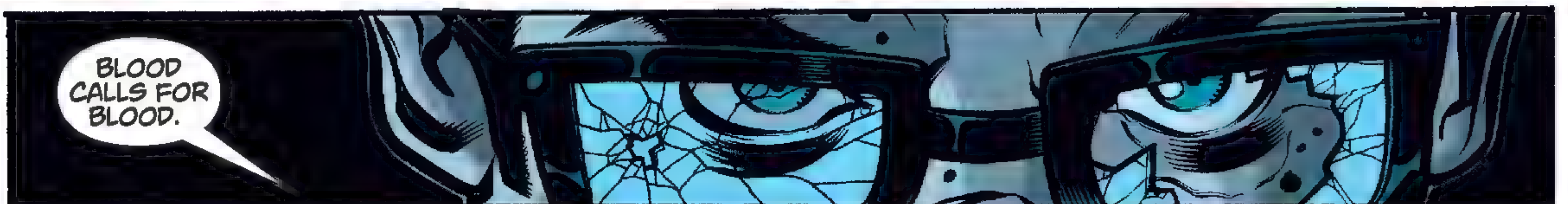
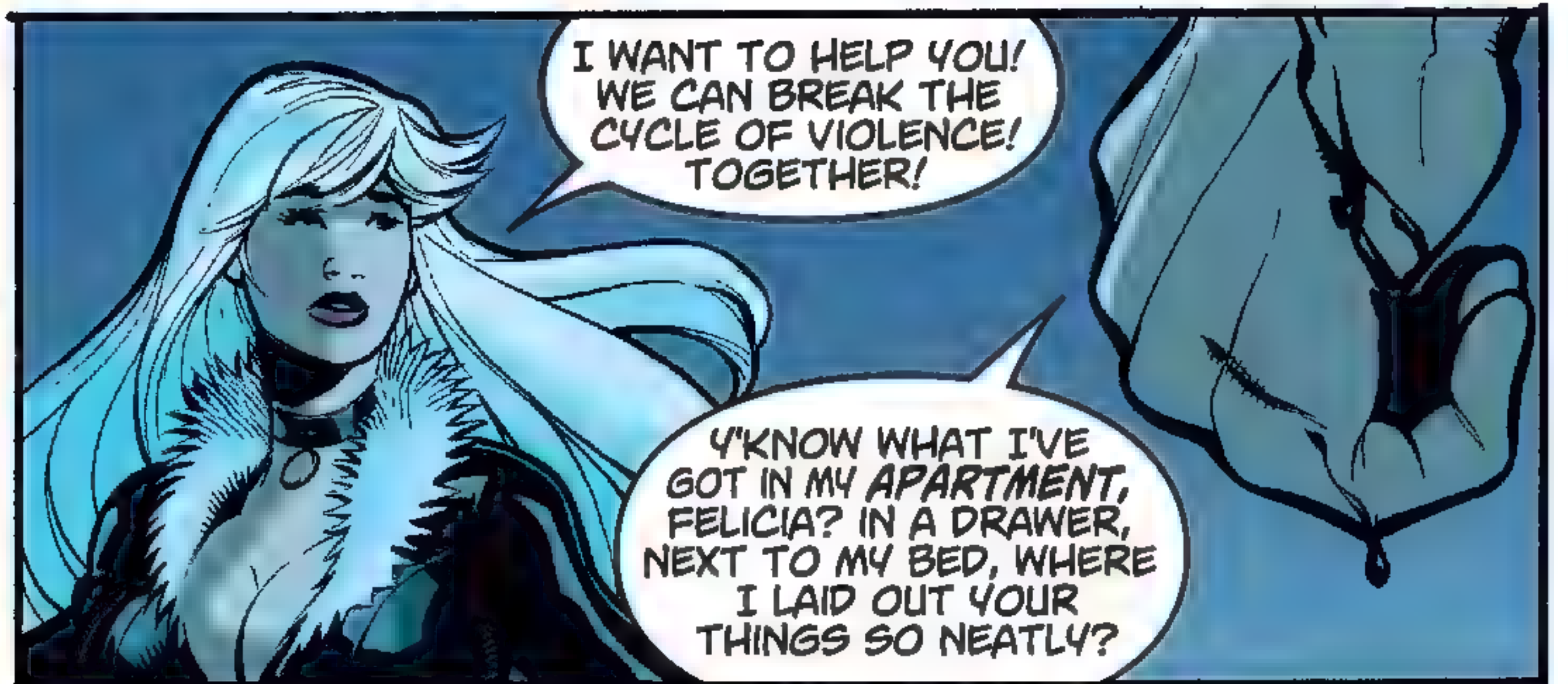
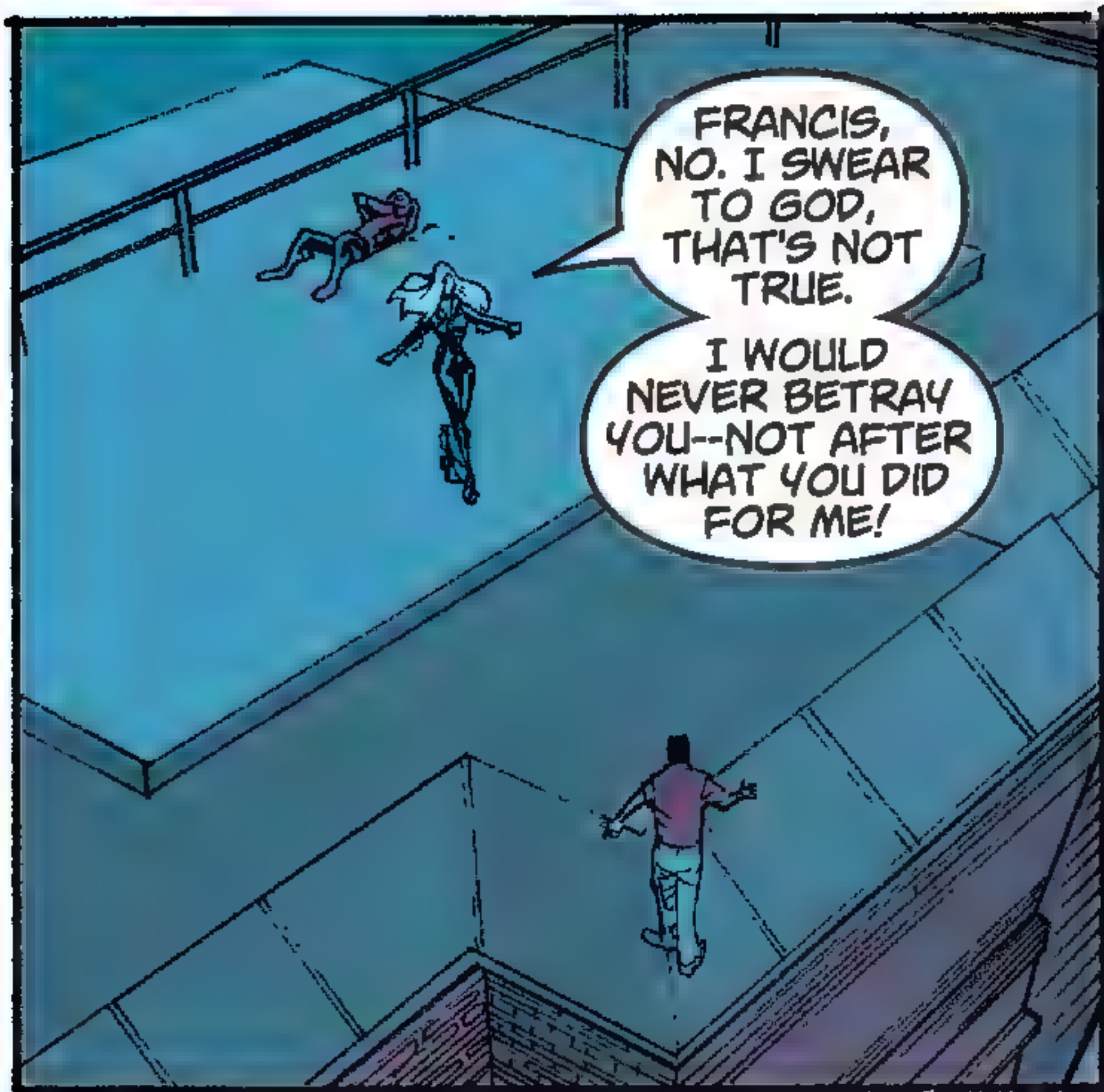


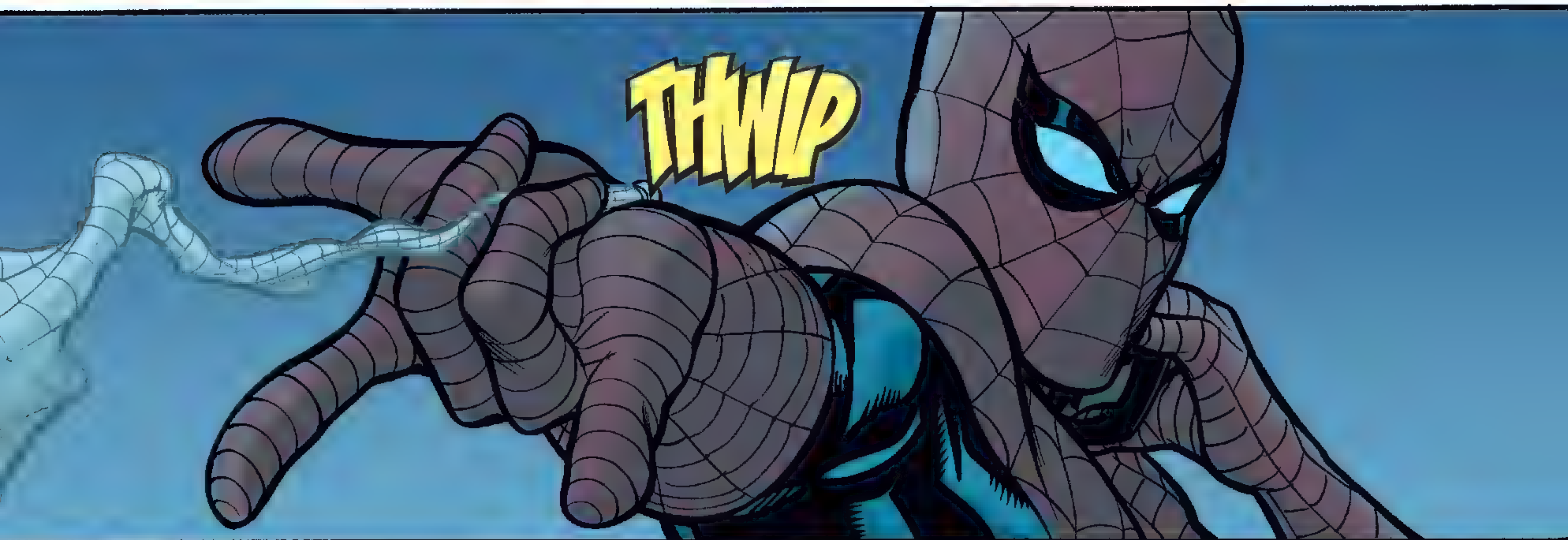
"NO!"

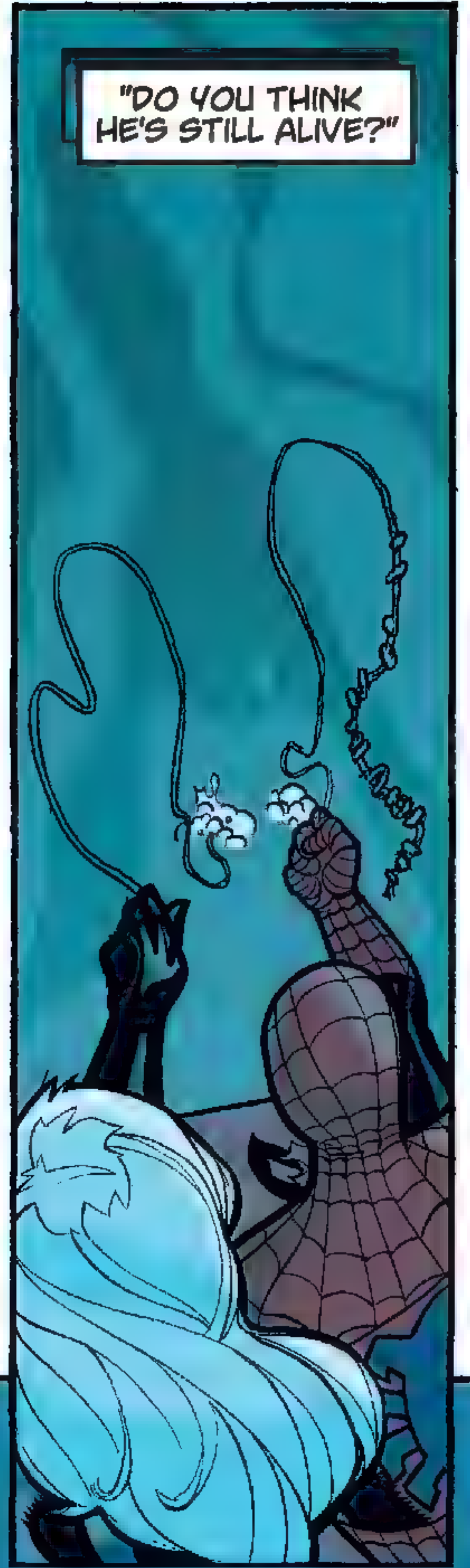
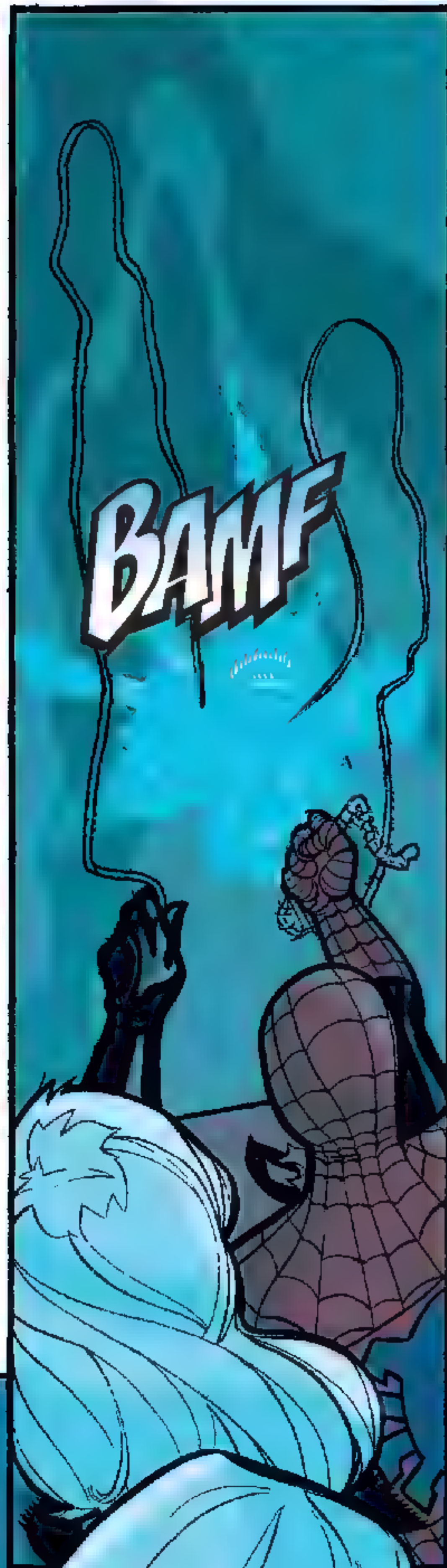
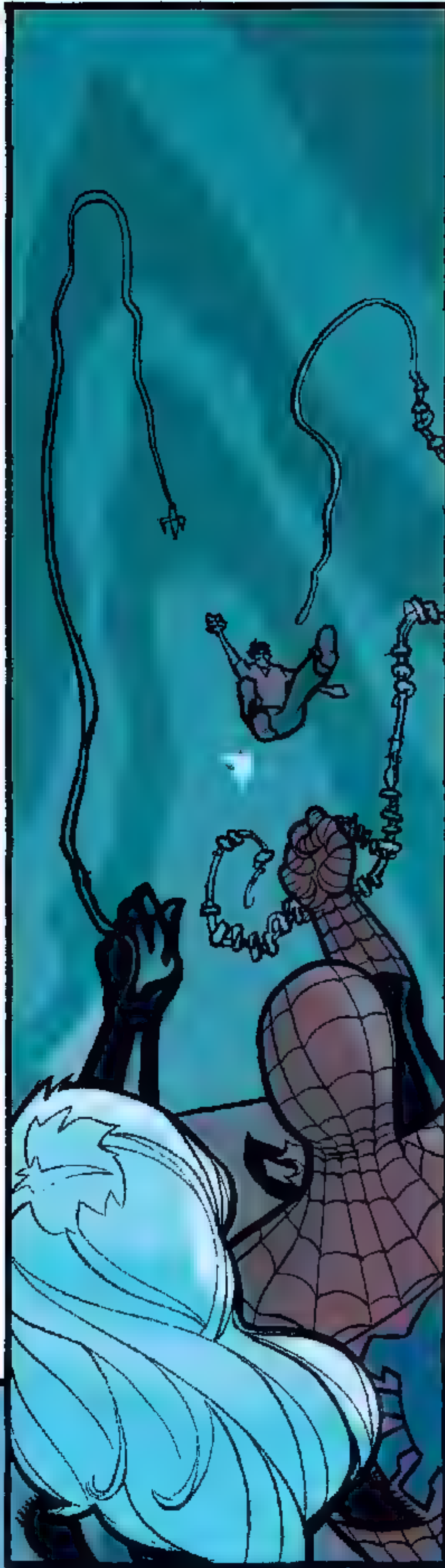






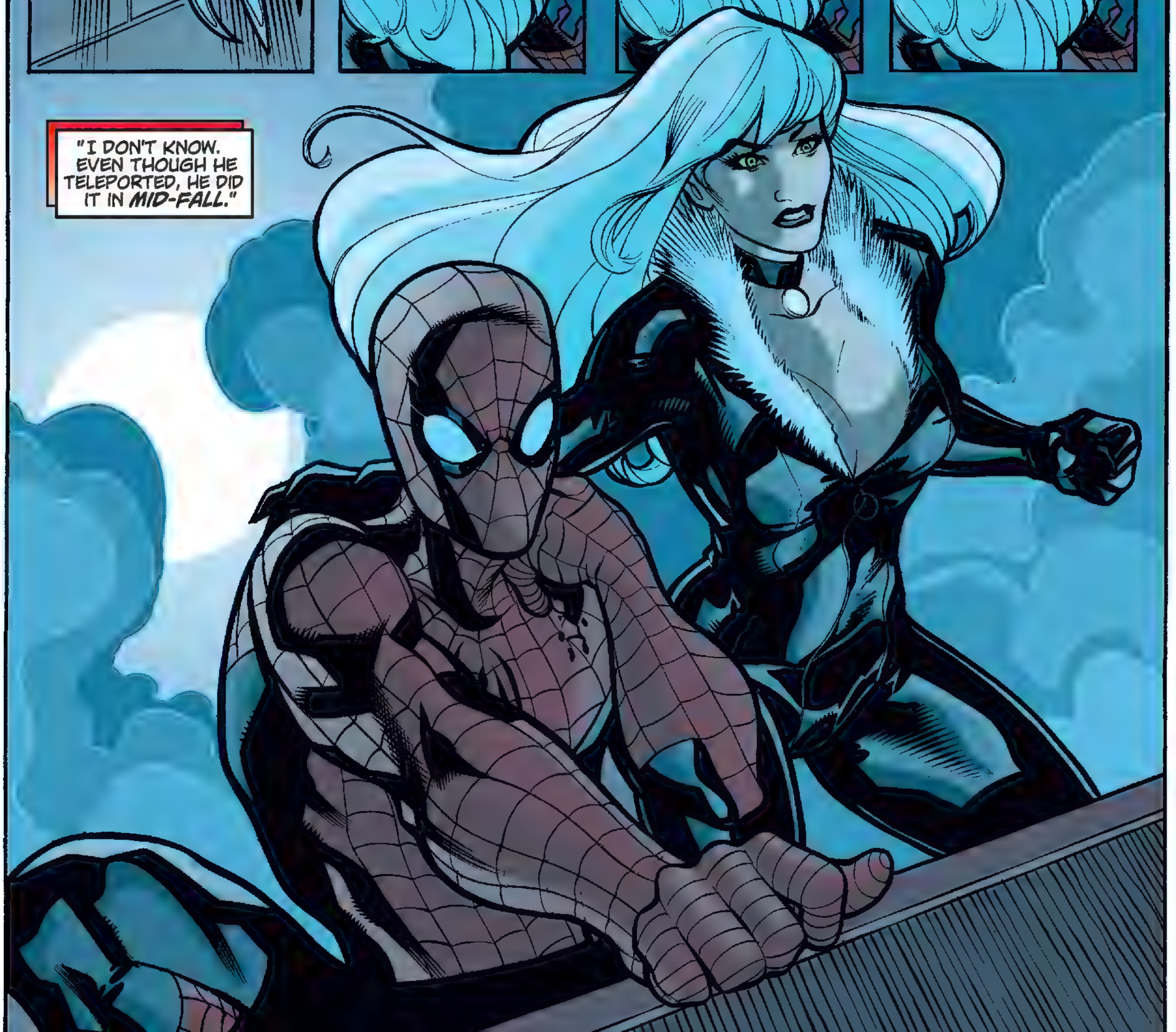


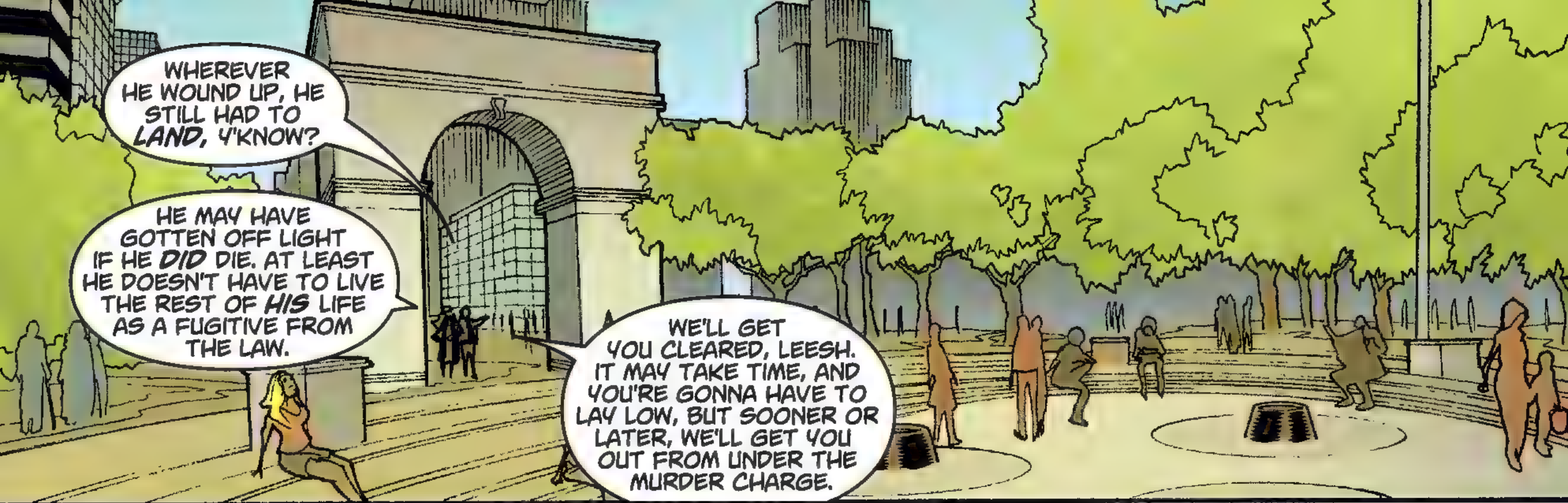




"DO YOU THINK HE'S STILL ALIVE?"

"I DON'T KNOW. EVEN THOUGH HE TELEPORTED, HE DID IT IN *MID-FALL*."





WHEREVER HE WOUND UP, HE STILL HAD TO **LAND**, Y'KNOW?

HE MAY HAVE GOTTEN OFF LIGHT IF HE **DID** DIE. AT LEAST HE DOESN'T HAVE TO LIVE THE REST OF **HIS** LIFE AS A FUGITIVE FROM THE LAW.

WE'LL GET YOU CLEARED, LEESH. IT MAY TAKE TIME, AND YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO LAY LOW, BUT SOONER OR LATER, WE'LL GET YOU OUT FROM UNDER THE MURDER CHARGE.



GOD, IT JUST SUCKS.

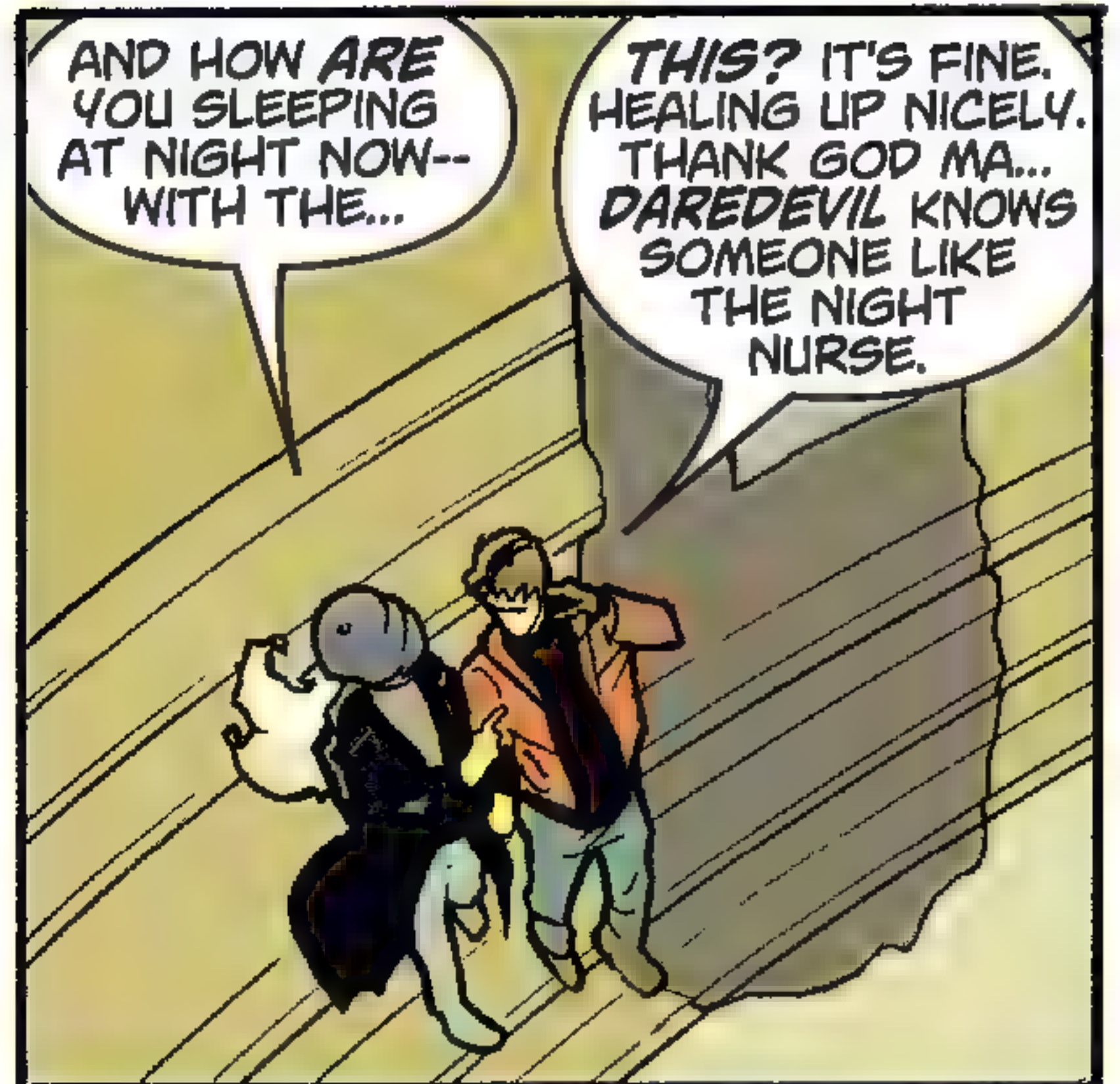
NO MATTER HOW HARD WE TRY TO HELP, SOMETIMES WE ONLY MAKE THINGS WORSE. FOR **OURSELVES**. FOR **OTHERS**. FOR **FRANCIS**.

YOU CAN'T THINK LIKE THAT.

WHY NOT?

BECAUSE NO MATTER WHAT THE OUTCOME, AT THE END OF THE DAY, WE ALWAYS **HELP** MORE PEOPLE THAN NOT. THE **GOOD** **OUTWEIGHS** THE **BAD**.

KNOWING THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN **SLEEP** AT NIGHT.



AND HOW **ARE** YOU SLEEPING AT NIGHT NOW-- WITH THE...

THIS? IT'S FINE. HEALING UP NICELY. THANK GOD MA... **DAREDEVIL** KNOWS SOMEONE LIKE THE NIGHT NURSE.

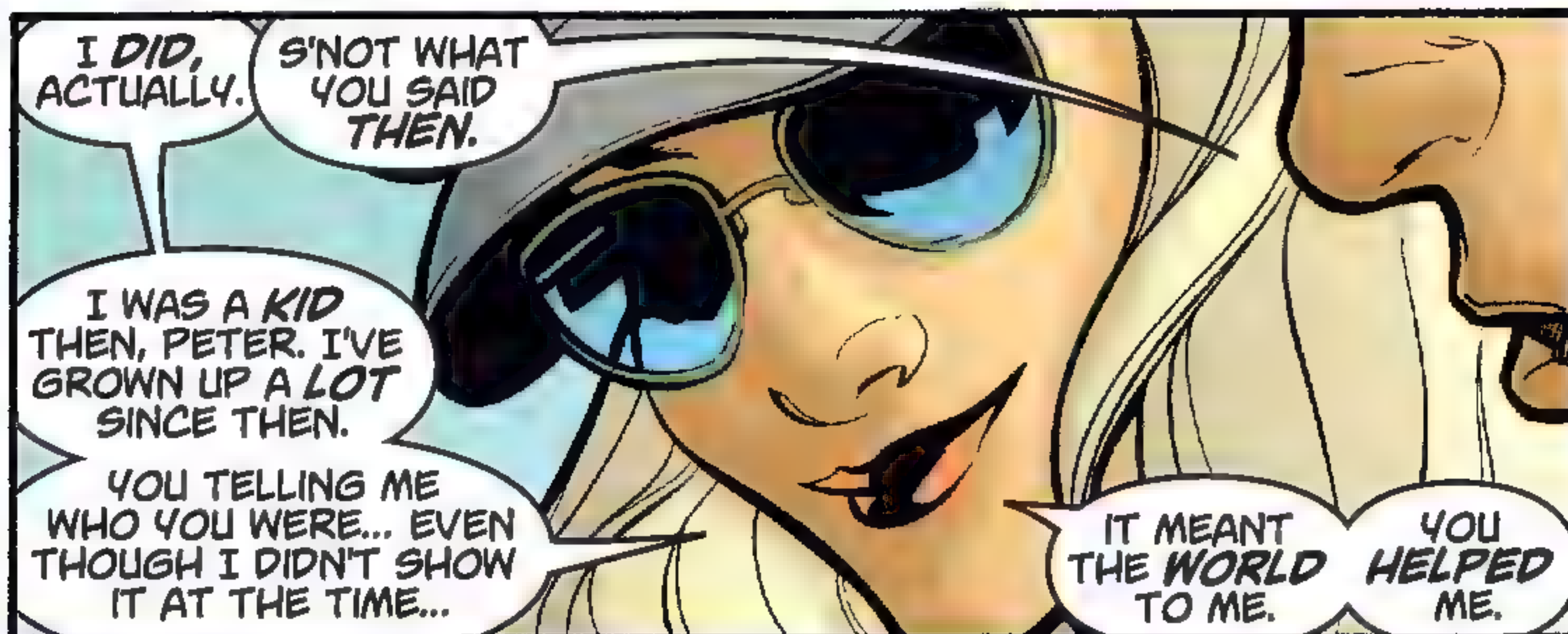


YOU ALMOST **SLIPPED**, PETER PARKER. YOU ALMOST REVEALED ANOTHER COSTUME'S NAME.

LAY OFF.

ISN'T THAT YOU ALL OVER? ALWAYS RUSHING TO **UNMASK**?

YOU LOVED IT WHEN I DID IT, AND YOU KNOW IT.



I **DID**, ACTUALLY.

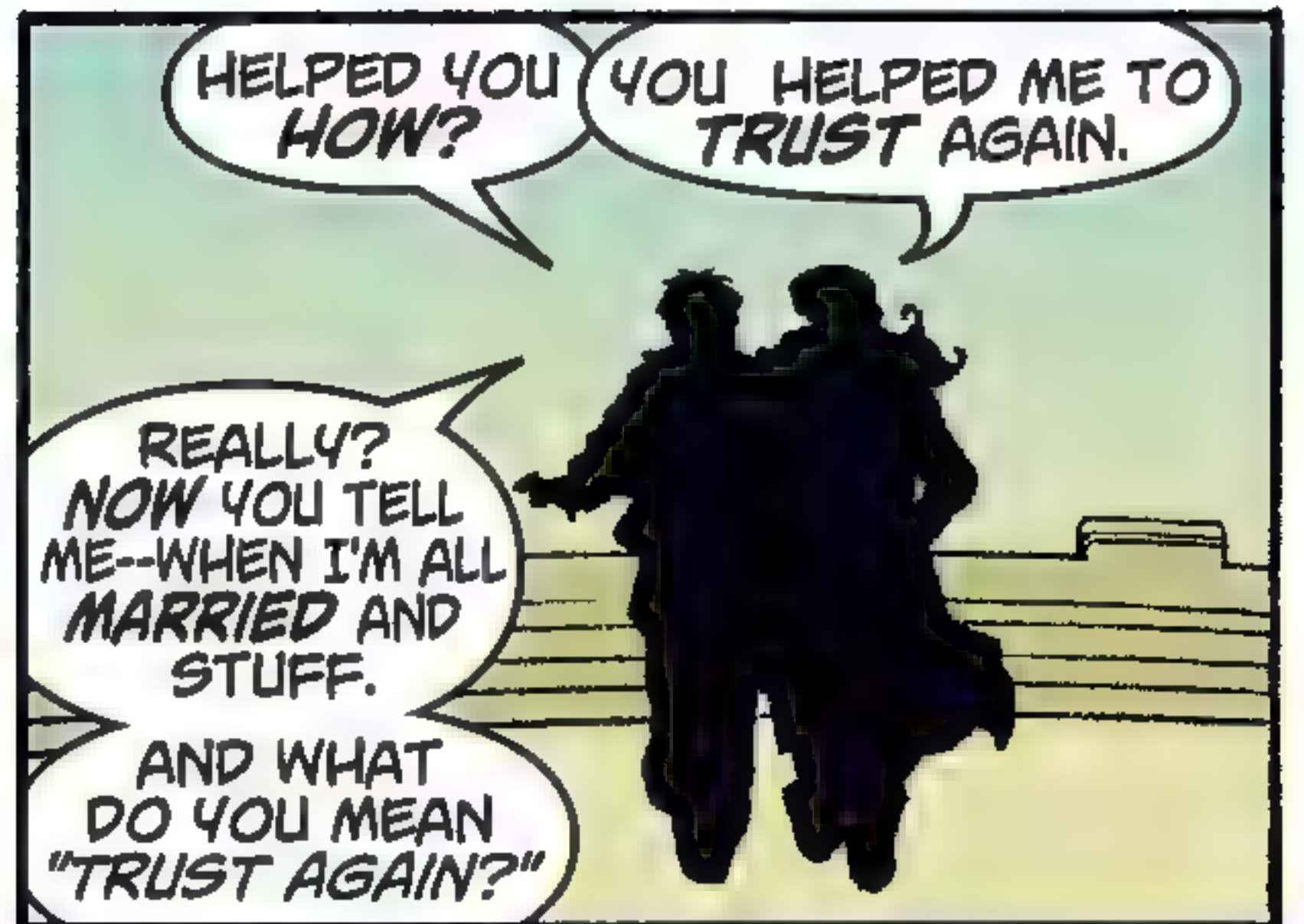
S'NOT WHAT YOU SAID THEN.

I WAS A KID THEN, PETER. I'VE GROWN UP A LOT SINCE THEN.

YOU TELLING ME WHO YOU WERE... EVEN THOUGH I DIDN'T SHOW IT AT THE TIME...

IT MEANT THE **WORLD** TO ME.

YOU **HELPED** ME.



HELPED YOU **HOW**?

YOU HELPED ME TO **TRUST** AGAIN.

REALLY? NOW YOU TELL ME--WHEN I'M ALL **MARRIED** AND **STUFF**.

AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN "**TRUST AGAIN**?"



PETER, I THINK IT'S TIME I TOLD YOU SOMETHING.

SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED TO ME WHEN I WAS IN COLLEGE...

EPILOGUE...

SOMEWHERE DOWNTOWN...

AND HOW
DID YOU COME
INTO POSSESSION
OF THIS?

AN ASSOCIATE
ACQUIRED IT FROM
JACK-O-LANTERN.

THE
BROWN GUY
WHO RIDES THAT
BAT-THING?

YOU'RE
THINKING OF
HOBGOBLIN.

HARD TO
KEEP THEM ALL
STRAIGHT.

YOU'LL HAVE TO STUDY UP, IF YOU *TRULY* INTEND
TO PLAY THE COSTUME GAME, MR. KLUM.

EVEN THOUGH MANY OF THEM ARE
HISTRIONIC PSYCHOTICS, THOSE LOST
SOULS WILL PROVE TO BE YOUR BEST
ALLIES IN YOUR COMING CAMPAIGN.

IT'S NOT A *CAMPAIGN*, MR. FISK.
IT'S NOT A *GAME*, AND I DON'T
INTEND TO SPEND MY LIFE TRADING
QUIPS AND BLOWS WITH THE MAN.

I'M GOING
TO *KILL* SPIDER-MAN.
MAYBE THE BLACK CAT,
TOO. THAT'S IT.

THEN WHY *THIS*, MIGHT I ASK?
I'M CERTAINLY NOT TRYING TO TALK
YOU OUT OF THE PURCHASE, BUT
THERE'RE *THOUSANDS* OF WAYS TO
REACH YOUR GOAL WITHOUT
WRAPPING YOURSELF UP IN
THEATRICS.

I'M NOT IN ANY
SHAPE TO SHOW MY
FACE TO THE WORLD.
THE DOCTORS SAY
THE WOUNDS WILL
NEVER HEAL.

IF IT'S A QUESTION
OF THE COSMETIC, SURELY
AN *ORIGINAL* MASK OF YOUR
OWN DESIGN...

I'LL *NEVER*
LOOK NORMAL AGAIN.
THAT'S ONLY PART
OF IT, SIR.

I'LL USE THE
CONTENTS OF THIS
CRATE TO DRAW
OUT SPIDER-MAN.
AND TO GET
THE EDGE.

IF HE THINKS HE'S
DEALING WITH THE
FAMILIAR, HE'LL APPROACH
ME *DIFFERENTLY*--WITH
HIS *GUARD* DOWN. WHY BE
WARY OF A FOE YOU'VE
TRUMPED COUNTLESS
TIMES, RIGHT?

AND WHEN
HE *DOES* THAT?
WHEN HE FACES ME IN *THIS*
GUISE, SIMPLY PREPARED TO
PERFORM A *ROTE BALLET* HE'S
DANCED SO MANY TIMES BEFORE...

I'LL TELEPORT MY FIST INTO HIS **BRAIN**.

THAT'S CERTAINLY AN **ADVANTAGE** YOU'LL HAVE OVER THE SUIT'S **ORIGINAL OWNER**. HE DIDN'T HAVE YOUR... **SPECIAL ABILITIES**. HE WAS ALL PARLOR TRICKS.

WITH **YOUR POWERS**, YOU COULD ACTUALLY **LIVE UP TO THE NAME**.

HOW MUCH?

AH--THE UNCOMFORTABLE DISCUSSION OF **MONEY**.

TEN MILLION.

SEEMS KINDA **HIGH** FOR A SUIT THAT'S BEEN SITTING IN **MOTHBALLS** FOR AWHILE.

YOU'RE NOT JUST BUYING THE **SUIT**, SIR. YOU'RE BUYING ALL THE **ACCOUTREMENTS** THE DESIGNER OF THIS IDENTITY CREATED AS WELL. HIS CONTRAPTIONS, WHICH--WHILE ADMITTEDLY RATHER CHILDISH--DO EXTEND THE MYSTIQUE HE AFFORDED HIMSELF...JUST PRIOR TO HIS ROUTINE **THRASHINGS** AT THE HANDS OF SPIDER-MAN.

A FATE I'M **SURE** YOU'LL NOT SHARE.

AND ASIDE FROM THE **HISTORY** AND THE **ANONYMITY** THE SUIT PROVIDES, DON'T FORGET THAT YOU'RE ALSO BUYING THIS **ENTIRE WAREHOUSE**.

IT'S A **TURNKEY OPERATION**, MR. KLUM. YOU HAND ME A BRIEFCASE, AND I HAND YOU THE KEYS TO A **KINGDOM**--ONE YOU COULD RESCUE FROM **RIDICULE**.

AND TEN MILLION CERTAINLY PUTS YOU WELL ON YOUR WAY TO REBUILDING **YOUR EMPIRE**, DOESN'T IT, MR. FISK?

THERE'S THAT, YES.

MAKE IT EIGHT, AND WHEN I'M DONE KILLING THE **ARACH-KNIGHT**, I'LL DO AWAY WITH **DAREDEVIL** FOR YOU AS WELL.

A KIND OFFER, TO BE SURE.

BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS A MAN HAS TO DO FOR **HIMSELF**, SIR.

I'M AFRAID IT'S TEN MILLION OR **NOTHING**. SUCH A **SMALL PRICE** TO PAY FOR REVENGE ON YOUR **BROTHER'S KILLERS**, NO?

Hm.

SO... DO WE HAVE A **DEAL**?



YES.

YES,
I BELIEVE
WE DO.

Fin

ISSUE #6 SCRIPT by KEVIN SMITH

with sketches by Terry Dodson

PAGE ONE

Panel One:

An image of a happy, smiling, beautiful six year old Felicia Hardy.

BLACK CAT VO

They say the model for every relationship a woman has with a man is predicated on the relationship she shares with the first man she ever loves...

Panel Two:

EXT NYC BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Wider on that image now: young Felicia rides the shoulders of WALTER HARDY, her father. She's putting a basketball in a hoop. A picture of joy.

BLACK CAT VO

Her Dad.

WALTER

Swish!

(balloon two)

And Hardy sinks the rock at the buzzer! The Knicks are going to the playoffs!

FELICIA

HAR-DY! HAR-DY! HAR-DY!

Panel Three:

Other ballers are moving onto the court now, waiting for the ball, as Walter lifts Felicia off his shoulders.

FELICIA

Again!

WALTER

Oh, no. That's enough ball for today, kiddo. Your mother's gonna kill me if I don't get you to school in time.

Panel Four:

Felicia by his side, Walter bounces the ball back to the waiting, smiling players.

WALTER

Thanks, guys.

FELICIA

Can I be a cheerleader for the Knicks when I grow up, Daddy?

Panel Five:



Walter acts as if he's been shot in the heart. Felicia smiles.

WALTER

A cheerleader?! You just shot your poor old man in the heart, kid.

(balloon two)

Why cheer on the dopey boys when you get to pass the rock yer darn self? You be starting center, and let the boys cheer for you.

Panel Six:

Walter has his hand under Felcia's chin, lifting her face to look at him.

FELICIA

But there are no girls on the Knicks.

WALTER

Then you be the first. If the game doesn't work for you, then change the game.

(balloon two)

You can be anything you want when you grow up, Fee-Fee. Don't forget that.

Panel Seven:

A wide on the court. In the foreground, the ballers are playing. In the background, Walter and Felicia, their backs to us, are leaving the court. Felicia carries a backpack.

WALTER

Just sink more'n Cartwright, and I'll be a happy man.

FELICIA

'Kay.

BLACK CAT VO

'Course, the only courts in my future were of the legal variety.

BLACK CAT VO

When I grew up, I wanted to be just like my Dad. And since he was a cat burglar...

PAGE TWO AND THREE

SPLASH PAGES/TITLE PAGE



A montage of The Black Cat in action:

- Climbing up the side of a building
- Holding fist-fulls of jewels she's extracted from a safe
- As Felicia Hardy, enjoying her wealth
- Facing off with Spider-Man
- The largest image in the center of the splash portrays

Felicia (NOT THE BLACK CAT, BUT FELICIA) hanging upside down from a cable in an incredibly limber and extremely sexy pose over a laser-beam-alarm protected museum display case, reaching for the massive diamond contained therein.

BLACK CAT VO

Well, let's just say the apple didn't fall far from the tree.

BILLING BLOCK

- Marvel Comics Presents,
- Spider-Man and the Black Cat in
- The Evil That Men Do
- Part Six: One-in-Four
- Written By Kev
- Drawn and Colored by Terry and Rachel
- Edited by Axel

PAGE FOUR

Panel One:

EXT QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Black Cat talks with Francis.

BLACK CAT

But Dad wasn't the man responsible for shaping my destiny. I mean, he'd have rather I didn't follow in his footsteps, y'know?

(balloon two)

The guy most responsible for me putting on tights and stealing things wasn't nearly as noble.

(balloon three)

And since my Father was a professional thief, that's saying a lot.

Panel Two:

EXT COLLEGE CAMPUS FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

An establishing shot. There's a party in progress, which has spilled out onto the lawn. Drinking, music, etc.

BLACK CAT VO

I met him when I was a freshman at ESU.

Panel Three:

INT COLLEGE CAMPUS FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

An eighteen year old Felicia nurses a beer, hanging out with another girlfriend. They're in the midst of the party, surrounded by other revelers. She's still in great shape, but not the defined, amazing shape of the Black Cat we know.

FELICIA

I feel so bloated.

GIRL

You're crazy. You have an amazing body. Every guy here would kill to sleep with you, Leesh.

FELICIA

Not if I keep downing beers. You know how many calories these things are loaded with?

(balloon two)

I drink anymore of these and that freshman fifteen's gonna turn into the freshman fifty.

Panel Four:

Felicia hands her beer off to her friend.

FELICIA

Speaking of which, hold my brewski. I've gotta hit the bathroom.

GIRL

Again? You got the bladder of an infant.

FELICIA

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

GIRL

Want me to come with?

Panel Five:

Felicia heads toward a staircase, moving through the crowd, calling back to her friend.

FELICIA

I'll be fine. Just don't leave without me, okay?

GIRL

No promises if Mr. Right comes a-calling.

PAGE FIVE

Panel One:

INT FRAT HOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Felicia in the bathroom, post-leak, looking in the mirror, fixing her hair.

BLACK CAT VO

But Mr. Right wasn't at that party that night.

Panel Two:

Felicia opens the bathroom door to leave, and a drunken, heavy-set FRAT GUY is leaning in the doorway, hands against the top of the doorjam.

BLACK CAT VO

Mr. Wrong was...

FELICIA

Oh! 'Scuse me.

FRAT GUY

Why? D'jou fart?

FELICIA

Charming.

Panel Three:

Felicia tries to move past the guy, but he has his arms on her, pushing her back into the bathroom. Felicia looks a little scared.

FRAT GUY

I can be. Lemme' show you.

FELICIA

Get off me!

FRAT GUY

C'mon... let's have a little party in here. Just you and me.

FELICIA

No!

Panel Four:

Suddenly, another guy's arms yank the Frat Guy backwards, into the hallway. Felicia is surprised.

FRAT GUY

Hey!

OFF-PANEL GUY

Didn't you hear the lady, Rappaport?

Panel Five:

EXT FRAT HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

A good-looking GUY has the Frat Guy pinned against the wall, his forearm under the Frat Guy's chin. Felicia looks on from the bathroom door.

GUY

She said no.

FRAT GUY

Get offa me, man!

GUY

Not so cool, is it -- having someone's hands on you when you don't want 'em there?

Panel Six:

The Guy shoves the fat Frat Guy down the hallway, as Felicia watches.

GUY

Why don't you sleep it off?

FRAT GUY

You got alotta stones, Ryan -- y'know that?

GUY

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

(balloon two)

Beat it, before you give our house a bad name.

Page Six

Panel One:

The handsome Guy extends his hand to Felicia.

GUY
Sorry 'bout that. He can be kind of an ass when he's drunk.

FELICIA
Something tells me he's not much better when he's sober.

GUY
Then, too. But don't judge all us Beta's by him. We're pretty harmless.

Panel Two:

Felicia doesn't take his hand, but steps out into the hallway beside him.

FELICIA
You'll have to understand if I don't wanna take your word on that right now.

GUY
Fair enough.

(balloon two)
But how about I prove it to you in the way of an escort back to your dorm.

Panel Three:

The Guy shoves his hands in his pockets. Felicia's smiling.

GUY
These'll stay right in here, if it makes you feel better?

FELICIA
I'm good, thanks.

GUY
C'mon - I kinda feel like you're my responsibility now. Least I can do is make sure you get out of here in one piece.

Panel Four:

On Felicia, smiling.

BLACK CAT VO
He was everything I was looking for a in guy, back then: chivalrous, charming, cute.

BLACK CAT VO 2
He was nice.

FELICIA
You're a whole different kind of trouble, aren't you - Ryan, is it?

Panel Five:

On Ryan, the picture of college cool.

RYAN
Ryan it is.

(balloon two)
Trouble I'm not.

Panel Six:

EXT GIRL'S DORM - NIGHT

Ryan walks Felicia and her friend up to their building.

BLACK CAT VO
He walked me and my friend home, and we chatted the whole way - about classes, campus, movies, the Knicks.

BLACK CAT VO 2
He made an excellent first impression.

RYAN
C'mon! The Knicks?! You just like 'em because you can't appreciate the sheer poetry that is the Bulls.

FELICIA
Spoken like a true Jordan-ite. I think every guy harbors a secret crush on Mike.

RYAN
Secret? I'd marry him in heartbeat.

PAGE SEVEN

Panel One:

At the door to the building, Ryan smiles at Felicia. Felicia smiles back. Felicia's friend rolls her eyes.

RYAN
He's not the only one, either.

GIRL
Oh, Lord...

RYAN
What can I say? I'm a romantic. You like romantics, Felicia Hardy?

FELICIA
They're alright.

RYAN
Alright enough to shoot hoops with tomorrow? Say, 'round two?

FELICIA
Lemme check my calendar and get back to you, Mike-Lover.

Panel Two:

INT DORM ROOM - NIGHT
Felicia collapses on her bed while her friend takes off her (own) pants.

BLACK CAT VO
What can I say? I was smitten.

FELICIA
What do you think of him?

GIRL
He's alright, for a frat guy.

FELICIA
"Alright"?! Are you nuts?

Panel Three:

Looking down on Felicia, who's laying face up on the bed, looking up, dreamily.

FELICIA
He's purrrrrfect...

Panel Four:

EXT CAMPUS COURT - DAY

Ryan's dunking the ball, hanging from the rim. Felicia's laughing.

BLACK CAT VO
I spent the next day with him...

RYAN
Jordan takes it to the hoop, and the Bulls take the championship again!

FELICIA
No fair! You got the height advantage.

RYAN
It's all about the width, not the length, lady.

Panel Five:

Ryan picks Felicia up from behind. Her legs are flailing in the air. She's laughing.

RYAN
But you want some length?

FELICIA
Hey!

Panel Six:

Felicia's now sitting atop Ryan's shoulders, dunking the basketball, just as she had years ago with her Dad.

RYAN
Three! Two! One!

FELICIA
BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!



(balloon two)
Hardy sinks it, at the buzzer!

PAGE EIGHT

Panel One:

EXT MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Felicia and Ryan, not arm-in-arm or anything, exit the movie theater, laughing. The marquee reads "Flashback Fridays: Caddyshack".

BLACK CAT VO
Then I spend the rest of the week with him. Going to the movies...

Panel Two:

INT LIBRARY - DAY

Ryan and Felicia sit across from one another. Both are buried in books, smiling, as they play footsie under the desk, not making eye contact, paperwork sprawled out in front of them.

BLACK CAT VO
Hitting the books...

Panel Three:

EXT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ryan holds the car door open for Felicia, as they leave a diner, flirting.

BLACK CAT VO
Going out to eat...

FELICIA

Such a gentleman.

RYAN
And I'd call you such a lady, if you hadn't scarfed all the fries, ya' fry-hog.

Panel Four:

INT RYAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan and Felicia make out on the bed, fully clothed. She's wearing a skirt.

BLACK CAT VO
I thought he might be the one. And he was...

Panel Five:

Ryan, to the side of Felicia, over her, with Felicia on her back. She plays with his hair. He's looking down at her.

BLACK CAT VO
I just didn't realize which one...

FELICIA
You're so cute.

RYAN
If I had a nickel for every girl who told me that...

FELICIA
You'd have a nickel total?

RYAN
Pretty much.



Panel Six:

More of the same, different angle.

FELICIA
I've gotta go, Nickel-rich. I've got the Philosophy exam in the morning.

RYAN
C'mon. Just stay a little longer.

FELICIA
I stay any longer, and I'm gonna do something I might regret.

RYAN
What if I promised you you wouldn't regret it?

Panel Seven:

Felicia starts to sit up, Ryan's still got his hands on her.

FELICIA
Now if I had a nickel for every guy who ever said that.

RYAN
But I mean it. I'm good.

FELICIA
We'll see. Just not tonight.

RYAN
C'mon.

PAGE NINE

Panel One:

Felicia's still trying to get up, but Ryan's still got his hands on her. She's looking mildly concerned now. He's looking desperate.

FELICIA
Good things come to those who wait.

RYAN
I'm not good at waiting, Leesh.

(balloon two)
I mean, you're kinda leaving me hanging here.

FELICIA
Just hold that thought a little while longer.

RYAN
I'd rather hold you.

Panel Two:

Felicia kisses him quickly.

FELICIA
You're sweet.

SFX
Smak.

FELICIA
But I've really gotta go now...

Panel Three:
Ryan pulls/pushes her back down onto the bed now.

RYAN
Just... wait.

FELICIA
Ryan...

Panel Four:

Felicia's back down on the bed, now looking really worried. Ryan's over her again, oblivious.

RYAN
I just... I really want to.

FELICIA
But I don't. So please stop.

RYAN
In a minute. Just a little bit...

Panel Five:

Ryan's now atop her. We start our push in, obscuring what he's doing with his hands, as he reaches below frame.

FELICIA
Ryan, get off me!

RYAN
I will. Shhhh... relax.

FELICIA
NO! STOP IT!

Panel Six:

Pushing closer. We're over his back, onto a terrified Felicia. Ryan's free hand is covering her mouth now.

RYAN
Shhhh! It's... it's okay!
I love you!

FELICIA
MMMMMM! MMMM!!!!

BLACK CAT VO
Some studies say that one in four women are raped in their lifetime.

BLACK CAT VO 2
There are other studies that put the figure at one in nine.

Panel Seven:

Even tighter on Felicia's face, Ryan's hand covering her mouth. She's now gone wide-eyed.

RYAN
Uhn...!

FELICIA
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!

PAGE TEN

EXT QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - NIGHT

Panel One:

Close on the Black Cat, eyes cast downward. Francis is behind her, in the far background.

BLACK CAT
Even if the figure was one in ten million...

(balloon two)
It'd still be too much.

Panel Two:

INT DORM ROOM - DAY

Felicia in her room, curled up on her bed, seated, holding her knees, looking shell-shocked. Her roommate's trying to talk to her.

BLACK CAT VO
I spent the rest of the week in a daze.

GIRL
Leesh? Are you okay?

Panel Three:

Closer on Felicia, same position. The Girl's off-panel.

BLACK CAT VO
I was too ashamed to tell anybody.

BLACK CAT VO 2
Like an idiot, I thought it was my fault, somehow.

GIRL
Leesh?

Panel Four:

EXT CAMPUS - DAY

Felicia holds her books against her chest, very guarded. She stares at a blue-light call box -- what they call "Rape Boxes" on college campuses. There's a notice taped to it.

BLACK CAT VO

I never reported it. I never told anyone.

Panel Five:

Felicia gets closer to read the notice.

BLACK CAT VO

He took something from me that night -- and it wasn't just my virginity.

BLACK CAT VO 2

He took my identity -- who I saw myself as.

Panel Six:

Over Felicia, onto the notice, which reads "Have you been the victim of a sexual assault?" Then, in smaller lettering "We're here to help. Join our campus support group. Meetings every week in the Osbourne Building, Room 5H."

BLACK CAT VO

And I wasn't alone.

Panel Seven:

Close on Felicia's face, tears welling up in her eyes.

BLACK CAT VO

According to Department of Justice statistics, a woman is raped in America every two and a half minutes.

BLACK CAT VO 2

Think about that.

BLACK CAT VO 3

In the time it's taken me to tell you this story, how many women have been victims of a sexual assault?

Panel Eight:

Same composition, but now Felicia's enraged.

BLACK CAT VO

That's when it hit me...

BLACK CAT VO 2

I wouldn't let what happened to me become just another statistic.

PAGE ELEVEN

Panel One:

INT GYM - DAY

Felicia is at the sign up desk, filling out paperwork.

BLACK CAT VO

In a selfish moment, that man stole my life from me...

Panel Two:

In a wide, Felicia works the heavy bag.

Over the progression of these images, you can show time passage through the windows in the gym: seasonal changes, like snow, rain, fall, bright day, dark night.

BLACK CAT VO

I told him no, and he didn't care. He wouldn't listen.

Panel Three:

Felicia benches weights, wearing a different outfit.

BLACK CAT VO

It was a hate crime.

Panel Four:

Back to the heavy bag set-up, pushing in on the same scene. The punches come faster. She's in a different outfit.

BLACK CAT VO

And it gave birth to a hatred that demanded justice.

Panel Five:

Felicia climbs a rope in the gym. We're looking down at her, face filled with determination, sweaty. She wears a different outfit.

BLACK CAT VO

Blood called for blood.

Panel Six:

Even closer on a differently dressed Felicia bludgeoning the heavy bag.

BLACK CAT VO

The solution was simple, then...

Panel Seven:

Felicia stops hitting the bag. She's a dead-eyed, sweaty mess.

BLACK CAT VO

I was gonna kill my attacker.

PAGE TWELVE

Panel One:

EXT FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Felicia, dressed in black, waits in the bushes outside Ryan's frat house. She wears an almost prototypical version of the Black Cat outfit, minus the fur, claws, heels, and mask. Her hair's pulled back

in a long ponytail.

BLACK CAT VO

I'd refused all of his subsequent calls to my dorm room, and I hadn't seen him since that night. I didn't want to think of him as a person anymore -- just an aggressor.

Panel Two:

Closer on Felicia now, wrapping her hands with tape, like a fighter.

BLACK CAT VO

I'd trained for months. I'd studied multiple fighting styles, and I knew which blows would be the deadliest.

BLACK CAT VO 2

I didn't care what happened to me afterwards -- prosecution, jail. All I wanted was to right my wrong.

Panel Three:

Closer on Felicia, reacting to something off-panel.

BLACK CAT VO

But the universe beat me to it.

OFF-PANEL GUY

Start the car, man! Hurry!

OFF-PANEL GUY 2

What'd they say?

Panel Four:

Over the bush-hiding Felicia, onto a pair of Frat brothers, rushing out of the house, toward a parked car.

OFF-PANEL GUY

They hit a divider or something!

OFF-PANEL GUY 2

Who was in the car?!

OFF-PANEL GUY

Rob, Timbo, Soukel and Ryan! We've gotta get to St. Luke's now!

OFF-PANEL GUY 2

Jesus, I hope they're gonna be alright!

Panel Five:

EXT NEWSSTAND - DAY

Close on a newspaper headline, on page four of The Daily Bugle: "FOUR KILLED IN DRUNK DRIVING HORROR." There are four high school grad pics of the four dead guys, including one of a younger-looking Ryan. The smaller text reads "Four Empire State University Juniors were killed in a horrific



car accident that saw the driver, Ryan Braidlock, beheaded. Police found empty liquor bottles amidst the wreckage, indicating alcohol played a factor in the head-on collision with a cement guardrail at the Midtown Tunnel.

BLACK CAT VO

They weren't.

Panel Six:

At a corner newsstand, Felicia throws the paper down angrily, atop a stack of Bugles, amidst a slew of other periodicals.

BLACK CAT VO

All that training and preparation -- for nothing.

BLACK CAT VO 2

I was so furious. I was a gun, ready to go off, but I had no more target.

PAGE THIRTEEN

Panel One:

Closer on Felicia, looking down now, noticing something off-panel.

BLACK CAT VO

He stole my life, and I wanted to steal his. And now I'd never get that chance.

BLACK CAT VO 2

It left me feeling...

Panel Two:

FELICIA'S POV: The front page of the Bugle screams "DIAMONDS ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND!" There's an image of a massive diamond, on display in a museum. The sub-headline reads "Aphrodite's Tear Diamond comes to NYC, in Midtown Museum show."

BLACK CAT VO

Reckless.



Panel Three:

INT MUSEUM - NIGHT

From the opening splash page: Felicia hanging upside down from a cable in an incredibly limber and extremely sexy pose over a laser-beam-alarm protected museum display case, reaching for the massive diamond contained therein.

BLACK CAT VO

That night, I stole my first diamond.

Panel Four:

EXT TIFFANY'S - NIGHT

An establishing shot of the world famous jewelry store on Fifth Ave. Atop the building, we can make out the shape of Felicia.

BLACK CAT VO

That led to more and more robberies.

Panel Five:

INT TIFFANY'S - NIGHT

Felicia crawls across one of the counter-top glass cases on all fours, cutting into the glass.

BLACK CAT VO

And soon, I didn't think about what had happened anymore.

BLACK CAT VO 2

I justified it to myself.

BLACK CAT VO 3

Something was stolen from me...

Panel Six:

INT FELICIA'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Felicia, surrounded by stolen goods: jewels, paintings, statues, furs. She's in her bra and panties, wearing a diamond necklace and tiara, admiring a massive diamond ring on the finger of her hand that holds a glass of red wine.

BLACK CAT VO

So I started stealing back.

BLACK CAT VO 2

I built myself a new identity. I was no longer Felicia Hardy, the naive freshman who'd been dateraped.

BLACK CAT VO 3

From then on, I was Felicia Hardy, thief extraordinaire...

PAGE FOURTEEN

EXT QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - NIGHT

Panel One:

A waist-up of Felicia, atop the bridge. Francis stands beside her, a hand on her shoulder.

BLACK CAT

The Black Cat.

FRANCIS

I'm so sorry.

BLACK CAT

No. I'm sorry.

(balloon two)

I'm sorry I never reported the rape. I'm sorry I never went to therapy - never talked to anyone else about what had happened to me.

Panel Two:

Closer on the Black Cat.

BLACK CAT

I'm sorry it took me so long to trust anyone again.

(balloon two)

But I finally did.

Panel Three:

Terry's rendition of THE FIRST MEETING (WITH DIALOGUE) between Spider-Man and the Black Cat, from issue 194 of "Amazing Spider-Man".

BLACK CAT VO

I met him on my first night out in my costume - when I broke my Father out of jail.

BLACK CAT VO 2

The night I finally took on the Black Cat mantle.

Panel Four:

Terry's rendition of their first kiss (she pulls his mask up, Spidey-movie style), from that same issue.

BLACK CAT VO

And in spite of my feelings toward men at that point, I felt like he was different...

BLACK CAT VO 2

Like I could trust this one.

And, Axel? You've GOTTA include the old-style "Amazing Spider-Man, Ish 194 - Ed." box at the bottom of both of those panels.

Panel Five:

EXT NY SKYLINE - NIGHT

Spider-Man and the Black Cat swing through the city.

BLACK CAT VO

We've been friends ever since.

Panel Six:

EXT STATUE OF LIBERTY - NIGHT

Spider-Man and the Black Cat make out atop the crown of the Statue of Liberty.

BLACK CAT VO

Sometimes more than friends.

PAGE FIFTEEN

Panel One:

EXT QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - NIGHT

Felicia talks to Francis.

BLACK CAT

But in all those years, I've still never told him what I told you tonight, Francis.

FRANCIS

Why not?

BLACK CAT

I don't know. I guess I just buried it all. Suppressed it. I haven't thought about what Ryan did to me in years...

(balloon two)

Until that night. With your brother.

FRANCIS

The night I saved you.

Panel Two:

Felicia's holding Francis tenderly now, her hands on his shoulders.

BLACK CAT

You did. Now let me save you.

(balloon two)

Come with me. Talk to my lawyer. We'll turn ourselves in and explain everything.

(balloon three)

I'll stand up for you. I'll tell them what happened, and that you stopped an evil man from another horrible act in a lifetime filled with horrible deeds.

FRANCIS

Would I... have to tell them?

(balloon two)

About what he did to me?

Panel Three:

Felicia touches his face, tenderly.

BLACK CAT

I think you should. I think it'd help you to talk about it. It really helped me to tell you about what happened back in college.

(balloon two)

And, Francis - I didn't even realize how bad I was still hurting about it. Not until I shared it with you. And in that, you helped me again.

Panel Four:

Felicia removes her Black Cat mask, still touching Francis' face.

BLACK CAT

Let me help you, the way you've helped me. We're rape survivors, Francis. We need to be heard so we can heal.

Panel Five:

Francis is crying, pushing her hands away from him -- not violently or angrily; just kinda in denial.

FRANCIS

I can't! Everyone will laugh! They'll say it's my fault! That I deserved it! That I brought it on myself!

BLACK CAT

They'll understand, Francis -- about your brother, the hooker in Atlantic City, everything.

(balloon two)

You were caught in a cycle of violence, but you can end it all by dealing with it now.

Panel Six:

Francis grabs the Black Cat firmly by the arms. Again, not offensively or in attack-mode; more out of emotional frustration.

FRANCIS

I'm telling you, I can't do it!

PAGE SIXTEEN

Panel One:

Daredevil and Spider-Man swing through the night air, searching. Daredevil's "listening" to their surroundings.

SPIDER-MAN

Do you got her yet?

DAREDEVIL

I'm picking up her heartbeat's signature, but it's all muddled by the din of the ci...

Panel Two:

Closer on DD, with that radar sense (represented by the circles around his head) in action. Along the bottom of the frame, there's a heartbeat, represented as if on a heart monitor. It's active.

DAREDEVIL

Wait! I've got her!

(balloon two)

And her heart's racing.

Panel Three:

Spider-Man and Daredevil, swinging.

SPIDER-MAN

Where?! Which way?!

DAREDEVIL

North. By the river.

SPIDER-MAN

Where by the river?! The docks? The...?!

Panel Four:

Close on Spider-Man, "reacting" in horror (those wide-eyes) to something off-panel. His spider sense is tingling.

SPIDER-MAN

No...

Panel Five

Spider-Man's POV: the unmasked Black Cat, in the clutches of a mad-man, atop an all too familiar and haunting bridge, dangerously close to the edge.

SPIDER-MAN VO

NO!

PAGE SEVENTEEN

EXT QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - NIGHT

Panel One:

Francis still holds the Black Cat, though this close, it doesn't seem as threatening or menacing.

FRANCIS

I can't go to jail! Do you know what kind of prisons they put people with special powers in?! What kind of restraints they use?!

BLACK CAT

You won't go to prison, I promise you. You'll go to a hospital, Francis -- where you can deal with what's been done to you, with doctors who only care about your psychological and emotional well being!

FRANCIS

How can you be sure th...

Panel Two:

Suddenly, Francis is struck from behind by a diving Spider-Man, knocking Black Cat free from his tame grasp. Francis buckles forward, like a hinge, almost bending in two.

SFX

SLAM!

FRANCIS

UHN!

Panel Three:

Daredevil "catches" the Black Cat.

DAREDEVIL

I've got you, Ms. Hardy.

BLACK CAT

PETER, NO!

Panel Four:

Spider-Man's atop Francis, beating the shit out of him.

SFX

KRAK!

FRANCIS

NNNNGGGHH!

SPIDER-MAN

Never again!

Panel Five:

A FLASHBACK in sepia of the GREEN GOBLIN throwing Gwen Stacey off the same bridge.

SPIDER-MAN VO

Never...

Panel Six:

Spider-Man continues to beat the grounded Francis, who's terrified and bloody.

SFX

BASH!

SPIDER-MAN
AGAIN!

PAGE EIGHTEEN

Panel One:

Close on the bloodied, dazed, terrified Francis.

FRANCIS

Uhhhhnnnn...

Panel Two:

Close on the Black Cat, restrained by Daredevil arms, wide-eyed, screaming at the off-panel mess.

BLACK CAT

PETER, YOU'RE KILLING HIM!

Panel Three:

Spider-Man holds Francis by his collar, lifting his head off the bridge-top floor. Francis is almost a meat puppet in his hands, bloodied and bruised. Spider-Man screams into his face.

SPIDER-MAN

I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU PSYCHOS
HURTING THE PEOPLE I LOVE!



(balloon two)

NEVER AGAIN, D'YA HEAR ME?!

Panel Four:

Close on Francis' broken and bloody hand, struggling to reach the Black Cat's mask on the bridge-top floor.

SPIDER-MAN OP

NEVER AGAIN!

Panel Five:

Even closer on the tip of Francis' finger, as it reaches the mask.

SPIDER-MAN OP

NEVER...

Panel Six:

Suddenly, the mask is gone, in a puff of...

SPIDER-MAN OP

AGAIN!

SFX

BAMF!

PAGE NINETEEN

Panel One:

Big panel: Spider-Man seizes and arches his back, as if struck by something. The Black Cat mask has teleported into his neck, with a cloud of smoke and the requisite...

SFX

BAMF!

SPIDER-MAN
UNGGHHHNNNNNGGGHHHHH!!!

In the background, Daredevil and the Black Cat react, wide-eyed. The Black Cat screams...

BLACK CAT

PETER!

Panel Two:

The Black Cat struggles from the shocked Daredevil's grasp, rushing to the fallen Spider-Man's side, who's clutching at the mask that's jutting out of his costume and neck, as if fused. In the background, Francis is crawling to the edge of the bridge-top.

SPIDER-MAN

UHHHNNNN!

BLACK CAT

Oh my God, no!

SPIDER-MAN

I... I don't think... uhhhn... I don't think it hit... the carotid...

Panel Three:

The Black Cat holds Spider-Man in her arms, crying. She's screaming at Daredevil, who's heading for the edge of the bridge-top.

BLACK CAT

Get some help! Get a doctor!

SPIDER-MAN

No... Klum...

Panel Four:

In the background, Daredevil is leaping into the night sky, off to get a doctor. In the mid-ground, the Black Cat looks up from where she's holding Spider-Man to the foreground, where we see Francis' leg.

SPIDER-MAN

Uhhhhnnnn... it's... uhhnnn...

BLACK CAT

Francis... help him! Take it out! Please!

Panel Five:

Francis, trying to stand, by the edge of the bridge, looking bloody and beaten – just plain broken. A sniveling, sad mess.

FRANCIS

I trusted you, Felicia! And you lied to me! You... you somehow called your friends here! To kill me!

PAGE TWENTY

Panel One:

Black Cat stands, trying to approach Francis, leaving Spider-Man laying/leaning on his side, clutching at the mask in his neck.

BLACK CAT

Francis, no. I swear to God, that's not true. I would never betray you – not after what you did for me!

Panel Two:

Over Black Cat, onto Francis.

FRANCIS

You lied to me! You were lying the whole time! To keep me here, until your friends could get here!

BLACK CAT

No, Francis! That's not true!

Panel Three:

Close on Francis, screaming, bloody spittle flying from his mouth.

FRANCIS

YOU'RE A LYING WHORE!

Panel Four:

Over Francis, onto Black Cat. Francis' hand is prominent in the foreground, the rest of him, from the wrist up, is off-panel.

BLACK CAT

Please, Francis! I wouldn't lie to you! I want to help you! We can break the cycle of violence! Together!

FRANCIS

Y'know what I've got in my apartment, Felicia? In a drawer, next to my bed, where I laid out your things so neatly?

Panel Five:

Same set-up, but now a gun has BAMF'ed into Francis' hand in the foreground of the frame. Black Cat's reaction has changed to surprise.

SFX

BAMF!

BLACK CAT

Francis. Please. Don't.

Panel Six:

On Francis, pointing the gun at the Black Cat.

FRANCIS

You're just like Garrison! And that hooker! And the kids at school!

(balloon two)

You're all a pack of lies and hate.

(balloon three)

And like you said...

Panel Seven:

Extreme close up on Francis' eyes, dead, bloodied, bruised, tear streaked – all signs of humanity now gone.

FRANCIS

Blood calls for blood.

PAGE TWENTY ONE

Panel One:

Suddenly, Francis' gun-hand is covered in webbing. The gun goes off inside the webbing. The webbing lights on fire from the aborted gun shot.

SFX

THWIP!

SFX

BLAM!

SFX

FWASH!

FRANCIS

UHN!

Panel Two:

Spider-Man stands, holding his neck, his wrist shooter aimed at us spraying webbing.

SFX

THWIP!

Panel Three:

Francis, his webbed hand aflame, moves to avoid the second blast of Spider-Man's webbing. He stumbles backwards, his foot coming off the edge of the bridge-top floor.

FRANCIS

NO!

Panel Four:

Tight on Black Cat's wide-eyed face, as she reaches out for the OP falling Francis.

BLACK CAT

FRANCIS!
Panel Five:

The largest on the page: a high, wide of Francis falling backwards off the bridge-top, toward the river below. Spider-Man and Black Cat are racing toward the edge of the bridge-top to save him.

PAGE TWENTY TWO

Panel One:

Looking up at the edge of the bridge-top, Spider-Man hangs over, shooting a web. Black Cat fires a line from her sleeve.

SFX

THWIP!

SFX

PAF!

Panel Two:

Looking down, over the heroes, as their lines chase the plummeting Francis, who faces up at us, scared, now almost in the river.

Panel Three:

Same exact shot, but now Francis is replaced by a puff of smoke, and a...

SFX

BAMF!

Panel Four:

Same exact shot, but now the smoke's clearing, and the lines – both cat and web – drop into the river.

Panel Five:

Looking back up at Spider-Man and the Black Cat, looking down at us, forlorn.

FELICIA VO

Do you think he's still alive?

PAGE TWENTY THREE

EXT WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

Panel One:

A wide of the very familiar arch. Students and other New Yorkers move about. In the midst of it all, PETER PARKER and a FELICIA HARDY walk.

PETER

I don't know. Even though he teleported,



he did it in mid-fall.

(balloon two)
Wherever he wound up, he still had to land, y'know?

FELICIA
He may have gotten off light if he did die. At least he doesn't have to live the rest of his life as a fugitive from the law.

PETER
We'll get you cleared, Leesh. It may take time, and you're gonna have to lay low, but sooner or later, we'll get you out from under the murder charge.

Panel Two:

Closer on the pair, walking. Felicia wears a long overcoat, jeans, a shirt and a hat. Her coat collar's pulled up, and her hat's pulled low. She's trying to obscure her identity. Peter's neck is bandaged.

FELICIA
God, it just sucks.

(balloon two)
No matter how hard we try to help, sometimes we only make things worse. For ourselves. For others.

(balloon three)
For Francis.

PETER
You can't think like that.

FELICIA
Why not?

PETER
Because no matter what the outcome, at the end of the day, we always help more people than not. The good outweighs the bad.

(balloon two)
Knowing that's the only way I can sleep at night.

Panel Three:

Felicia and Peter stop at the circle in the Square. She's indicating his neck.

FELICIA
And how are you sleeping at night now - with the...

PETER
This? It's fine. Healing up nicely. Thank God Ma... Daredevil knows someone like the Night Nurse.

Panel Four:

Felicia smiles at Peter. Peter looks a little

embarrassed.

FELICIA
You almost slipped, Peter Parker. You almost revealed another costume's name.

PETER
Lay off.

FELICIA
Isn't that you all over? Always rushing to unmask?

PETER
You loved it when I did it, and you know it.

Panel Five:

Felicia offers him a warm, small smile.

FELICIA
I did, actually.

PETER
S'not what you said then.

FELICIA
I was a kid then, Peter. I've grown up a lot since then.

(balloon two)
You telling me who you were... even though I didn't show it at the time...

(balloon three)
Well, it meant the world to me.

(balloon four)
You helped me.

Panel Six:

Peter, curious. Felicia, open.

PETER
Helped you how?

FELICIA
You helped me to trust again.

PETER
Really? Now you tell me -- when I'm all married and stuff.

(balloon two)
And trust what, exactly?

Panel Seven:

Wide on two old friends/former lovers, in the midst of the bustle of Washington Square Park.

FELICIA
Peter, I think it's time I told you about something that happened to me when I was in college...

PAGE TWENTY FOUR

Panel One:
EXT THE DOCKS - NIGHT

A warehouse situation, on the waterfront. There's light coming from coming from a crack beneath the roll-up, garage-style door of one of the units.

BOX
Epilogue...

BOX 2
Somewhere downtown...

FRANCIS OP
And how did you come into possession of this?

Panel Two:

INT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Somewhat wide. Surrounded by crates of various sizes, WILSON FISK stands beside FRANCIS -- his head covered in bandages like the Unknown Soldier. He sports a cast on his arm, and he leans on a crutch, missing a leg. The pair are looking into an opened, man-sized crate, the contents of which are obscured from the reader's view.

FISK
An associate acquired it from Jack-O-Lantern.

FRANCIS
The brown guy who rides that bat-thing?

FISK
You're thinking of Hobgoblin.

FRANCIS
Hard to keep them all straight.

Panel Three:

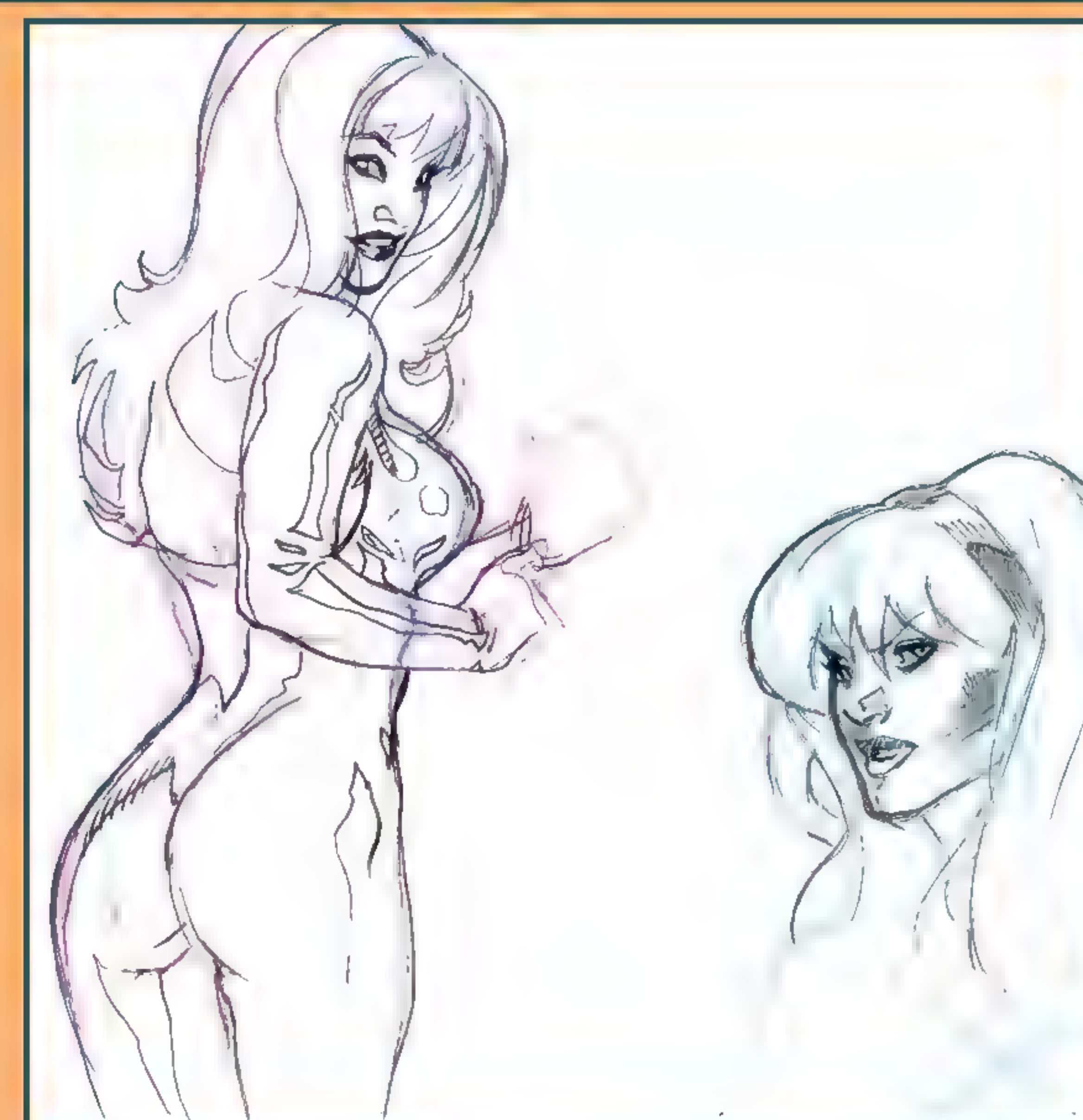
Fisk, talking to Francis, whose face is wrapped in bloody bandages, with slits for eyeholes. Francis stares at the off-panel crate.

FISK
You'll have to study up, if you truly intend to play the costume game, Mr. Klum.

(balloon two)
Even though many of them are histrionic psychotics, those lost souls will prove to be your best allies in your coming campaign.

FRANCIS
It's not a campaign, Mr. Fisk. It's not a game, and I don't intend to spend my life trading quips and blows with the man.

(balloon two)



I'm going to kill Spider-Man. Maybe the Black Cat, too. That's it.

Panel Four:

Fisk and Francis.

FISK
Then why this, might I ask? I'm certainly not trying to talk you out of the purchase, but there're thousands of ways to reach your goal without wrapping yourself up in theatrics.

FRANCIS
I'm not in any shape to show my face to the world. The doctors say the wounds will never heal.

(balloon two)
I'll never look normal again.

Panel Five:

Francis.

FISK
If it's a question of the cosmetic, surely an original mask of your own design...

FRANCIS
That's only part of it, sir. I'll use this to draw out Spider-Man. And to get the edge.

(balloon two)
If he thinks he's dealing with the familiar, he'll approach me differently - with his guard down. Why be wary of a foe you've trumped countless times, right?

(balloon three)
And when he does that? When he faces me in this guise, simply prepared to perform a rote ballet he's danced so many times before...

Panel One:

On Francis, studying the OP crate contents. Fisk stands behind him now.

FRANCIS

I'll teleport my fist into his brain.

FISK

That's certainly an advantage you'll have over the suit's original owner. He didn't have your... special abilities. He was all parlor tricks.

(balloon two)

With your powers, you could actually live up to the name.

Panel Two:

Francis dabs a handkerchief at the cheek of his bleeding bandages. Fisk stuffs a cigar in his mouth.

FRANCIS

How much?

FISK

Ah -- the uncomfortable discussion of money.

(balloon two)

Ten million.

FRANCIS

Seems kinda high for a suit that's been sitting in mothballs for awhile.

FISK

You're not just buying the suit, sir. You're buying all the accoutrements the designer of this identity created as well. His contraptions, which -- while admittedly rather childish -- do extend the mystique he afforded himself... just prior to his routine thrashings at the hands of Spider-Man.

(balloon two)

A fate I'm sure you'll not share.

Panel Three:

Fisk.

FISK

And aside from the history and the anonymity the suit provides, don't forget that you're also buying this entire warehouse.

(balloon two)

It's a turn-key operation, Mr. Klum. You hand me a briefcase, and I hand you the keys to a kingdom -- one you could rescue from ridicule.

Panel Four:

We're looking out at Francis and Fisk from inside the crate. Francis still stares at the OP contents.

FRANCIS

And ten million certainly puts you well on your way to rebuilding your empire, doesn't it, Mr. Fisk?

FISK

There's that, yes.

FRANCIS

Make it eight, and when I'm done killing the Arach-Knight, I'll do away with Daredevil for you as well.

Panel Five:

Fisk smiles.

FISK

A kind offer, to be sure.

(balloon two)

But there are some things a man has to do for himself, sir.

Panel Six:

Fisk and Francis, reflected in a curved glass that seems to hover in the darkness of the crate.

FISK

I'm afraid it's ten million or nothing.

(balloon two)

Such a small price to pay for revenge on your brother's killers, no?

FRANCIS

Hm.

FISK

So...

(balloon two)

Do we have a deal?

PAGE TWENTY TWO

SPLASH PAGE

A head-to-toe of the MYSTERIO SUIT, bubble-head and all, which hangs in the crate before the bandaged Francis (we're on his back).

FRANCIS

Yes.

(balloon two)

Yes, I believe we do.

FIN







MARVEL MUST HAVES BACK COVER

ACCLAIMED FILMMAKER KEVIN SMITH TAKES ON SPIDER-MAN!

The mysterious disappearance of an old friend brings Felicia Hardy, the Black Cat, to New York in search of answers, and a certain web-slinging ex-lover of hers is following the same trail. How long will it take before they do some...catching up?

Collecting *Spider-Man/Black Cat: The Evil That Men Do* #1-6, written by **KEVIN SMITH** (*Daredevil*) and illustrated by **TERRY DODSON** (*Marvel Knights Spider-Man*).



MARVEL

PARENTAL ADVISORY